

January 8, 1964

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The Australian

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

1/-



## HOW TO

- Tie a Cleo scarf . . .
- Make choux pastry . . .

COMPLETE  
SUSPENSE  
NOVEL

"Just like Jessica"

**REXIE**  
**"GUARDIAN OF THE GAP"**

Page 4





## LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

### Reluctant voyager

WE migrated to Australia 12 years ago and now have two small children. Just recently my husband's father died, and his mother is very lonely. We have both been trying to persuade her to come out to us and are sure she would be happy here. But she says she is terrified of the journey, having never travelled any distance before. I wonder if any other readers have had this problem and how they solved it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. Carron, Kelvin Grove, Qld.

### Watch it, Santa

HAVING told my small daughter that she must not expect all the things she had requested for Christmas, I was horrified when a Santa at a city store told her, "All right, I'll bring you those." Wasn't Santa thinking? When I was a child he only ever replied to our requests by telling us to be good and he would see what surprise he could bring us. Doesn't a modern Santa realise the disappointment a child feels when a promise is broken?

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Ross, Oyster Bay, N.S.W.

### Happy pedestrian

MY husband wants me to learn to drive, and I am not really keen. He has offered me full-time use of the car, even saying he will buy an automatic model if it will be easier for me. In spite of all this, I am hanging back, as I feel I will miss out on a great deal if I get my licence. The other mothers in our street seem to be nothing but taxi-drivers for the young fry — and their figures and their health deteriorate rapidly.

£1/1/- to "Still Walking" (name supplied), Lane Cove, N.S.W.

### King of the castle

MY only son lives with my husband and myself, and since his only sister married finds himself very well treated. He informs me that he has no intention of marrying because he lives like a king at home. Although he pays me more than ample board, I feel that he should be thinking of marriage, as he is 25 and earns excellent money. I know he has plenty of girl-friends and that if one of them mentions marriage he scowls and points out the advantages of staying single.

£1/1/- to "Happily Married" (name supplied), Rockdale, N.S.W.

### Have I said this before?

HAVE you ever felt prickles of annoyance when someone starts telling you the same thing over again? It may not interest you, and you feel your politeness and good manners are really being put to the test. To avoid being one of these bores I try to keep two rules: I make an effort to remember if I am repeating myself, and I ask the listener if I have told the incident before.

£1/1/- to "Skylark" (name supplied), Blair Athol, S.A.

## To save or spend?

SURELY, M.W. (N.S.W.), by renovating your home you would be investing your expected legacy. As a house kept in good order doesn't lose its value, that would give you the security your husband wants you to have. As you probably spend most of your time in the house, by "investing" in this manner you would have both pleasure and security at the same time.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Brenda K. Hosking, Geelong, Vic.

IF I were you I would not hesitate — I'd use the money to renovate. I have seen more than one case of future plans that have gone astray; so have the pleasure of your money now and, in fact, share this pleasure with your family while they are still with you.

£1/1/- to "Joy-joy," Newcastle, N.S.W.

WITH your luck of coming into a little money, do you know what I'd do? I'd invest a little (reliably, Government concern), put away a small amount to be spent on the house (the "building-on" to come later), and have a little splash yourself. It's marvellous how good that splash makes you feel if spent on something you have always wanted, but had regarded as a luxury.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Ware, Goomeri, Qld.

PERHAPS M.W.'s husband feels it is his place to renovate and improve the family home. As he has suggested she invest the money, I feel she should do so. Not many husbands are so thoughtful for their wife's future security, and she will probably be pleased she has something behind her later on for some urgent need if her three sons need money for higher education. Renovations are costly and in a few years could need maintenance or become old-fashioned — but money is never old-fashioned.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Darlington, Holsworthy Village, N.S.W.

I WOULD say that it all depends on the amount of the legacy you will receive. If it is under £1000, spend it on the home repairs and painting. If it is more, I strongly advise you to invest it. Money once spent is gone for good, but if wisely invested you will have the pleasure of an interest cheque at regular intervals. Also, the certainty of knowing that the original amount is still there if urgently needed.

£1/1/- to "In Same Boat" (name supplied), Bridport, Tas.

## The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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### OUR COVER:

Rexie, the alsatian who has become a heroine around her home district—the Gap, Watson's Bay, Sydney (see story, page 4)—is acquiring quite a fan club. Said her owners, Mr. and Mrs. John Nagy, proprietors of the Gap Inn cafe: "People are flocking into the cafe, not so much for coffee as to see Rexie." This picture was taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

### THIS WEEK IN VERSE



## Gardening note

I wish that agapanthus  
Were a name less long and stark.  
I wish it every morning  
When I'm walking through the park,  
And I grope for graceful phrases,  
But those syllables defeat  
The proper kind of tribute  
To their shimmer in the heat.  
So I'll simply make a statement  
Leaving poesy apart  
That a blooming clump of aggies  
Lifts my spirits and my heart.

— Dorothy Drain

## Ross Campbell writes...

"ON the shelf in our bathroom I have found whistles, apple cores, balloons, cars, and putty."

A woman uttered this heart-cry in a letter sent to me. Are other people's bathroom shelves like that, she asked?

The answer is yes, though hers does seem a fairly bad case of congestion. She has five young children.

I would like to cheer her by saying that as members of the family grow older the shelves will clear up. But unhappily this is not so. They leave things of different kinds on the shelf, that is all.

There are fewer plastic Indians and more bobby-pins; dolls' legs give place to bottles of bubble-bath. The mess remains. Where bobby-pins are concerned it is worse, because they leave little rusty marks.

It is natural and inevitable for things to be left on a bathroom shelf.

### ON THE SHELF

A person goes there to wash his hands. He has a banana (or tennis ball, or puzzle) in one hand, so he puts it on the shelf while he washes. And forgets to pick it up.

Or he is eating an apricot and leaves the stone on the ledge.

A girl goes to brush her teeth and finds she has a lolly in her mouth. She takes it out and places it on the shelf. It is well known that once a half-sucked lolly has been put down somewhere it loses a good part of its attractiveness. So there it remains.

Even without these extras a bathroom is a littered-up sort of place.

The side of the bath is a marina for ducks, boats, and other floating or sinking objects. On our bath there is a large red fish that has been getting in my way for two

years; also a rubber doll with a head that comes off and fills with water.

I won't dwell on the toothbrushes, because they are not things that invite dwelling on. A toothbrush only looks presentable when it is new and stiff and unpleasant to use. As soon as it is broken in and you have begun to take a liking to it, the bristles stick out everywhere and the charm is gone.

Nor will I say much about toothpaste tubes, those squashed and twisted and dismal debris of dental care.

I am thinking more of the shower-caps, and hot-water bottles, and cakes of soap, and hair-curlers, and shampoo. Especially the endless, glossy, glamorous streams of shampoo.

That is one advantage of the curious things left in the bathroom by younger users, such as the match-box containing two beetles which I found this morning. I don't have to pay for them.



# The Cleopatra scarf

**N**EWEST scarf fashion from Rome is the Cleopatra scarf helmet, worn here by Neira Gereg, former fashion model for famous Italian designers the Fontana sisters.

Neira, 22, was born in Yugoslavia, and did a part-time modelling course while studying to be a biologist at the University of Zagreb. She was offered so many modelling assignments (she is 5ft. 5in. with 34-24-37 measurements, light brown hair, and hazel eyes) that she gave up her university studies.

She married Yugoslavian jazz musician Ivo Gereg in Rome a year ago and they recently came to Australia, where they now live in Sydney.



**CLEOPATRA HELMET SCARF**, shown above (front) and left (back) by Neira Gereg, is made from a 27in. square of material. It should not be less than 27in. A hair-setting roller on top of the head under the scarf gives extra height and line to the style.

## How to tie scarf



1. Knot two corners of scarf just above the hairline in the middle of the forehead. Lift the two other corners and bring forward.



2. Bring down the open edge and stretch it tight above the forehead to cover the first tie. Height is given by a roller pinned in top lock of hair.



3. Take the two free corners to the back of the neck and tie them securely under the soft falling folds of material.



## NEXT WEEK

There are treats in store for everyone who likes **BISCUITS** and **TRAVEL** and **READING** and new **HAIRSTYLES** and stories about **ROYALTY** and **GARDENING**, with . . .

★ **BISCUIT COOKBOOK.** The sixty recipes include all types of biscuits—plain and fancy, cooked and chilled—for snacks and suppers and picnics (and for just eating, anytime).

★ **PERFECT HOLIDAYS.** Our 24-page pull-out travel book, packed with ideas for long and short holidays at home and abroad, is a useful guide for everyone who wants to "get away from it all."

★ **NEW SERIAL.** "Dolphin," by Australian author Eric Lambert, is a delightful story about life in an Australian seaside town. Don't miss the first instalment!

★ **HAIRSTYLES** from Paris show all the latest debutante coiffures: the styles are both simple and sophisticated, often jewelled. And they're modelled by nine "international" young socialites.

★ **PORTRAIT OF A PRINCESS.** Famous painter Pietro Annigoni tells the entertaining story behind his portrait of Princess Margaret—and what happened when a Royal corgi bit him!

★ **GARDENING.** Six more pages for your gardening book are all about the tall-growing perennials and biennials that add special touches of drama to the garden.



REXIE and her owners, Mr. and Mrs. John Nagy, of Watson's Bay, N.S.W.

# Guardian of the Gap

● *Alsatian Rexie, aged 3½, made headlines recently when for the twentieth time she prevented a suicide at the Gap, Watson's Bay entrance to Sydney Harbor.*

REXIE'S owners, Mr. and Mrs. John Nagy, proprietors of the Gap Inn cafe, said Rexie began her life-saving operations about 18 months ago.

"We were busy in the cafe one day," said Mrs. Nagy,

"when Rexie burst in. She wouldn't stop barking and kept rushing backwards and forwards through the door."

"Eventually I went with her and she led me up the cliff to a young girl who was standing right on the edge beyond the safety fence."

"The girl looked as though she were going to jump any minute."

"Without thinking, I climbed over the rail and started talking to her."

"Rexie stood watching. Then the girl began to cry, and it was easy to persuade her to come back to the cafe for a cup of coffee."

"It was the first time we had come across anything like this, and we weren't sure what to do. But by the time the girl had finished her coffee she seemed all right and promised us she would go straight home."

"But shortly after she left, Rexie started up again, barking and running in and out."

"I went off with her once more and found the girl back up on the cliff. This time I phoned the police."

Mr. Nagy explained that Rexie seemed to have an amazing sixth sense which enabled her to spot a potential suicide.

"Every weekend scores of people climb up and down the cliff path," he said, "but Rexie can always pick out someone who has designs on going over."

"It must be something in his manner or walk. Whatever it is, Rexie senses it and barks the alarm."

The self-appointed sentinel also guards drunks lurching too near the fence and unsupervised children.

After 20 rescues, Mr. and Mrs. Nagy are learning to take Rexie's alarms in their stride.

The first thing they do is remove Rexie's collar. Mr. Nagy explained:

"Rexie once spotted a man sitting right out on the

ledge who was very carefully drinking beer from a glass. Rexie made friends with him while I tried to talk him out of jumping."

"Rexie's charm worked very well and the man, who by this time was very drunk, had him by the collar. I was terrified that if he did jump, he would take Rexie with him."

The Nagys have another fear for Rexie — that she may be stolen again. She has been stolen three times.

Twice Rexie returned on her own, "slinking in," said Mrs. Nagy, "as though she were afraid we would think she had done wrong."

The third time the thieves returned Rexie themselves, because she pined so much and wouldn't eat.

"My husband suffered the

same symptoms," said Mrs. Nagy.

Hungarian-born Mr. Nagy bought Rexie two years ago to remind him of the dog he had back home.

She takes commands in Hungarian and English.

Although she is expecting her third litter any time now, Rexie has only one of her offspring left to mother. This is Zsa Zsa, named after the Hungarian actress.

At six months, Zsa Zsa is trying to copy her mother's life-saving activities.

At least she joins in the barking, though apparently unaware of its purpose.

Zsa Zsa also has none of her mother's modesty about publicity. Like her namesake, she kept vying for the photographer's attention.

—Leonie Petersen

## Puppy contest results

● Winner of the "Puppy Talk" contest is Mrs. D. Brown, 24 Barwon Street, Box Hill, Victoria. Her caption, which won £25, is: "Now, ladies, visualise your arrangement before you place a single stem."

CONTESTANTS had to decide what cocker spaniel Clarevale The Rebel (pictured on our December 4 cover) was saying.

Other awards are:

Second prize of £15 to Janet Johnson, 31 Yarran Street, Punchbowl, N.S.W.—

"What vase . . . ?"

Third prize of £10 to Elsie Moody, 291 Shepherds Hill Road, Eden Hills, Sth. Australia—

"I would much prefer him to say it with bones."

Consolation prizes of £5 each:

Miss Jan MacFarland, 104 Main Street, Blackburn, Victoria—

"Dear Louise, why do the other boys call me sissy?"

Mrs. N. R. McDowell, c/o Post Office, Batchelor, Northern Territory—

"A hat — you mean that was a HAT?"

Miss L. Masterton, 12 Regina Street, Stones Corner, Qld.—

"Well, that takes care of the gardening."

Mrs. L. Haworth, 92



● Clarevale The Rebel belongs to Mrs. J. Gotch, Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Marah Street, North Wagga, N.S.W.—

"I'll wait five more minutes. If she's not here then . . ."

Mrs. A. Reynolds, 12 Kirkwood Street, North Seaforth, N.S.W.—

"But you said you LIKED flowers around the house."

Mrs. B. P. Harris, 2 Kerry Street, Dianella, W.A.—

"But the recipe said take a little FLOUR."

Mrs. Lucy Micale, P.O.

Morseby, via Innisfail, Queensland—

"Did she really say that about me?"

Miss Robyn Ironside, 83 Marshall Street, Kogarah, N.S.W.—

"Do I HAVE to go to bed?"

Mrs. Don Brady, 256 Crawford Street, Queanbeyan, N.S.W.—

"Darling, please forgive me, I forgot to post your letter."

Mrs. Marina Wallace, 16 Streatham Avenue, Revesby, N.S.W.—

"Has the jury reached a verdict yet?"

Musical themes inspired a large number of entries in the contest, especially that hit song of not so long ago, "Please Don't Eat The Daisies."

Another popular idea portrayed poor Clarevale as not quite the gentleman — he blamed the damage on the cat or dog next door.

The hearts of hay-fever victims really went out to the pup in a flood of "ooh, my hay fever" entries. Many readers hoped they'd get Clarevale for Christmas.



AT THE GAP Rexie rears against the safety fence. She is expecting her third litter.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 8, 1964





**ANNIGONI**, the great Italian artist, continues his story of the distinguished people whose portraits he has painted.

# POPE JOHN WOULD KEEP ON TALKING

By **PIETRO ANNIGONI**

● So I do a portrait of Pope John, this marvellous man who has enchanted nearly all the world. A portrait of the face which, from so near, reminds me of my own father's face. What a chance!

**T**HESE were my thoughts in Rome on June 4, 1962, before the extraordinary experience of my three sittings with the late Pope John. The next day I had the first sitting—at nine o'clock in the morning.

At half-past eight I was in the Vatican. I met Cardinals and secretaries, and at last Monsignor Capovilla, personal secretary to the Pope.

"The Holy Father is so good. So simple. You mustn't distress yourself," he said.

To tell the truth I wasn't worrying as much as he thought. I wasn't so overawed by the grandeur and solemnity of the surroundings as he supposed.

At exactly nine o'clock Monsignor Capovilla introduced me to His Holiness, who was standing near the desk in his private office.

"Maestro Annigoni," said Monsignor Capovilla, while I went down on one knee.

"Young for a maestro," was the Pope's comment. Was I flattered? Well, yes and no.

He talked a good deal, with a great simplicity which immediately put his listener at ease.

"Where were you born?" he asked. In Milan, I told him.

"And I was born at Bergamo, so we are neighbors, eh?"

As he talked I soon saw that he was not going to be the ideal model. I replied to his questions, but already I was preoccupied.

I sat near the table, facing him, holding my block in one hand and a pencil in the other. I waited, without being able to make up my mind how to begin.

Monsignor Capovilla came to my assistance.

"Perhaps you are too much moved," he said. "That is easy to understand. I am not astonished at all."

"A famous sculptor was here a while ago, just as you are, in such a state that he nearly fainted."

The Pope was listening to all this. "No, no," he interrupted, "he was a weedy

little creature—that poor man. This one here is fine and fat like me. This is quite another matter."

He was right. I wasn't crushed by emotion, just preoccupied with my work. I had such a great desire to make something which would be really worthy.

"The Holy Father is so good," went on Monsignor Capovilla. "Ask him not to speak and not to move. He will understand." But the Holy Father continued to speak and move.

And I thought it would sound rather odd if I repeated the words which had only just left the mouth of his secretary.

I began to draw. He watched me, chatting away. He had so much to say. He recalled the time when he had been a military chaplain during World War I.

"There was a book," he said, "which did so much good for the soldiers. They returned from the front, wounded or shell-shocked, and this book cheered them up and made them laugh. 'The Voyage of an Ignoramus,' that was the title. It was written by a 19th-



century, indicated a tapestry on the wall behind him: "I bought it in Paris," he said, "at a time when I was Papal Nuncio there. I discovered it just by chance. Isn't it a beautiful thing? Now that I've become the Pope I've given it to the Vatican."

His mind turned to all the beautiful things in the Vatican, many of which the public cannot see. For example, the allegorical paintings on the ceiling of the room where we were.

"They are very beautiful," he said, "and very valuable, even if they are not very proper. Too many women. Too few clothes..."

emanated from him and surrounded him. It made me feel isolated from him, a very long way off.

During the second sitting Monsignor Capovilla decided to help me by reading to the Holy Father. But the Holy Father could not muster much interest in what was being read. He dropped off to sleep. His face became quite a different shape. My task became yet harder.

He loved to talk. It was easy to see that. And at the first rest he spoke.

It was about a subject which I had intended to bring up myself. The project of sending the Pieta of Michelangelo to America, something which had already caused a great deal of controversy.

"What a to-do!" he said: "I really don't understand it at all. It's all about a masterpiece of sculpture, isn't it? Well, what's the harm in letting millions more people have the opportunity of admiring it?"

And he continued in this vein until, little by little and more and more, his theme developed into a powerful condemnation of all that constitutes too strong an attachment, at the worst an adoration, of worldly achievement, even if it concerned masterpieces of art.

"I remember," he went on, "the time when somebody stole the Gioconda of Leonardo da Vinci from the Louvre in Paris. There again, what a fuss! Ah well, we know how easily we poor creatures get carried away."

"Of course, the thief deserved..." he hesitated, and then with timidity and great

gentleness he made the gesture of spanking a child.

"But when one realises that, after all, the fuss was about so small and so simple a thing!"

What he said amazed me. But at the same time it suddenly set me face to face with eternity. *Vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas*... vanity of vanities, all is vanity.

It was my turn to become timid. Nevertheless, I replied that, with all respect, I was of the other party, those who protested against the export of the Pieta.

"In any case," I said (and I now seemed to myself to be making too much of it) "we have a duty to safeguard these works of art for those who come after us."

He seemed to agree.

During this second sitting I made two sketches that I knew could not be used for the portrait. Two days later came the third sitting.

"Did you sleep well?" the Pope asked me as soon as I entered his workroom. I thanked him for asking me, and assured him that I had.

"Not me," he said. "I always have difficulty in sleeping. Last night I got up at two o'clock, and employed the time in preparing a discourse."

Then Monsignor Capovilla had a very good idea. He would read this discourse aloud so that any necessary corrections could be made. This time the Pope kept reasonably still.

I saw him almost in profile and with his most

characteristic expression. I could really work now, and felt much more at ease. From time to time he interrupted the reading and suggested the change of a word or a phrase.

"I think," he said, after a little while, "that it would be better not to put these speeches on to paper. It would be better to improvise as one went along. To say what one feels at the moment, what is in one's heart, directly to people who are looking into your eyes and feeling that you, the man, are really with them."

"Often, when one writes, one has the feeling of saying a good deal more, and really saying a good deal less."

He looked at the sketch.

"This one knows his trade," he said to his secretary. And then he drew attention to the large, flat, and projecting ear.

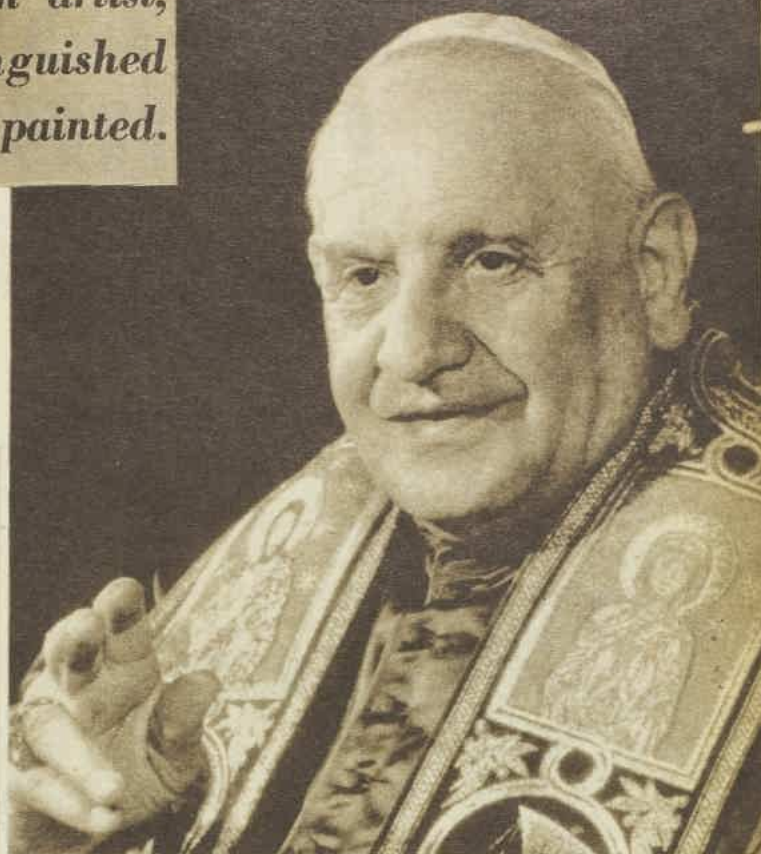
"I remember very well how my pals in the seminary teased me about my ears."

I went down upon my knee again to take leave of him.

"Courage," said the Holy Father, and tapped me lightly on the shoulder.

In my diary I find: "9/6/62. Third and last sitting, for the present. Done as much as I could. Pope a bad sitter, but Holy Man. In a few words he leads one to face eternity, and reminds one, as no one else can, of the terrifying and yet consoling truth of the vanity of vanity."

● World copyright "News of the World," 1963.



**ABOVE:** Pope John photographed by Karsh of Ottawa. **AT LEFT:** One of the preliminary sketches made by Annigoni. He was allowed only three sittings, and so had to paint the portrait from his sketches and color notes. The Pope died last June at 81.

**"In time, I became really moved... overwhelmed by the Pope's humility... absolute, profound humility such as I have never known."**

century humorist from my own town, Bergamo."

His Holiness began to chuckle at the thought of it.

"Ah, that was a really funny book. I'd like to give you a copy."

He started to recount episodes from the book and began to laugh. And he laughed more and more with every anecdote that came back to him.

"Oh, a really good writer, a really amusing writer, who made a great many people happier by making them laugh."

"He died of despair," he added, suddenly becoming completely serious.

From time to time Monsignor Capovilla took pains to remind him to pose more conscientiously, but without very much success.

I was charmed with his conversation. Simple, forthright, sometimes naive—the conversation of a country curate, one might say—but all the time pierced with shrewd allusions that in a few moments would grow into memories.

In time I became really moved, overwhelmed by the Pope's humility.

It was an absolute and profound humility such as I have never known. It



# 2000 YEARS IN FASHION!

● This year the New South Wales Fire Brigade will discard the brass helmets that date back 2000 years to the days of ancient Rome.



**FIREMAN John Bennetts** hangs up his helmet at Sydney headquarters. Brass on the firemen's uniform and the helmets are kept "so bright you can see your face in them."

**DISTRICT OFFICER Allan Partridge** wears the brass helmet, soon to be superseded by poly-carbonate helmets. The dragon design on the top of the helmet, dating from King Arthur's time, is the symbol of war.



**L**ITTLE boys—and big ones—will mourn the passing of the shiny brass helmets which have been worn in New South Wales since 1886.

But firemen I spoke to are in favor of the change to safe, hard, strictly practical helmets.

"It will save all that polishing," said one. "And the new helmets, made from a poly-carbonate material, are much safer. The brass helmets conduct electricity and when power lines are affected by fire this is a major hazard."

District Officer Allan Partridge said: "The brass helmets are too soft. Falling masonry cuts right through them. The new helmets are as hard as rock and protect the head from injury."

**CLEANING** the brass helmets is a constant chore. "You really have to get to them after a fire," said Doug Jacob (left). "The brass goes green, and they're usually pretty dirty."

Pictures by staff photographer KEITH BARLOW.

The traditional brass helmet has a long history going back to Roman times.

Similar helmets were worn by the Roman firemen, and with a slight change in design and a visor attached they were standard equipment for light horse brigades in France and Germany in the 18th century.

In 1866 the brass helmet was introduced to England and was adopted by the Fire Brigade in London a few years later. English firemen changed to cork-compound helmets in the 1930s.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade in Sydney (there was no New South Wales Fire Brigade until 1909) adopted the helmet in 1886.

Queensland, Western Australia, and Victoria will be the only States to retain the brass helmets, although a fibre-glass helmet is now being tested by Victorian firemen.

Unsafe, even dangerous, though the old brass helmets may be, they invested the firemen who wore them with a god-like quality for little boys.

I wonder if the new helmets will inspire the same hero-worship?

—Patricia Kent



# Toddlers who 'transistorise' ...and play pop songs on the radiogram

By  
CLAUDIA WRIGHT

**SIX-YEAR-OLD Michael Lunn with his sisters, Tina (right) and Jo-Anne, plays a record from his own collection on his own radiogram. All have transistors.**



● Melbourne disc jockey Don Lunn and his wife, Lorna, have four children under six years, but they don't need any tranquillisers for the school holidays — only ear-plugs.

THEY hand out transistors to their children almost the way most parents hand out toys.

And, though the noise of four transistors playing anything from kindergarten music to rock-n-roll, all at the same time, is migraine-making, Don and Lorna Lunn turn a deaf ear.

"Man, it's a greater sound than the wailing, yelling, and crying they can set up," said father Don, who is known to thousands of listeners as The Fabulous Mr. D.

"And do those kids know their Top 40 songs! They have a really keen ear.

"At night they take those little transistors along to bed — and go to sleep like lambs."

"Look at those two," he said, pointing out of the sunroom window to two pixie-faced daughters, Tina, 4, and Jo-Anne, 3, who were sitting happily in their sand-pit, shovelling away with one hand and holding their transistors with the other.

Blond Jo-Anne held a pocket-size transistor to her ear, and Tina had her larger model in her lap.

Their six-year-old brother, Michael, was dial-twiddling in his room and entertaining 15-month-old Craig — who, says his mother, goes "Da Da" whenever he hears his father on the transistor.

"The children love to listen to their father," said dark-haired Lorna.

"When he's on the air they won't listen to anyone else.

"Letting them 'transistorise' is a wonderful way of keeping the peace.

"I suppose child psychologists would have something to say about it — but the kids love their transistors and so do their friends.

"Believe me, it's a great gimmick during school holidays."

"It's lucky we don't have to pay for the repair bills," chipped in her husband.

"This one has been repaired seven times.

"When the engineer at work sees me coming with it tucked under my arm — he throws his hands up and says, 'No, not again.'"

Don Lunn, 29, good looking in a boyish way, with the reputation of being a "good guy," is one of the "big six" disc jockeys in Australia — and one of the most highly paid.

Ten years ago he started as a copy boy at a Tasmanian radio station.

Said Don, "I did everything from selling ads and cleaning studios to reading news from daily papers.

"We didn't have newswriters in those days.

"And the material we used was pretty corny. I used to play a lot of my own records to get the programme fairly hip."

The Lunnns have several hundred records in their collection, including classic standards of old Sinatras, Stan Kenton, Crosby and the Rhythm Boys, and 1931 Paul Whiteman.

Said Lorna with a despairing laugh, "Every time you open a cupboard here you're likely to get a couple of dozen records on your head.

"Now we're using records to decorate the house"—and she waved her arms toward the rumpus-room.

There, like pictures, hung several dozen records — all of them EPs collected because of their labels. Each one represents a different American recording company.

Even young Michael Lunn

**MELBOURNE'S Don Lunn puts a disc on the record-player he has installed beneath the dashboard of his white sports model car.**

has his own record collection AND radiogram.

He and his sisters can work the 'gram expertly — although they do scratch a few records when they ALL want to put the record on. Their favorite record is "Happiness" sung by Eydie Gorme.

"It might seem extravagant," said Don.

"But I can still remember the fun I got out of an old H.M.V. original gramophone that my grandmother gave me when I was five.

## Worn out

"It had a horn about three feet long sticking out of it, and she gave me two records — the first standards to be made.

"They had an inch of wood on one side and a track cut into vinylite on the other.

"The recordings were of a choir singing 'Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes' and 'I'll Walk With Thee.'"

"I played them so often I wore them out.

"I used that old player until I was 11, and then I got a radiogram.

"So you could say old Gran set me on the road to becoming a disc jockey."



**DISC JOCKEY Don Lunn at home in Beaumaris, Victoria, with his brunette wife, Lorna, a Tasmanian, and their 15-month-old son, Craig.**

At home in the beach suburb of Beaumaris, Don plays his records on a transistorised record player which folds into a case.

He never tires of listening to records.

The breezy disc jockey even plays records while driving his fast white sports car.

He has a record player mounted beneath the dashboard, running off a push-button radio.

When he stops at traffic lights he can just reach over and slip on a disc.

You can hear him coming a mile off. There are two speakers installed in the single-seater car, which also has little luxuries like wall-to-wall sheepskin over wall-to-wall axminster.

When he's running late, Don often previews a new record in the car on the way to work.

One record that never leaves the car is his favorite, "The Lady Is a Tramp" sung by Frank Sinatra.

At the mention of Frank

Sinatra, Don Lunn's blue eyes light up and he does a mild swoon.

His listeners know only too well how he feels about Sinatra — he always uses Sinatra to introduce his daily two-hour show.

And this is the sort of patter with which he introduces him: "Now on your feet, ladies and gentlemen and boys and girls, for the chairman of the board."

Don always says gennelmen. Some of his other sayings, which either amuse or infuriate his listeners, are: "Ullo dere," "Oop boop a doo," "Zoweeeee," "It's a gasser," and "Hot cookie."

On the air Mr. D. sings ("I've a pretty frightening voice") and talks at torpedo speed. He does three ads, time check, and temperature report in a few seconds.

Listeners hearing him for the first time might think he is an American — he has a slight drawl — but Don insists its the words he uses that give the impression of an American accent.

He was born in England — Douglas Raymond Lunn — and changed his name.

"There was another Douglas working at the same radio station, so I chose Don."

Don feels that his reign as a top disc jockey will not be short-lived. "All this talk of over-exposure and getting old," he said. "Some of the highest-paid disc jockeys in America are in their 40s.

"At 50 most of them go into executive positions.

"It's a high-pressure life," he added, lighting another cigarette (in the studio he chain-smokes).

"But it's a good one. You have the top artists of the world working for you—you just have to deliver them."

He spends an hour a day writing to recording stars and fans.

When the top stars visit Melbourne he shows them the town.

Don says Stan Freberg is the friendliest, most personable "fella" he has met.

And he told of their meeting — "I flew over from Tasmania to do a tape with him. We were staying at the same hotel and I rang to make an appointment.

"He said, 'Come on down, right now, and have breakfast with us' — imagine — that guy was on his honeymoon.

"The taping was a riot — he did it all in his Abominable Snowman voice."

Don's main relaxation is golf — ("I play like a madman").

He keeps his listeners well informed about his handi-cap — it's 17 — and the sort of game he had that day.





# Oh-so-lavish "Camelot"

"CAMELOT," the most spectacular musical comedy ever staged in Australia, had cost more than £100,000 to produce when it opened a month ago in Adelaide. (It will open in Melbourne next month and in Sydney, Brisbane, Perth, and New Zealand at times to be decided.)

This £100,000 was more than half as much again as the production cost of the all-records-breaking "My Fair Lady"—and the "Lady" was almost twice as expensive as earlier musicals in Australia.

Camelot was the legendary castle of the British King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table and the scene of pageantry, romance, and high endeavor. Inspiration for the musical comedy came from T.H. White's charmingly witty pepping-up of the legend in his novel "The Once and Future King," and the story tells of Arthur, Queen Guenevere, her lover Sir Lancelot, the magician Merlyn, and the wicked Morgan le Fey.

Lerner and Loewe, the "My Fair Lady" team, wrote words and music.

● Guenevere (Jacquelyn McKeever) and King Arthur (Paul Daneman) at their first meeting. Guenevere's cloak is beaded with more than 2400 pearls.

● In the Magic Forest the ambitious Sir Mordred (Jo Ewing) bribes enchantress Morgan le Fey (Bettina Welch) to persuade her to put an invisible wall around Arthur.





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● Guenevere receives bridal posies from the ladies of the Court of Camelot in this exquisite scene in silver and pastel tones. Courtiers in the background carry bridal banners. A fascinating feature of the dressing is the wonderful headgear worn by the ladies. More than 300 yards of fur was used in the making of the cast's costumes and headgear. There are more than 400 costumes.



AT LEFT, Sir Lancelot sings under the pergola on the terrace of Camelot Castle, and is much admired by the ladies of the Court. Tom Larson plays Lancelot, the man who turns the Round Table into a triangle.

AT RIGHT, with some of the other knights, he dons armor in preparation for a day of jousting with lance, sword, and charger.

Pictures by Vic Grimmert





# INVESTMENT GUIDE

## THIS WEEK: REVIEW OF STOCKS

By MARY BROKER

● Since the Stock Exchange closes from Christmas to New Year, I thought this may be a good opportunity to review those stocks which I have recommended to date.

A QUICK run-down of the list just before Christmas showed that of the 27 stocks so far suggested, 23 have shown good gains from the price at which I suggested them, three rose and then fell back to the same price, and W. R. Carpenter, the only stock now lower, has had a bonus issue.

Most companies have also paid out good dividends.

Perhaps the best way to review the progress made is to take each group of stocks as they appeared in issues of The Australian Women's Weekly:

### Oct. 16

	Price at time of recommendation	Present Price	Gain per 100 shares
Prestige	13/6	14/3	£3/15/-
Beau Monde	41/6	42/9	£6/5/-
Kolotex	7/3	8/9	£7/10/-

Prestige has since announced that it will purchase the Holeproof group of companies for £34 million and is to make a new issue of shares at 4/- premium on the basis of 3 for 5. So for every 100 shares you purchased you will be entitled to 60 new shares at a cost of £27, or alternatively you can sell your rights at a profit.

### Oct. 23

Peters	8/1	8/6	£2/1/8
General Foods	9/-	9/-	nil.

Peters has reported an expansion of export markets, but apart from this nothing of note has happened in this group.

### Oct. 30

Henry Jones	66/-	73/6	£37/10/-
Tom Piper	33/-	38/6	£27/10/-

Henry Jones has paid a 10% dividend, for the 24th successive year, on capital increased earlier in 1963 by a 1 for 6 par issue. Tom Piper is said to be doing better than ever.

### Nov. 6

Myers	35/-	38/6	£17/10/-
Myers (S.A.)	38/-	41/6	£17/10/-

With retail sales more buoyant than ever this Christmas, these companies should be taking the cream of the business. I anticipate another record-breaking year for both.

### Lion's share

#### Nov. 13

Rothmans	36/-	39/-	£15/-/-
Philip Morris	40/-	40/-	nil.

Rothmans had a strong rise recently when a reorganisation of wholesale tobacco prices was announced. This is expected to give the manufacturers an extra £2 million a year in profit. Since Rothmans holds more than 50% of the market, it should get the lion's share of the increased revenue.

#### Nov. 20

Elder Smith	24/-	25/9	£8/15/-
Pitt, Son & Badgery	26/6	30/6	£20/-/-

Australia's wool cheque for the five months to November, 1963, rose by more than £45 million, after only a slight rise in the number of bales sold. This means much higher prices for every bale of wool and, as a natural follow-on, much higher profits for the wool-selling brokers.

#### Nov. 27

Burns Philp	79/3	86/-	£33/15/-
W. R. Carpenter	37/9	32/3	£12/10/-
Steamships Trading	11/11	13/10	£9/11/8

You may wonder how a gain of £12/10/- could have been made on W. R. Carpenter when the price has apparently dropped. However, as I said before, a bonus issue of 1 for 4 has just been made, so that if you had bought 100 shares you would now own a further 25 at no extra cost, and would be well up on your original outlay.

### "Lock-away" stock

#### Dec. 4

Mt. Isa	34/6	35/-	£2/10/-
Broken Hill			
South	15/-	18/9	£18/15/-

I am rather disappointed that Mt. Isa have not moved up more, but as I explained in that issue of the paper, this is a real "lock-away" stock.

Souths, on the other hand, have had a very good rise following the discovery of immense copper reserves in South Australia. I feel that much more can be expected from this stock.

#### Dec. 11

Cargo Distrib.	14/-	15/-	£5/-/-
M. Nickless	32/3	34/-	£8/15/-
Yellow Ex.	21/-	22/3	£6/5/-

#### Dec. 18

G.U.D.	27/-	28/-	£5/-/-
National Consolidated	33/9	34/6	£3/15/-
Flexdrive	28/-	30/1	£10/8/4
R.V.B.	28/-	28/3	£1/5/-

#### Jan. 1

A. V. Jennings	14/9	15/-	£1/5/-
Consolidated Homes	10/6	10/6	nil.

This brings me to the end of the list. For my own interest I did a small addition of the gains made by every stock. If anyone had bought 100 of every stock so far suggested, the total profit to date would be the nice sum of about £290.

My comments on the share market in 1964?

Australia has never been better off. The Government has been returned with a huge majority, a stable economic policy can be expected in the next few years.

Export prices for main products — wool, wheat, metals, and sugar — are high and will probably improve further, so that overseas reserves show promise of rising to even greater heights.

Interest rates are down to a low level compared with those in recent years, so that industry can finance expansion at a relatively low cost.

Most important of all, confidence is at last returning to the community after the shock of the 1960 credit squeeze.

All these things indicate an extremely prosperous year for Australia, and the share market being so sensitive to economic conditions, it looks like further rises in the prices of soundly based shares.

A happy New Year to you all, and success with your investments!

# SOCIAL ROUNDOABOUT

**A**N exquisite Burmese sapphire and diamond engagement ring had top priority on attractive Felicity Bailey-Tart's December shopping list.

And as her fiancé, Paul Lynch, of Cheltenham, at present living in New York, couldn't help choose the ring, her mother, Mrs. W. B. Bailey-Tart, deputised for him. Felicity, who is the granddaughter of the late Sir Earle Page, and her mother will leave by plane early in May for the wedding in New York, where she and Paul will make their home for two years.

With her she'll take a family heirloom to wear with her wedding gown. It's a gold locket set with a solitaire diamond, owned originally by the late Lady Page's father.

After the wedding Mrs. Bailey-Tart will go to London to stay with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. D. Mather-Brown, of West Hampstead, to await the arrival of her first grandchild.

It will be quite a family reunion — Mrs. Mather-Brown, who was formerly Mary Bailey-Tart, was living in London before her marriage there a year ago and hasn't seen her family for some time.

Paul, a journalist, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Lynch.

**W**HILE at Palm Beach for the pictures on the opposite page I saw Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wilkinson, of "Allfarthing," Goulburn, who have taken up residence at Palm Beach until February with their two small children, Andrew and Sarah Jane, who was born on November 24 at King George V Hospital. They're staying in the annexe which Mrs. Wilkinson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, have just finished building for them in the garden of their home.

**I** SYMPATHISED with Dr. and Mrs. Jim Findlater who, after waiting for months, saw their new motor cruiser, Aeolus, put into the water at Bobbin Head at almost the exact moment a violent thunderstorm struck. Instead of the official launching ceremony they'd planned, they had to run for shelter and weren't even able to take the boat out for a trial spin.

**T**WO regulars missing from the beach scene this year are Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Selby Davidson. The reason? Their daughter, Diane, who is on holidays from the Australian National University at Canberra, has so much to do in town and so many friends to see that they decided to stay put at their home at Warrawee. Diane, who is taking Oriental Studies, goes back in March.

**T**RAFFIC problems and car troubles won't be among the reminders Dr. and Mrs. Frank Perrottet bring back from their holidays. After a family consultation they decided to leave their car behind when they go off on their tour of the Snowy River and Kosciusko areas. They leave by train on January 10 with their two children, Mary and Paul, and Dr. Perrottet's sister, Mrs. John Coen, and connect with a bus at Cooma. They'll be away about a week.

**G**REETINGS for the festive season for Mrs. Harvey Turk came from her husband, Dr. Turk, by telephone from England, where he is doing post-graduate work at Hammersmith Hospital. Mrs. Turk and her three children, Bronwyn, Rickie, and Peter, are spending three weeks at Coonamble with the Peter Kosters on their property, "Calga."

**I** HEAR that the lovely garden of Dr. and Mrs. Alban Gee's home at Turramurra was floodlit and looked quite superb for the party they gave for their daughter, Elizabeth, who has just finished her final physiotherapy exams. The 60 guests danced in the spacious sunroom and then wandered out into the garden for a buffet supper which they ate at tiny tables set under the trees.

**A**MONG the many Sydney people who this year planned their holidays in Adelaide so they could take in the Davis Cup are Mr. and Mrs. John Davoren, who met up with Judge and Mrs. John O'Driscoll, of Melbourne. Part of their two weeks will be spent in the foothills with Mrs. Davoren's brother-in-law and sister Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dollard, of St. George's, and the rest of the time at the beach with her other sister, Mrs. Charles Younger, of Glenelg, and Mr. Younger.

**M**R. AND MRS. LEYCESTER MEARES and their three daughters, Virginia, Carolina, and Martha, were at Mascot to greet visitors from America, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Suche, and their two children, Camilla and Stephen, when they arrived. Former schoolfriends at Shore, Mr. Meares and Mr. Suche travelled overseas together seven years ago, and Mr. Suche stayed on to settle in Canada. For the six weeks they are here their base will be a beach house at Palm Beach. Also looking forward to renewing acquaintances are the Brian Conollys, who met the Suches when they were living in Canada.

—MOLLIE LYONS

● Ita Buttrose is on holidays.



ABOVE: Mrs. Judy Chapman with Mr. Evan Talbot at the party given by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly, of Vacluse, for him and his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Talbot are on a six-week visit to Australia from England.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Walker leaving St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, after their wedding. The bride, who was formerly Miss Margaret Simmat, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Simmat, of Kurraba Point, wore a full-length gown of magnolia taffeta.





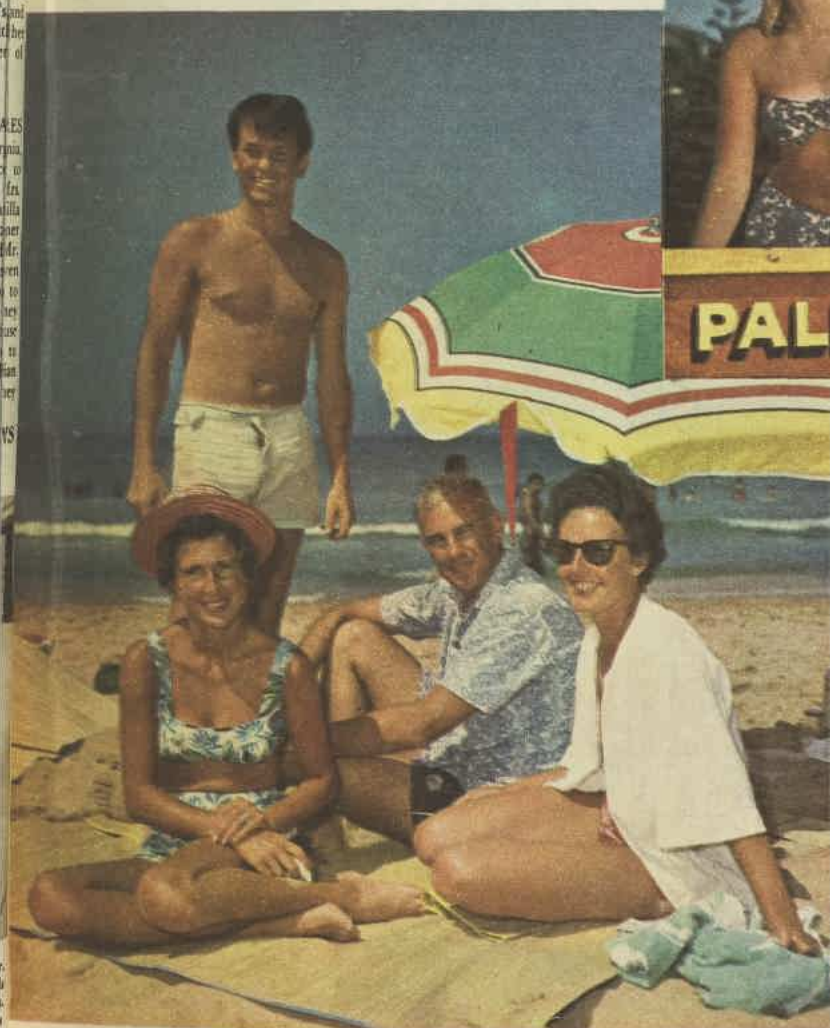
ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Kenneth Youdale took her daughter, Nicole, paddling at the water's edge when they spent the day at Palm Beach. Mrs. Youdale wore a wide-brimmed sun hat and Nicole an attractive mob cap which matched her frilled cotton bikini.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Tim Allen found a sunny corner in the garden of their Whale Beach holiday house to take their children, Michael and Camellia, for a dip. Mr. Allen's mother, Mrs. Dick Allen, and his brother, Mr. Nick Allen, are also down at Whale Beach.



AT LEFT: Misses Pam Meares, Rahda Henry, and Kay Banks (left to right) made a pretty threesome as they watched the surfboard riders shooting the breakers. Many young people took picnic lunches to the beach.



ABOVE: Mr. and Mrs. Craig Nalen (couple on the left) chatted with Mr. and Mrs. John Lambie under a gaily striped beach umbrella. The foursome travelled from Wairoa to spend a lazy day enjoying the sun at Palm Beach.

AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Norman Jenkyn (centre couple) and their two daughters, Mrs. Peter Grogan (left) and Mrs. Donald Booth, with their husbands, Mr. Grogan (left) and Mr. Booth, and tiny Catherine Booth relaxed on the sunny beach.





# WORTH REPORTING

AFTER the annual chore of catering for the festive season with the same old traditional dishes, we were refreshed by a browse through two new recipe books.

One, "The Playboy Gourmet," is sure to find its way into the apartment of all the men-about-town. It's written by the food and drink editor of an overseas magazine which we believe every man has at least heard of.

It has tantalising titles: "Banquets from the Briny," "Let's Stew It," "The Secret of Saucery," "Just Desserts."

One chapter is headed "The Sophisticated Sandwich — a noble meal in casual attire." ("Like the sonnet or the stolen kiss," says the author, "a sandwich may be short, but it should never be merely mechanical.")

His recipe for Steak Sandwich with Onions (for two):

Two half-inch thick prime steaks of beef, 1 medium-sized Spanish onion, 3 tablespoons butter, 1-3rd cup dry red wine, 2-3rds cup strong beef stock or canned beef bouillon, 1-8th teaspoon powdered thyme, 1 teaspoon cornflour, salt, pepper, brown gravy coloring, 4 slices of toast.

Cut the onion in half, then crosswise into very thin slices. Melt the butter in a heavy saucepan, add the onion, and saute slowly until golden brown. Add the wine and cook until reduced by

half. Add beef stock, bring to the boil, and add the thyme. Dilute the cornflour in about a tablespoon of cold water and add to the sauce. Reduce flame and simmer for five minutes, season to taste, then add gravy coloring to make sauce medium brown.

Slash the edges of the steak in several places to prevent curling, and cook rare on a hot, lightly greased griddle or in a heavy frying-pan. Season with salt and pepper and place each steak on two pieces of toast. Pour hot onions over the steak and fill the rest of the plate with crisp french-fried potatoes.

Pass a big bowl of tossed green salad with Roquefort cheese dressing, and discourage conversation for at least a quarter of an hour.

The other book is the "Eating-in-Bed Cookbook" by Barbara Ninde Byfield.

This is her "poleaxer" for the sleepless — Baked Potatoes with Dreams of Glory:

Wrap in a tea-towel one large baked potato. Cut a small hole in the side and scoop out the inside. Mix the potato with 1 cup sauteed diced mushrooms, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup grated Parmesan cheese until it is fluffy and lumpy. Scoop it back into the potato shell, reheat in a hot oven for about 10 minutes, and serve with a little paprika on top.

For the REALLY dedicated gourmet, the cookbook has a special section, "Eating in the Bathtub."

## Bed for mum's birthday

HARRY CRASE, 18, of Miranda, N.S.W., brought home his mother's birthday present in pieces. Otherwise he couldn't have got it through the front door.

It was a full-size hand-carved cedar double bed!

Harry is a fourth-year apprentice woodcarver.

"In all, it took me about two months," he said. "I grabbed all the spare time I could, but mostly I stayed back after work."

"Mum used to worry, thinking my boss was keeping me back late. I had to let her go on thinking it, else I'd spoil the surprise."

"The materials cost £10. Now the bed has been valued at between £80 and £100."

Harry carved the bed in different sections — seven for the head, two for each leg, and three for the foot.

"I was thrilled with it," said Mrs. Crase. "I had no idea Harry was planning such a birthday present."

"Though it is not the first piece of furniture he has made for the house. When he was 16 he carved a beautiful Louis XIV coffee table and a small Chippendale table."

Harry has an even bigger project.

"I want to refurbish the house completely in period furniture," he said. "Modern furniture — I wouldn't give a crumpet for it!"



HARRY CRASE, apprentice woodcarver, sits proudly on the cedar bed he made for his mother's birthday.

## Over 60 — the dancing years

A DANCING class in Hobart has an unusual condition of membership. The pupils must be at least 60 years old.

The "Sixty and Over" dancing class was started about nine months ago with only 16 members, but attendance at the fortnightly classes has mushroomed to between 100 and 120. Several enthusiasts are over 80.

"The folk were rather shy at first," said Miss Jean Hogan, who gives her services as dancing teacher. "Some had not danced for over 20 years — and some had never danced at all."

"Originally I had to teach each and every dance very, very slowly."

"Now we have all the old-time, and even a little quick-step and modern waltz."

"Most of my folk still prefer the old time waltz and the progressive barn dance, though. The Jolly Miller old-time waltz is one of the most popular of all."

"Two of the 'Over Sixties' supply the music and several ladies prepare supper. We have a short community-singing session as a break from the dancing, and usually at least one member gives an item."

"As a teacher, I find it a most rewarding evening."

It's rewarding for the dancers, too. They find the company "as good as a tonic" and declare that the regular exercise makes them feel much fitter.

★ ★ ★

WE like the story of the six-year-old boy who was struggling to learn how to knot his neck-tie.

One day he marched triumphantly out of his bedroom and confronted his parents with a perfectly knotted tie. He confided: "I've been practising tying it round my leg!"

★ ★ ★

IN a final attempt to minimise traffic jams at a main circular road junction, an English local council erected a large notice bearing the stern advice: "GET WEAVING!"

MANY of the good folk of Glasgow, Scotland, must have been startled when they opened their newspapers one day in June, 1842.

"The Devil Arrives in Glasgow Riding a Hobby Horse," the headlines shouted.

"The devil" was Kirkpatrick Macmillan, a peaceful village blacksmith. He lived in the hamlet of Keir, near the Maxwellton Braes of "Annie Laurie" fame. And, by putting pedals on the old hobby horse, he gave the world the bicycle.

He proved his invention by riding 70-odd miles to Glasgow over stony roads, staying one night on the way.

"Word of his progress flew faster than today's television signals," said a B.B.C. commentator recently.

"Cottagers grabbed their children and pulled them indoors."

"Young couples out for moonlit walks ran in fear as the apparition on wheels moved along the roads, his velocipede creaking and rattling on the stones, with a horse's head carved in wood at the front of the machine."

Macmillan never attempted to commercialise his machine. Others took it up and gradually improved it.

Perhaps the blacksmith was daunted by village opinion. He was highly respected in the district until his news-making ride. After that he was nicknamed "Daft Pate."



● Joy Mudge

## Art in the theatre

THE Arts Theatre in Melbourne is an "art" theatre in more ways than one.

A recent addition to the city's little theatres and just round the corner from Her Majesty's, it has its own art gallery.

The theatre takes up only half the spacious first floor of 107 Lonsdale Street. In the foyer, which occupies the other half, is an art exhibition by members of an Interchange Arts Group.

The first production was "Who'll Save the Ploughboy?" by American playwright Frank D. Gilroy.

Exhibitions change when the plays change — every four weeks.

Joy Mudge, Arts Theatre founder and producer, hopes eventually to open the gallery in lunch-hours as well as at night.

"But we will have to see how the gallery side develops as a separate unit," she said.

The founding of the theatre is a real Cinderella story. Six months ago it was a dark, dirty printing works, with only the heavy-beamed ceiling and blind-arched walls as distinctive features.

Painted, wall-papered, and carpeted, with stage, seats, and drapes from Mrs. Mudge's former Arts Theatre at Richmond (they were originally from the old King's Theatre), it gives the impression of being new and grand, yet comfortable and homely, too.

Actors from the old Arts Theatre, started by Mrs. Mudge and her husband in 1958 and closed last year after his death, will recognise the carved armchair in the foyer.

Known as "Mum's chair," it is as much part of the new theatre as Joy Mudge.

★ ★ ★

THE Lord's Prayer has 56 words, the Commandments 297, the Declaration of Independence 300. A recent U.S. order on cabbage prices has 26,911.

## Collectors' Corner

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, comments on readers' antiques.

Could you please give me some information about my vase. It stands 7in. high and is hand-painted. — Mrs. H. Cooper, Beaumaris, Melbourne.



● English vase

The Derby, Spode, and Davenport factories all produced similar vases to yours (shown above), and it is therefore impossible to give an exact location without inspecting it. However, it is 19th century, and is a typical Staffordshire variety.

Would you please tell me the age of my china hand-painted teapot which has been in my husband's family for at least four generations. — Mrs. Mary Robinson, Sunshine, Vic.

Your English teapot (below) was made about 1875-85.

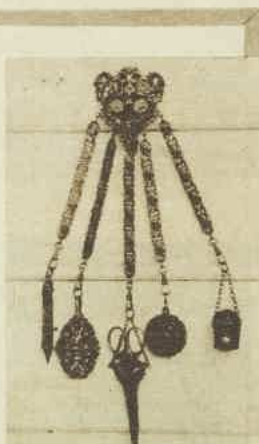
★ ★ ★

I have a silver coin which is dated 1837 and has Queen Victoria's head on both sides. Could you identify it? — Miss B. Powell, Grafton, N.S.W.

This is not a coin, but a Queen Victoria jubilee medal marking her 60 years' reign (1837-1897).



● English teapot



● Chatelaine

I have a chatelaine about which I would like some information. It has a hinged flap on the back. There are no manufacturer's markings. — Mrs. P. A. L. Downes, Nundah, Brisbane.

Your chatelaine (above) is a typical Victorian example. The chatelaine is usually made of silver in the form of a brooch or clasp, and small objects are suspended by means of chain, as your specimen illustrates.

The chatelaine was originally worn fastened at the waist of the mistress of the house, and keys, scissors, pencils, etc., were attached to the ends of the chains.



# MISS BURNS RETIRES

● After 38 years devoted to teaching the deaf, Miss Dorothy Burns has retired. She has given hundreds of children who could not hear not only an education, but also courage and the ability to work in a world largely dependent on sound.

MISS BURNS was headmistress of the Farrar Day School for Deaf Children at Croydon, in Sydney.

Her work started in 1926, when she left teaching at Queenwood (a private school in Sydney) and took a post at the N.S.W. School for the Deaf at Darlington. She promised to stay for three years.

"That was 38 years ago," Miss Burns said.

"And I saw a quotation at the beginning of this year which said, 'Work as hard as you can for as long as you can. When you can't give it your best — quit! Well, that's the stage I've reached.'"

There was no proper training for teachers of the deaf in the 1920s.

Miss Burns and a good friend, Miss Cole, took a course on methods of teaching the deaf by correspondence and passed the exam in 1931 — the first people outside England to do so.

During the war, the little school in Darlington broke up and Miss Burns joined the A.W.A.S. for three years. For a while she tried teaching some of the children by correspondence.

"But there were 40 children, all under seven — and it just didn't work. We tried to make as many home visits as possible, but it was not satisfactory," Miss Burns said.

"So after the war I started my own school. Miss Judith Henry was with me then (and still is), and in 1948 Miss Cole joined forces with us.

Miss Burns called her school Farrar after her "pin-up boy" — Abraham Farrar, an Englishman who was totally deafened at three

and a deaf mute at seven with no education at all.

By 18 he matriculated to London University (his subjects included English, Latin, and Greek).

He took a degree in Architecture but devoted most of his life to helping other deaf people by research, lecturing and writing, and fine example.

"I hoped his life would inspire my students," Miss Burns said.

At the time Miss Burns couldn't find a suitable motto for the school, so she made one up — "Nitor Donec Supero" — which means "I Strive Until I Overcome."

"Deafness is probably one

said, "we have to teach them that there ARE words — and to write them."

"Once a vocabulary is established we try to stick as near as possible to normal educational procedure."

Every single word has to be taught.

Because writing is their first proper means of communication, deaf children are usually far advanced in this compared with hearing children.

Use of signs or finger spelling is not allowed at Farrar school. It is easier for them than lip-reading, but limits their circle to the few who can understand it.

They are taught to lip-

"Children whose parents take an interest and have patience do much better than the others."

"That is why it is so important to have deafness diagnosed early — so that training can start immediately — while the child is very young and still at home."

Parents of children attending the school speak highly of Miss Burns, who is herself extremely modest.

The P. & C. Association held a charity concert a few years ago to raise funds for the school.

Miss Burns flew overseas at her own expense to England, America, and the Continent to attend the International Congress for the deaf in Holland to see the latest equipment to help the Association decide the best way to spend the money.

She herself gave lectures while overseas, and also recently in New Zealand.

The many graduates from Farrar, who have since settled in to normal, successful lives speak for Miss Burns.

Judy Wordsley, who is now 24, for instance, is a qualified pastrycook and recently travelled alone to Britain and America.

One boy is articulated to a surveyor, several are in the public service.

## Many jobs

Ex-students have also taken up typing, tracing, processing, machining, and textile design. Some are farm or laboratory assistants, wool - classifiers, cabinet - makers, art students, photographic processors.

"I have tried to tell them not to strive toward a job because it is something deaf people can do — but because it's something they want to do. Only this way can they give it their best," Miss Burns said.

By KIRSTEN BLANCH

of the hardest disabilities to cope with — communication is so difficult," Miss Burns explained.

"Babies learn to talk and 'think' by associating sounds with things and imitating. If they cannot hear these sounds they have nothing to copy."

"This is the reason why many people believe that deafness and muteness go together. This is actually very rare. Deaf children often seem mute because they have not been taught to use their vocal cords."

"It is infinitely more difficult for deaf children to learn to understand and speak English than it is for others to learn a foreign language (which only a small percentage do) because the deaf have no language in which to think," she said.

Teaching the children to use their vocal cords to make recognisable sounds (which they themselves cannot hear) is one of the important aspects of Miss Burns' work.

"But first," Miss Burns

read and, with the help of new equipment, to talk.

"Lip-reading is educated guessing," said Miss Burns. "So many words look the same. Apple and lemon, for example, are very hard to tell apart."

"And some people, such as those who speak very quickly, are almost impossible to read."

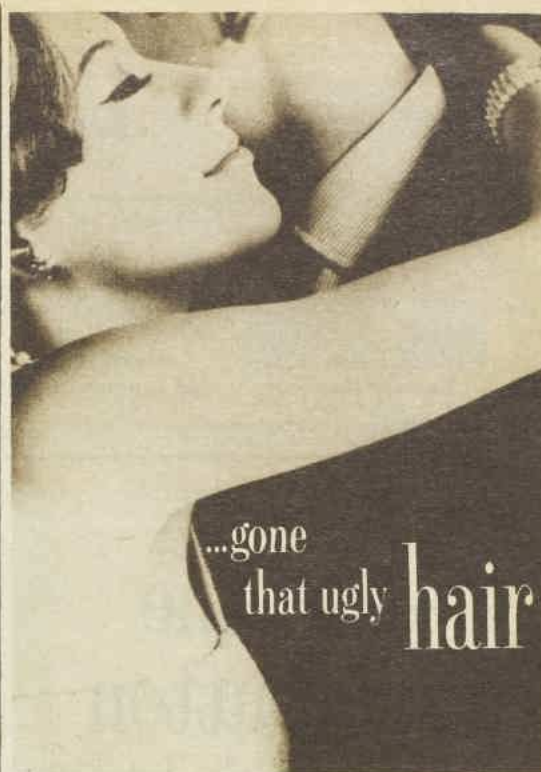
"We try to teach the children enough to cope with common situations."

"Of course we have to teach basic English — but then there are all the phrases and slang words commonly used which do not make sense to a person who does not hear them commonly used," Miss Burns said, explaining the frustration and confusion a deaf child has to overcome.

Generally speaking, deaf children are unusually alert and observant.

"We can do a lot as a school like this," Miss Burns said. "But nothing will help as much as co-operation from the family."

MISS BURNS helps pupil Lon Hannah, 5, whose family moved from Cairns (Qld.) to Sydney so that he could attend her well-known school.



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Tommy Hanlon

## TOMMY HANLON'S Thought For The Week

Mamma once said (to Murphy before we were married): "My dear, marriage isn't all fairy castles and roses. It's very difficult for two people to live together 24 hours a day and not have arguments. And I don't think you two will be exceptions. But when the two of you do have arguments, try to see the other's side. One thing I've seen in other marriages that I would never do is, in the heat of an argument, bring up the old cliché — I should have married Jack or Bill or Harry. I think that's about the meanest thing you could ever say. Just remember this, my dear . . ."

Mamma's moral . . . Adam may have had his troubles, but he never had to listen to Eve talk about the other men she could have married.

## DID YOU KNOW?

**A**USTRALIAN folk-song fans will soon be seeing England's first TV folk-music show called "Hullabaloo."

The half-hour programmes, to be shown on the A.B.C. network, will feature top folk artists from all over the world, including the American group Peter, Paul, and Mary.

The show is hosted and co-produced by Scotsman Roy MacEwen, who collects folk music from everywhere. He sings in the programme—sometimes with his brother Alex, a farmer, who also sings well enough to have had his own programme on Scottish television.

**"McHALE'S NAVY"** may get a women's auxiliary. Producer of the Ernest Borgnine comedy series is now getting a cast together for a series tentatively titled "Broadside." It's a comedy about the Waves, the women's branch of the U.S. Navy.

**MOST** long-running TV series are planned short and just keep growing, but the B.B.C. has just launched the first one they have ever planned for 52 weeks from the start.

Australian scriptwriter Anthony Coburn has written the first four-episode story in "Doctor Who," which is primarily aimed at the 12 to 14 age group, with the hope that parents will like it, too.

Time is no object even in the story, as Doctor Who, an amiable elderly scientist, and his pretty teenage granddaughter devise machines that take them not only through space but backwards or forwards in time, too. Signature tune is by Australian Ron Grainer with some unusual noises from the B.B.C. radiophonic workshop, and the producer is the B.B.C.'s youngest girl in this job — 27-year-old Verity Lambert.

## Television

**ROD SERLING**, creator of "Twilight Zone" and a recent visitor to Australia, is planning to make a pilot film in Hong Kong for a possible television series. It will be called "Jeopardy Run," and, if accepted, will be "filmed in romantic locations around the world."

**AN** American network is to examine the lives and times of "The Soviet Women" in an hour-long documentary that will include an interview with Mrs. Nikita Khrushchev.

**SALES** of B.B.C. television programmes to overseas countries have almost doubled during the past year. Commercial networks are expanding overseas sales, too, and markets include the East European countries like Poland, Hungary, Yugoslavia, as well as Egypt. The Australian serial "Whiplash," recently shown on English networks, has also been sold to Finland, Yugoslavia, and the United Arab Republic.

**AN** hour-long Tarzan series is being considered for broadcasting by Columbia. In departing from the old movie versions of the Edgar Rice Burroughs classic, there will be no Jane and the hero's lines will be in acceptable English—without grunts.

**THE** new "Phil Silvers Show" has been forced out of its factory set in an attempt to lift ratings for the series. The one-set formula that worked so well in the old "Sergeant Bilko" series has been less successful in the current series, where Silvers plays a factory worker.

Silvers, whose métier is comedy, will play a serious role for one of the few times in his career when he appears on a coming "Ben Casey" instalment.

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# FRANK IFFIELD SPECTACULAR

By WINIFRED MUNDAY

● Frank Ifield is giving plenty of thought to his TV spectacular on January 8 (TCN9, 7.30 p.m.).

FRANK will be the sole star of the show, and it is probable that he will sing the hits which have made him the toast of the pop-music world in only 15 months.

But the 26-year-old bachelor from Sydney is treading warily — "After all, I've been away for five years and I shall be playing to an entirely new audience," he said.

But he'll probably be guided by the great success of a recent "Sunday Night at the Palladium" television show he did in Britain, before a nation-wide audience. Television ratings placed it as the highest viewing figure of the year.

On that programme he sang "Say It Isn't So" and "Don't Blame Me," and his record company is releasing

has never had more than two No. 1 records in a row.

In London, when asked about his Australian visit, Frank said he wanted to "find" himself again. He regards this Australian television show as the highlight of his return to the country where he gained his start as a singer.

He must have been remembering the day he left his parents' home in Beecroft, almost five years ago, armed only with his guitar, "Bessie," and a few pounds in his pocket.

Though he had made quite a name for himself in Australia by the time he was 20, singing his distinctive Country and Western songs on disc, radio, and record, he was unknown in England.

He was, in fact, returning to the land of his birth. He was born in Coventry, but came to Australia when he was 10.



FRANK IFFIELD, who soared to fame in Britain with his hit song "I'll Remember You," will appear in a TV spectacular on Channel 9 on January 8 at 7.30 p.m.

## Television

the two numbers, so he's likely to sing these.

Then, of course, his signature tune, both for the TV spectacular and his appearance at the Cheyenne Hilton, will be "I'll Remember You."

It was Frank's unique interpretation of this simple little "oldie" which first brought him fame.

During his seven months' engagement at the Palladium (when he is reported to have earned more than £1000 a week) he'd sing alone on the vast stage, supported by voices from the wings.

On his Australian TV appearance he'll be in front of the searching camera for 30 minutes — an ordeal for the best of artists.

Frank's "I'll Remember You" sold over two million copies and set him on the road to fortune after more than three years of struggling for recognition in the highly competitive world of British show business.

After the record had become a hit in Britain, Australia, and America, Frank made "Love Sick Blues" and "The Wayward Wind," both selling more than a million copies.

"Nobody's Darlin' But Mine" gave him his fourth consecutive No. 1 record in a row on the British charts.

Even England's favorite, Cliff Richard (both have the same manager, incidentally),

For three years he fought every inch of the way — taking small-time engagements on other people's shows, making the occasional record which scarcely anyone noticed.

Then came "I'll Remember You." "I just don't know how it happened," recalls Frank. "I just gave this old number a slightly different, updated treatment, and wham! It clicked."

The "slightly different" treatment was the distinctive yodel effect which the Queen told him she enjoyed so much when he appeared in a Royal Variety Performance.

Though Frank found fame and fortune in England, he still loves Australia, and both countries now claim him as their own!

His parents and grandparents still live in Beecroft, in the northern suburbs of Sydney.

But with more engagements than he can handle still waiting to be fulfilled after his Australian sojourn, he has to return to the semi-basement apartment in north London that is his retreat from hordes of fans.

The flat is filled with Scandinavian furniture, unostentatious as Frank himself.

He wears quiet suits, is perhaps too modest for someone in show business.

But perhaps that is why he is so loved by British

audiences. At least they have praised him for his "gracious accent," his lack of Americanised gimmicks and hip writhing.

★ ★ ★  
ONE of my favorite cops is Sergeant Baxter of Channel 2's "No Hiding Place."

Now, after several years working as Superintendent Lockhart's sidekick, Sergeant Baxter has been promoted to Detective-Inspector in the current series now being made in England.

But, like Jeremy Kemp (P. C. Steele of "Z Cars"), Eric Lander, who plays Baxter, is quitting the Force before the next series is planned.

He has been a cop for the past three years and says he doesn't want to spend the rest of his acting life being one. With Baxter leaving, a new assistant will have to be found for the superintendent.

## Perry loses a case

TUESDAY, January 7, sees the start of a new "Perry Mason" series (Tuesdays, 8.30 p.m., TCN9). And the first episode is unique, because Perry loses a case.

In all the years Perry has been sleuthing on television that frustrated district attorney, Hamilton Berger, has never been able to get the better of Mason in the courtroom.

But this time the DA. triumphs when he proves in

"The Case of the Deadly Verdict" that a pretty young woman is guilty of poisoning her aunt.

While I reckon it's time Hamilton Berger had a break—if only so that he will keep his job—I hope Perry's losing a case isn't going to set a new pattern for the programme.

Though in "The Defenders" I accept that Larry and Ken Preston can't win 'em all, I don't find it difficult to accept that Perry can.

I suppose it's because Perry's cases are so unlikely, anyway, while the Prestons' follow a more realistic documentary pattern.

In any case, I find them both fascinating entertainment, and I don't want to see the format of either change.

## NEW FILM

### ★★ SPENCER'S MOUNTAIN

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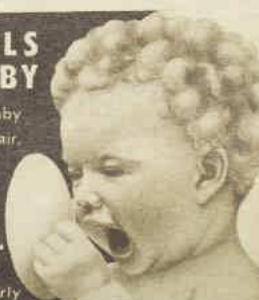
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 8, 1964.



# Be good, sweet maid

**Clever, sophisticated, elegant—Aurora was all these things, but she wondered if they were the qualities a man looked for in a wife**

**By ANN WILDE**

AURORA DAWN walked down the Avenida Espana in Madrid toward the station and, looking up at the gleaming white buildings, knew that she was going to loathe the next few months to the very bottom of her soul. She shifted the neat dressing case she was carrying from one hand to the other, and continued her occupation of inwardly cursing all the circumstances that had turned her slim, smartly clad feet toward the huge station instead of away from it.

She wished fiercely that she had been born without the inconvenient sense of duty that was responsible for this homeward journey.

So intent was she upon her own troubled thoughts that it was with considerable surprise that she found herself in the entrance hall of the station, besieged on two sides by a couple of voluble Spanish porters. Impatiently she got rid of both of them, and with a hasty glance at the station clock took refuge in the first-class waiting-room.

There she sank wearily into a chair, took off the fluffy piece of nonsense that one of Madrid's leading shops was pleased to call a hat, ran a slim hand through her smooth hair, and drew Sallie's letter out of the pocket of her trim, black suit. She scanned it for the twentieth time, the brilliant scarlet bow of her lips drawn into a thin line of amused distaste as she read.

"Aurora, darling," her sister had written in the sprawling, untidy writing that was typical of her happy-go-lucky character, "you must come home and help me. I'm in despair! John has been ordered abroad by his firm and the new infant is due in June. I can't get any help, and everybody here is so stand-offish and unfriendly."

"You know how it is in a new place. And I'm so unhappy! You're so clever; you could easily get a job in town and live with us. I'm sure you ought not to go on staying in Madrid for ever. And we're the only two left in the family now, darling. The children are such a handful! They're more than I can manage just now."

There was much more of it, in the same self-pitying strain that curved Aurora's lovely mouth into a half smile; anyone would think she were the elder, not thirty-three-year-old Sallie, who had always taken life so lightly until present-day difficult conditions pulled down her nice little snug dovecoat of domesticity about her ears.

But it was the postscript that had given Aurora most food for thought in the three weeks that had elapsed since she received Sallie's letter. Typical of Sallie, she thought, to put what was the most subtle arrow in her quiver into a guileless postscript.

"There's one awfully nice family near here," her sister had written, "just a mother and son, who is in business in Madrid. I met him once when he was in England. He is travelling home on a business trip about the same time as you will be if you come, so I gave his mother your address to send to him."

"We thought he might look out for you at the station and help you through the rest of the journey, because I know it's quite complicated nowadays. He's awfully nice, Aurora dear, and you ought to have a lot in common, but don't be too clever, darling. Remember, men like simple, womanly women."

Aurora's smile deepened. Sallie was marvellous, she thought. If she had written in large red ink capitals for all the world to read, "My dear sister, you are thirty and still unmarried, and gadding about Spain in a most unwomanly way. This is my last effort to find you a husband. It may be your only chance. Grab it!" her meaning could not have been clearer.

But, of course, Sallie didn't know about Pedro; handsome, selfish, fascinating Pedro, who had not the slightest intention of divorcing his conveniently rich wife so long as his pretty secretary would accept his kisses on the terms he offered.

Decidedly, if she had known, conventional Sallie, who believed that kisses followed the engagement ring, and that a plain circle

of gold was the bull's-eye in every feminine game of darts, would have been shocked beyond measure by her sister's inefficient handling of such an unsatisfactory love affair.

Sallie's own, Aurora remembered, had been most expertly stage-managed. Underneath that happy-go-lucky exterior, Sallie's fluffy little head was very firmly screwed on the right way.

It had been that remembrance and a sudden fit of almost unbearable depression on her thirtieth birthday that had made Aurora send off two brief and unemotional telegrams, one to Pedro away on a business trip in Barcelona to say that she was leaving for England almost immediately, the other to Gordon Fraser to say she would meet him as he had suggested on the journey homeward.

After that she had put an end to a chapter of her life in a short interview with the head of the Madrid firm, pleading home affairs as her excuse for such an unexpected decision, had packed her bags neatly and expertly, burnt with dry eyes every letter Pedro had ever written to her, handed over the key of her pretty service flat to the disappointed caretaker, and here she was bound for England and domesticated life at last.

What was it Dad used to say, Aurora wondered, her thoughts sliding back into the past. "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever." Neither Mum nor he had ever wanted her to go to college; when she won the coveted Oxford scholarship that had been the goal of all her schooldays, neither of them had been wholeheartedly pleased.

They had been proud of her cleverness, certainly, but a little uneasy, as though they had hatched some strange uncomfortable creature instead of the fluffy little chicken they had been expecting.

"Study something like English if you must," her father had said, "and teach for a year or two before you settle down." But French, German, Spanish, these had been more than his middle-class British conservatism could stomach.

When she had followed a first-class modern languages degree with a year's secretarial course, he began to think she should have been a boy after all, and when this was followed by her first job in Geneva at the age of twenty-three the poor old dear was afraid she was doomed for good to be one of those "bachelor" women of whom he disapproved.

Sallie had been a much more satisfactory daughter to them, picking out her smooth-faced, pleasant-tempered John expertly from the crowd of rather callow youths who fluttered round her and luring him daintily and unobtrusively to the point of a proposal within the year's time limit upon which she had already decided.

Her wedding had been all that such things should be—white satin, pearls, flowers, and kindly speeches.

After all the fuss they had departed to a honeymoon in Devonshire, leaving behind them a room full of expensive wedding presents for mother to pack and forward to their new home.

In due course they had returned to their neat little semi-detached villa, which Sallie ran very competently with the aid of an excellent daily help mother had discovered for her.

Gradually the babies had arrived, nicely spaced over a period of years; John, jun., Elsie, Winifred, and now the new baby due in June.

Certainly, Aurora thought, Sallie's fingers were firmly twined round the right hand of Fate. The only thing that had ever gone awry in her smoothly ordered life was that John should be sent so summarily abroad.

Aurora's velvety violet eyes sparkled at the remembrance just a little maliciously.

For Sallie was the kind of sister that you couldn't help sometimes hating. All their lives she had been sweet to Aurora with a condescending kind of patronage, although there wasn't an ounce

To page 48









# THE CLOCKS

Hercule Poirot makes a sudden and unexpected move . . .  
final instalment of our serial

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

I HAD to wait just a minute or two, then the door opened. A big blond Nordic girl with a flushed face and wearing gay colored clothing looked at me inquiringly. Her hands had been hastily wiped, but there were traces of flour on them, and there was a slight smear of flour on her nose, so it was easy for me to guess what she had been doing.

"Excuse me," I said, "but you have a little girl here, I think. She dropped something out of the window."

She smiled at me encouragingly. The English language was not as yet her strong point.

"I am sorry — what you say?"

"A child here — a little girl."

"Yes, yes." She nodded.

"Dropped something — out of the window."

Here I did a little gesticulation.

"I picked it up and brought it here."

I held out an open hand. In it was a silver fruit knife. She looked at it without recognition.

"I do not think — I have not seen . . ."

"You're busy cooking," I said sympathetically.

"Yes, yes, I cook. That is so," she nodded vigorously.

"I don't want to disturb you," I said. "If you let me just take it to her."

"Excuse?"

My meaning seemed to come to her. She led the way across the hall and opened a door. It led into a pleasant sitting-room. By the window a couch had been drawn up and on it there was a child of about nine or ten years old, with a leg done up in plaster.

"This gentleman, he say you — you drop . . ."

At this moment, rather fortunately, a strong smell of burning came from the kitchen. My guide uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"Excuse, please, excuse."

"You go along," I said heartily. "I can manage this."

She fled with alacrity. I entered the room, shut the door behind me, and came across to the couch.

"How d'you do?" I said.

The child said, "How d'you do?" and proceeded to sum me up with a long, penetrating glance that almost unnerved me.

"I'm Colin Lamb," I said. "What's your name?"

She gave me the information promptly.

"Geraldine Mary Alexandra Brown."

"Dear me," I said, "that's quite a bit of a name. What do they call you?"

"Geraldine. Sometimes Gerry, but I don't like that. And Daddy doesn't approve of a—arrabreviations."

One of the great advantages of dealing with children is that they have their own logic. Anyone of adult years would at once have asked me what I wanted. Geraldine was quite ready to enter into conversation without resorting to foolish questions. She was alone and bored and the onset of any kind of visitor was an agreeable novelty. Until I proved myself a dull and unamusing fellow, she would be quite ready to converse.

"Your daddy's out, I suppose," I said.

She replied with the same promptness and fullness of detail which she had already shown.

"Cartinghaven Engineering Works, Beaverbridge," she said. "It's fourteen and three-quarter miles from here exactly."

"And your mother?"

"Mummy's dead," said Geraldine, with no diminution of cheerfulness.

"She died when I was a baby two months old. She was in a plane coming from France. It crashed. Everyone was killed."

She spoke with a certain satisfaction and I perceived that to a child, if her mother is dead, it reflects a certain kudos if she has been killed in a complete and devastating accident.

"I see," I said. "So you have —" I looked toward the door.

"That's Ingrid. She comes from Norway. She's only been here a fortnight. She doesn't know any English to speak of yet. I'm teaching her English."

"And is she teaching you Norwegian?"

"Not very much," said Geraldine.

"Do you like her?"

"Yes. She's all right. The things she cooks are rather odd sometimes. Do you know, she likes eating raw fish."

"I've eaten raw fish in Norway," I said. "It's very good sometimes."

Geraldine looked extremely doubtful about that.

"She is trying to make a treacle tart today," she said.

"That sounds good."

"There was a murder in that house," the child said as she put down the glasses.



"Umm—yes, I like treacle tart." She added politely. "Have you come to lunch?"

"Not exactly. As a matter of fact I was passing down below out there, and I think you dropped something out of the window."

"Me?"

"Yes." I advanced the silver fruit knife.

Geraldine looked at it, at first suspiciously and then with signs of approval.

"It's rather nice," she said. "What is it?"

"It's a fruit knife."

I opened it.

"Oh, I see. You mean you can peel apples with it and things like that."

"Yes."

Geraldine sighed.

"It's not mine. I didn't drop it. What made you think I did?"

"Well, you were looking out of the window, and . . ."

"I look out of the window most of the time," said Geraldine. "I fell down and broke my leg, you see."

"Hard luck."

"Yes, wasn't it? I didn't break it in a very interesting way, though. I was getting out of a bus and it went on suddenly. It hurt rather at first and it ached a bit, but it doesn't now."

"Must be rather dull for you," I said.

"Yes, it is. But Daddy brings me things. Plasticine, you know, and books and crayons and jigsaw puzzles and things like that, but you get tired of doing things, so I spend a lot of time looking out of the window with these."

She produced with enormous pride a small pair of opera glasses, and turned to the window once more with them.

"May I look?" I said.

I took them from her, adjusted them to my eyes, and looked out of the window.

"They're jolly good," I said appreciatively. They were indeed excellent. Geraldine's daddy, if it had been he who had supplied them, had not spared expense. It was astonishing how clearly you could see No. 19 Wilbraham Crescent and its neighboring houses. I handed them back to her.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 8, 1964





# ALL THE SUMMER'S PROMISE

By BARBARA ROBINSON

*Life to Anne and Mario, in this idyllic setting, seemed an exciting adventure and each was convinced their love would be everlasting*

THE summer I met Mario was the last of my summers in Orleans—and the best and the worst all at once. I've never even been back to the Cape, although I suppose my Great-Aunt Sibyl's house is still there, looming over the bluff as Aunt Sibyl herself loomed over the events of that summer.

It always seemed to me that the house was wasted. It was a mid-Victorian showplace with galleries and piazzas and big high-ceilinged rooms—the kind of house that cries out for parties; and Orleans was thronged with party-minded people: summer visitors, specifically committed to pleasure. But Aunt Sibyl would have nothing to do with summer people (although she was one herself) and she expected her guests to follow this example. As I grew older and gloomed about my loneliness, she said it showed a flaw in my character for me to want the company of transients—people nobody knew or wanted to know.

My mother understood and sympathised with me, but she couldn't do much about it. We were really fish out of water, she and I, thrust for a few weeks each summer into this unfamiliar atmosphere of wealth, and then, when it was over, flung back into our customary surroundings: a second-floor apartment on the unfashionable side of Commonwealth Avenue—convenient to mother's work and to my school.

That summer—the last, as it turned out—I begged not to go to the Cape, but mother would have none

of it. She argued that Aunt Sibyl was getting old, that she would miss our visit (this I could not believe), that the heat in Boston was unbearable, and, finally, that she herself wanted a change.

The habits of a lifetime die hard, and though mother had been forced to cast aside most of the trappings of Beacon Hill gracious living (I would certainly never "come out" in *peau de soie* and long white gloves), there was always a certain tone in her voice when she told the neighbors, "We summer at the Cape."

And so we went again to Orleans, were met at the station by Aunt Sibyl's John, and were whisked through the bright and busy streets of the town to the austere seclusion of the house on the bluff.

Our first evening was spent as always in a recital of our doings, punctuated by Aunt Sibyl's disapproval of everything. She wanted to know what was to be done about me in the fall, and frowned when mother told her I was enrolled in Boston University. Aunt Sibyl didn't approve of higher education for girls: in her view the proper thing would be two years at a finishing school, with suitable instruction in what she still called the womanly arts.

"But Anne wants to teach," mother told her in my defence.

I didn't, really, but it seemed the most practical plan. Anything I really wanted to do—study Russian,

dye my hair, go to Europe—was impossible, expensive, or, in some cases, not very respectable. Chiefly, of course, I wanted to plunge headlong into life and the specific path didn't matter.

Later that evening when Aunt Sibyl had gone to bed—assisted for the first time by a cane, for her eyesight had failed greatly in the past year—I sat in the long side gallery with all the windows open to the sea and indulged myself in hopeful expectations of the future.

This fall, I thought, some magic will take place and everything will be different. I will be beautiful. I was not bad-looking, but it seemed to me that beauty should come clothed in soft cashmere sweaters and well-cut English tweeds, in the opalescent pallor of real pearls and the understated elegance of a diamond bar pin. For other girls it might be gold lame and dangling rhinestones, but I had Aunt Sibyl and mother in my background and so my dreams were always in impeccable taste, quite unattainable, and set in some bright future. The present—Aunt Sibyl's echoing house and the lonely stretches of her private beach—was unlikely soil for dreams to bear fruit.

The next evening after dinner we sat in the drawing-room while mother knitted and I struggled to stay awake over my book. I had spent the whole day on

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GROWING UP...



## IS FUN!

It's fun to take up make-up; fun to do things, go places, with your own crowd; fun to be a girl instead of a child. Girls going through their teens know it is!

A lot of other changes take place, too. You're more poised, more graceful, more at ease. In fact, many girls say the only time they feel awkward and ill at ease is during inevitable time-of-the-month.

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## FORD PILLS

# WHERE THE HEART IS

An amusing short short story

By ROMA SHERRIS

MRS. LAWRENCE looked across the breakfast-table and hated her husband. Her emotions were far removed from the irritation and impatience she had experienced in the past. She actively hated him. If there had been an axe handy, she thought without the slightest trace of guilt, she would have had difficulty in restraining herself from felling him.

Mr. Lawrence was reading the paper and eating cereal. As he ate he made a brisk crunching sound like someone walking on castor sugar in stiletto heels.

Mrs. Lawrence felt all the nerves in her body stretching rapidly toward breaking point. Peering through the centre-piece of roses which she had carefully arranged on the table, and which he had not noticed, she saw that a cornflake had gone adrift and was lodged on his moustache.

Not only did she hate him, she also thought him ridiculous. She debated whether to tell him about the cornflake or allow him to continue to make a spectacle of himself.

"You have a cornflake sticking to your moustache," she said at last, and thought how odd it sounded. It was the first time she had heard a cornflake referred to in the singular. It had a curiously poetic ring. It was not, however, a romantic sight.

"Have I, dear?" Mr. Lawrence asked vaguely with a flurry of his table napkin and went on eating. The cornflake was still there.

He had now reached the leading article and was frowning. "The trouble with this country," he said, prodding the newspaper with his forefinger, "is that no one knows how to work and the Government can't or won't make them. I sometimes think we need a new form of government altogether."

"What we need," his wife said quietly but with perfect clarity, "is a new marriage."

"I quite agree," Mr. Lawrence looked at her approvingly over his spectacles. "We need a coalition—a marriage, as you aptly put it—between the political giants, so that we can forget about party politics until we've solved the major problems."

Mrs. Lawrence fought a silent battle between anger and shame at her nastiness. Anger won. She controlled herself with difficulty and glared over her husband's head at the curtains. They were blue velvet, lined and interlined, and had taken her seven and a half hours to make. As in the case of the roses, he had not noticed them.

The previous curtains had been rose-patterned cretonne. She had thought them pretty when she'd bought them. Then, over the seasons, she'd tired of them and had been pleased when they had faded and there was an excuse to get rid of them.

"We must do something about the dining-room curtains," she'd said to her husband a week earlier. "They're terribly shabby. I think green would be nice this time—that subtle yellowish green the Martins now have in their sitting-room."

"Oh, don't let's have that—it's a dreary color, like a tadpole pond," he had replied surprisingly. "If we've got to have new curtains why can't we have blue?"

Mrs. Lawrence, who had never before known her husband take the slightest interest in color schemes, was delighted. "Yes, that's a good idea," she'd said.

So Mrs. Lawrence had gone out and spent nine pounds of her personal allowance on material and made the curtains. They had now been up for two days, framing the window with blue, which was apparently her husband's

favorite color, and he hadn't even noticed. Added to which, it was their wedding anniversary and he hadn't noticed that, either.

Throughout the rest of breakfast, Mrs. Lawrence stabbed viciously at her toast and brooded on her husband's infinite capacity for not noticing. Any minute now, she thought, he's going to scrape back his chair, jump up, knock the newspaper on to the floor, and say, "Well, I must be off. Be a good girl."

She waited with awful calm. "Well," said her husband, scraping back his chair, jumping up and knocking the newspaper on to the floor, "I must be off. Be a good girl." And he planted a kiss on her forehead.

A moment or two after the front door had slammed, the telephone rang. It was his mother, ringing up to congratulate them on their anniversary. "What are you going to do to celebrate?" she asked.

"Oh, we're just planning a quiet little dinner," Mrs. Lawrence said airily.

"And what has Frank given you?" "Some roses, some new curtains for the dining-room—and a cheque," Mrs. Lawrence lied.

For some minutes after she had put down the receiver, resentment continued to rise like a gigantic pyramid in her breast and she began to plan a punitive campaign against her husband.

Her first act was to go into town and buy herself a new dress. Next she went to the hairdresser, where she had a manicure and a special rinse which softened her greying hair to a delicate shade of pink.

That evening she was sitting cold and serene, beautifully coiffed and gowned, when her husband arrived home. He came bustling into the room, his cheeks glowing from the cold air outside. But when he bent to kiss her, she offered a frigid cheek. As she had anticipated, he failed to remark on her appearance.

"Hello, my dear. Had a happy day?" he inquired benignly. "I've bought you a present."

For a moment Mrs. Lawrence was unnerved, but she concealed her surprise admirably. She was not, at this late hour, prepared to give an



"Hullo, my dear. I've bought you a present," Frank said to his wife.

inch, so she merely raised her eyebrows and cast a glacial look at the parcel.

"I'm afraid it's a difficult knot," her husband remarked. "Let me undo it for you."

He bent his head and hummed a little tune while he wrestled with the string. Then he flung back the paper triumphantly to reveal a length of yellowish-green material. "I knew you'd set your heart on it," he said happily, "and the dining-room curtains are getting a bit old."

Mrs. Lawrence looked from him to the curtain material and back again in blank astonishment. Then she buried her face in her hands and began to shake with silent laughter.

"Oh, come, my dear," he said anxiously, "don't cry. I know these things mean a lot to you and you like the house to look nice. But there's no need to upset yourself. Perhaps I don't pay enough attention to these things. You see, it's different for a man! Sticks and stones don't count for much. Home is where the heart is. Cheer up now. I was thinking today that it will be our wedding anniversary next week and we ought to celebrate. What would you like to do?"

Mrs. Lawrence's shoulders were shaking uncontrollably.

"Please don't cry," he said, greatly distressed. "I love you so much."

"And I love you," she said in a muffled voice, and was surprised to find she meant it.

"Well, what would you like to do for our anniversary?" he asked her again.

"I'd like to think about it." She still did not dare to look at him.

"Just now, I'd like ten minutes all to myself to recover."

Time, she thought, to take down the blue curtains and put the old ones up again—just in case. And, with her face averted, she flew, still laughing.

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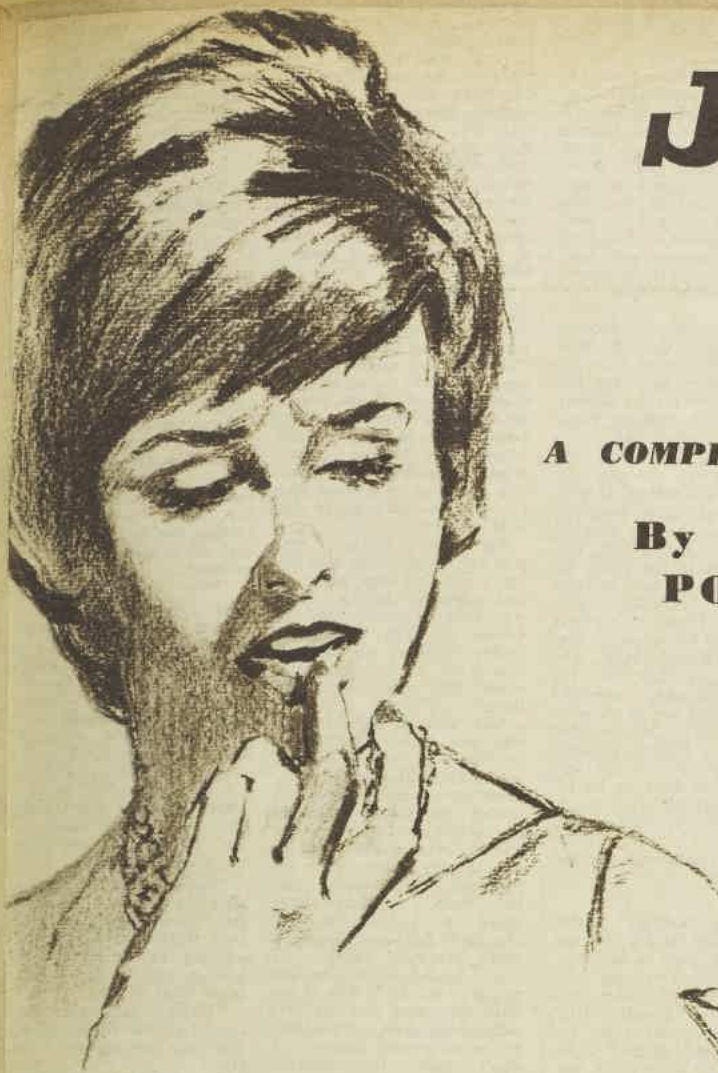
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 8, 1964



# JUST LIKE JESSICA

A COMPLETE NOVEL

By JEAN POTTS



JESSICA said: "I keep having this doomful feeling." She took a sip of martini and did her best to look haunted and sorrowful. It wasn't easy, considering the natural vivacity of her face. But the dim lighting helped—it was one of those intimate cocktail lounges, like a velvet-lined cave—and when she kept her eyelashes lowered they made quite effective shadows against her cheeks.

"Doomful?" prompted Amy, who knew her role and enjoyed it.

"Doomful. As if something terrible's going to happen. Something hanging over me, closing in on me. I feel it, Amy. Like this afternoon, when I was getting ready to meet you, deciding what to wear. I thought, I'll wear my stole..." She stroked the rich fur lovingly. Mink. Daddy's Christmas present to her. Her voice dropped to a whisper. "... Because maybe it's the last time. I may never have another chance."

"You probably won't this season," said Amy. "After all, it's May. Not many more days cool enough for furs."

"You always make fun of me," Jessica murmured contentedly. "Not always. Just when you need it. If I took all your dramatics seriously I'd never draw an easy breath." But a chill crept along her arms, right up to her collarbones. It was ridiculous to be so suggestible when she knew her sister's weakness for romanticising. Jessica didn't mean to lie—not usually, anyway. But she simply couldn't resist embroidering life, touching up with bits of color, arranging it in provocative patterns. A harmless habit and one that accounted for much of Jessica's charm.

The most humdrum happening when she got through with it became an adventure. Life evidently had been rather dull for her lately. Nothing new or exciting in the romance department. Or in the job department. Because while the old one had wound up last week, the new one (and Jessica did love job hunting) was all settled, though it hadn't started yet and wouldn't for another month. Yes, rather dull. So she was inventing this doomful feeling of hers to relieve the monotony. That was all.

"Nonsense," Amy said firmly, to fend off the thought of what a colorless world it would be without Jessica. "Nothing terrible's going to happen to you." As she spoke she realised that Jessica's attention was elsewhere. Her eyes flicked past Amy, back to her cocktail; her laugh was vague and a little artificial.

"What?" she said. "Oh, Amy, darling, you're so—" Again her gold-flecked eyes made a short, darting flight. A man,

**Jessica was gay and glamorous and it seemed she had no thought for anyone but herself**



thought Amy — she has a flirtation going. Wouldn't you know? Here I am, all steamed up about her and her doleful feeling — she's persuaded me the way she always does, unloaded it on me — and here she is, care-free as a bird, off on an entirely different tangent. You'd think by this time I'd have learned.

"Yes?" Jessica said primly. And there stood the waiter, explaining that the gentleman at the next table did not wish to intrude on the young ladies, but hadn't he met one of them last week at the Mumble-Mumbles and would they accept a drink with his compliments?

So they did the maidenly hesitation bit, and Jessica decided that the gentleman's face was familiar, now that it was brought to her attention (that was for Amy's benefit, to keep her from being "stuffy"), and when the drinks arrived they naturally made a polite gesture in the gentleman's direction, which naturally brought him leaping to join them.

For an unguarded moment Amy wished that he had chosen to remember her, instead of Jessica, from the dear old Mumble-Mumbles. (But what an ideal! Such things, of course, never happened to her.) Not that he was exactly handsome. But he looked like such fun, so pleased with everything, including himself. What a delightful world, he seemed to be thinking, with Mumble-Mumbles in it, and me to take a chance on them, and this dazzler of a girl to go along with the whole business!

He was a blond young man, just barely tall enough, but well-knit, so that he looked both strong and graceful. His smile showed square white teeth with a little space between the two front ones. "Eric Nielson," he said. "It would be too much to expect you to remember my face and my name."

"Oh, but of course I remembered," Jessica assured him solemnly. She did not let him off the hook by telling him her name. (As Amy would have done. But then, Amy had never had much practice in flirting.) So it was quite a jolt when he called her Jessica. They must have looked comically startled, both of them.

He couldn't keep a straight face any more than he could keep his eyes off the cigarette lighter that had made his little triumph possible. Jessica's name was engraved on it — a souvenir of some college romance. He hadn't even been taking a chance, because, by then, Amy had been identified as Amy.

"My sister," Jessica had said, and Amy braced herself for the usual reaction: Sisters? Really? Well, yes, on second thought there is a resemblance.

But Eric Nielson said, "Yes, of course — sisters. You're very much alike." Probably only a bit of automatic flattery, or a move toward ingratiating himself with Jessica by way of Amy. But at the moment it rang true.

Flustered, Amy said, "Actually we're only half-sisters."

Jessica laughed. "It's no use trying to dissociate yourself, darling. Sister, half-sister, you're stuck with me." Under the table her hand pressed Amy's in an impulsive gesture that conveyed a variety of messages. Solidarity, first of all — the secret solidarity that underlay all the other complex feelings between them. You're stuck with me and I with you, no matter what. Plus ebullience over what looked to be another conquest, maybe

## Continuing our novel

quite a special one. Plus gratitude — this time Amy was not being stuffy.

Well, she couldn't always help it, when she thought of some of the people Jessica took up with — not that Jessica was promiscuous, of course. But there was no denying it — she quite often did reckless things; she quite often didn't show any judgment. A dangerous trait, especially in a girl as attractive as Jessica.

So attractive, thought Amy, with the familiar pang that was not quite envy, but not pure affection either. Such spirit. Such flair. Even without the mink stole Jessica would have managed to look expensive and rare. She wore no hat today, and her hair was carelessly brushed but shining.

I'd never have the courage, thought Amy, whose hair was the same lustrous, wavy brown as Jessica's. Why was it that with similar basic ingredients she never looked anything more than moderately pretty. Was the difference in mothers all that significant? Apparently.

OF course, the difference in mothers meant difference in background. Jessica had racketed around the country till she was thirteen, whereas Amy had lived all her life in one house with Daddy as the central, permanent fixture. Never a moment's insecurity. How thrilling Jessica's tales of life with Blanche — that was her mother's name, Blanche — had seemed!

The hasty, furtive moves when there was no money for the back rent, the skilful dodging of bill collectors, the wonderful enlarges when there was a windfall, above all the succession of "uncles" who flitted through her life and Blanche's in such exciting variety.

How much of it did she make up for my benefit? thought Amy. I must have been practically irresistible as an audience, so wide-eyed and gullible. How much of a hand did we have, each of us, in crystallising the other's personality? Almost like a chemical reaction: She muted me, I intensified her. Maybe if she hadn't come to live with Daddy and me, I would have had the courage to dress as she does, flirt as she is doing.

A rather disturbing thought — it made her feel as if she had no fixed identity. Which was nonsense. She was firmly fixed, as usual, in the background while Jessica played fast conversation ping-pong with Mr. Eric Nielson. Jessica's broad, short face — pansy-shaped and pansy-pert — seemed to bloom against the murky atmosphere; her eyes sparkled, her laugh was as spontaneous as a delighted child's. No wonder he was charmed!

"I have to make a phone call," he was saying. "Will you promise to be here when I come back? Can I trust you not to vanish?"

"Probably not," said Jessica. "We're very untrustworthy."

"I'll order us another drink. But promise —"

"No more for me," said Amy quickly. "Thank you. I have to catch a train. I told Daddy I'd be home on the five-forty-one, and it's twenty past now. There isn't time."

"Not even for a little one?" He did look crestfallen, almost as if he meant it. But of course it was only because he was afraid Jessica might leave too. And she might.

## JUST LIKE JESSICA

You never knew with Jessica.

She didn't though. In the end she let him order another drink for her, and when he had gone to make his phone call and she and Amy were alone she said, "You don't mind, do you? He seems all right, doesn't he?"

"I think so. Only remember, Jess, watch your step. You can't always go by first impressions." She quoted Daddy's favorite little sermon: "A young girl living alone in the city —"

And Jessica finished with her "—can't be too careful." Amen. Give him my love, poor dear. Don't let him worry about me. He is better, isn't he? He hasn't had a bad attack in months now. Oh, Amy, won't it be lovely when he's well again and you can come to New York, too? We'll get another apartment — one that's big enough for both of us — and any right-minded employer will snap you up the minute he sees your honest, reliable, intelligent face, and we'll have a ball together, an absolute ball!

"Maybe in the autumn," said Amy. But she sighed. "You're coming up this weekend, aren't you?"

"Of course. I'll call and let you know which train."

Or — as sometimes happened — she would call to say she couldn't make it after all; something absolutely scintillating had come up. I suppose I'd do the same, Amy thought, if I had the chance. No, I wouldn't either. My conscience wouldn't let me disappoint Daddy, especially if I were his favorite, the way Jessica is. And her mother before her.

Amy's mother had been by far the better wife to Daddy; when he spoke of her it was always with quiet affection. But there was nothing quiet or sensible about his memory of Jessica's mother, Blanche. She had flashed across his life, vivid and brief as a lightning bolt. The once-in-a-lifetime fire.

Eric was still busy with his telephone call when Amy left. "He won't mind," she said dryly. "You can tell him goodbye for me." When she got to the door she looked back, and he had returned to the table by then; he was smiling down at Jessica, who — so much for her doleful feeling — was snarking back at him with all her usual verve. The soft light touched their faces with glamor. A luxury item of a girl, a charming young man, absorbed in each other and in their lighthearted little flirtation.

THE doleful feeling was all Amy's now. She walked the few blocks to the station with the weight of it dragging at her and with tears aching in her throat. Somehow the balmy air made it worse. The poignancy of spring here in the heart of the city, with all the people hurrying home, and the glitter of lights against the tranquil sky, and the beefy-faced man at the subway entrance bellowing: "Roses! Six for half a dollar! Dozen roses for a dollar!" — it was too much, too much.

She managed to hold out until she was on the train, and thank heaven she was early enough to get a seat by the window, where she wouldn't be quite so conspicuous. Though she couldn't have stopped now, not if everybody in the car were staring at her.

She turned her face to the window and wept, not even bothering to wipe away the

tears that trickled down her face and dripped on to her clenched, white-gloved hands.

Presently the common-sense part of her stepped in, scolding and bossy. This is inexcusable, a disgraceful performance, making a public spectacle of yourself. Stop it. Stop it this minute. What's the matter with you? What are you crying about? You don't even know —

Jessica? Ha! She's no more doomed than anybody else. By now she and that young man are planning where to go for dinner, or maybe they're already on their way, strolling along under the spring sky. So that's it, is it? Self-pity. And jealousy. Because he picked Jessica instead of you.

An ignominious whimper escaped her, and it shocked her out of her crying jag. She groped in her purse for a handkerchief and mopped her honest, reliable, intelligent face. There — she was presentable. Or anyway, presentable enough. Hill, who was meeting her at the station, probably wouldn't notice a thing out of the way. Poor, dear, legal-minded Hill (it was Jessica's phrase). How wildly out of the way things would have to be before he noticed! Two heads, maybe. Or no clothes whatever.

Amy straightened her hat and sighed.

"What's wrong?" asked Hill as soon as he saw her. "You look kind of beat-up."

"Thanks. You say the sweetest things." She eyed him coldly. Usually Hill's face, which was long and comically sad, seemed to her nice enough in its horsy way. Tonight it irritated her.

So did his next words: "What's Jessica been up to now?"

There was genuine concern in his voice — for Jessica, no doubt, more than for her. Amy sometimes wondered whether she would ever have any beaux at all if it weren't for Jessica's rejects. They hung around, as Hill had, still hoping for a few stray crumbs from Jessica, and after a while Amy got to be a habit with them. It didn't make for really high-level romance.

"Jessica's fine," she said. "Everything's just great."

"Well, good. Good." He gave her hand a little pat as he steered her toward his car. Then he waited, giving her a chance to pursue the subject if that was what she wanted. It was not. "Straight home," he asked, "or do you have errands?"

No errands, for once. Straight home. There would be time for a sedate drink while Daddy sipped his sherry. Dinner (Roast beef? No, that had been last night; leg of lamb tonight.) would be served on the stroke of seven-thirty. Coffee in the living-room — Daddy would decide on a second cup in defiance of "that quack's" orders.

Then with a great show of fumbling for his cane he would say, "Well, I'll settle down in the library. Don't want to interfere with you young folks," and pause hopefully until Hill obliged with, "Oh, now, sir, I was looking forward to beating you at chess."

It was one of the less thrilling spectator sports, chess. Still, Amy often felt a warm contentment, sitting there in the library with her knitting (she had ticked off an impressive number of Argyle socks during the past winter) while Daddy and Hill played chess.

What a picture of cosy

companionship they made — the handsome old man, ruddy-faced and white-haired, savoring the one cigar of the day permitted by "that quack," and the homely young one with his long legs angling out from under the table and his chin propped in his hand. Absorbed, both of them, in the whole snail-paced business. Genuinely fond not only of chess but of each other. And of Amy, too. Yes, of course. Only —

Contentment. Companionship. They were pleasant enough feelings. But on a spring evening like that something different ought to happen, something unpredictable that might not last, but would be worth it anyway. That young man in the cocktail lounge, Eric Nielson — you wouldn't catch him and Jessica spending an evening like the one that lay ahead for Hill and Amy.

For that matter, you wouldn't have caught Hill doing it in the days when he was courting Jessica. He wasn't in love with Amy, of course, so why should he bother thinking up exciting treats for her? Especially when she never demanded them.

She glanced sideways at him now. He was intent on backing out of a parking space. Once this tricky business was accomplished, he settled back and launched comfortably into a report on one of his current cases, a nice knotty one: "You remember I was telling you last week I wouldn't have given a nickel for our chances? But just listen to what happened today. . . . Could he help it that he was no mind reader? Was it his fault that Amy had got herself saddled with a reputation for being a good listener? I don't care, she thought wildly. He ought to see — what I'm really like inside. I could be gay and charming and exciting to fall in love with, too. I could be —"

She remembered Eric Nielson, smiling into her eyes and saying, "Yes, of course — sisters. You're very much alike." He was a stranger. And he might not even have meant it. Probably hadn't.

OUTSIDE the car window the well-groomed landscape wheeled past, bathed in the bluish haze of early evening. Spacious old houses, clipped hedges, lawns like deep-piled carpets, explosions of dogwood and lilac and bridal wreath, stately trees once more feathered out into delicate green. Westchester County stoutly resisting the sweet disorder of spring.

As they turned into the driveway Amy realised that Hill had lapsed into silence. When? she wondered. Also why? Could he have exhausted the legal intricacies of his favorite case already? Or had she for once missed all her good-listener cues? She could not tell from his face. Strangers, she thought. The real, hopeless strangers aren't the people you meet once in a bar and never see again; they're the people you see all the time.

In the hall Mrs. Gregg, the housekeeper, swooped down on them, twittering like a flustered sparrow. "Thank goodness you're here! It's my fault. I'm to blame — I admit it. Don't misunderstand me — I'm not trying to excuse myself, but the Mister always sits out on the porch when it's a pretty day. And you know how he is when he's reading his paper, Amy. He doesn't want anybody keeping him company, and, anyway, I had dinner to see to. It never entered my head. All the times he's

sat out there, just like today, and nothing of the kind ever happened before. . . .

"Now, now," said Amy calmly. Mrs. Gregg was practically always in a state of agitation about something. "What's the matter? Where is he?"

"In the library. That was the first I knew of it, when I heard them in the hall, and I said to myself, 'Now, who in the world can that be? It's too early for Amy and Hill, and, anyway, I'd have heard the car.' I said to myself, 'I'll just pop out and see —' There," Mrs. Gregg lifted her arm dramatically and listened, blinking rapidly. "Hear that? There he goes again."

From behind the closed library door came the sound of a man's voice — not Daddy's, but high-pitched and unintelligible. There was no denying it, the voice had a disturbing quality, as if it might skid off into hysteria at any moment.

"Who is it?" whispered Amy. "Did you see him?"

"For all the good it did me. Nobody I ever laid eyes on before." Mrs. Gregg's bird face worked indignantly. "And I can't help what the Mister thinks, I am not a snoop. 'All right, all right,' he says to me — 'I hadn't opened my mouth, mind you — but 'all right,' he says, 'that's enough, Mrs. Gregg. This is a private matter, if you don't mind,' and slams the door in my face."

"Well, I couldn't push in after that, could I? But then this ruckus started up, and I kept thinking how the doctor said it's bad for him, the least excitement, and I didn't know what to do. . . ."

"There," said Amy, and started for the library. "Let's find out what's going on, Hill."

She tapped on the door, and without even waiting for a response walked in, just in time to hear Daddy say in a level furious voice, "Rubbish. You can't seriously expect me to believe this pack of lies. I'm not that much of a fool. . . . Amy, it's nothing to me whether you come in or stay out. Just make up your mind. Either way, I'd appreciate it if you'd shut the door."

He was sitting bolt upright in the Morris chair, his hands clasped majestically on the handle of his cane, his head up, proud and fierce as an old lion. But his face was mottled, and the irritability of his greeting to Amy did not ring quite true. It came to her that he was relieved to have her and Hill there; he needed reinforcements.

But his enemy at first glance did not seem so formidable — a dark-haired young man in a pull-over sweater, slacks, and loafers. He was on his feet, facing Daddy. When he turned, Amy saw his face, rigid as a mask, and his smouldering eyes.

"This gentleman," said Daddy disdainfully, "has for some unknown reason chosen to force himself and his problems on me. He seems to feel that I have a moral obligation to give him five hundred —"

"Not give. Repay. It's my money. I have a right," the young man broke in. At first he spoke quietly, but as he went on his voice rose in pitch and intensity. He made jerky, meaningless gestures.

"Proof, you say — I haven't any proof. Of course I haven't. Of course I didn't ask her for an I.O.U. I was crazy for her — I'd have done anything for her — and it was only for a week, she said. A temporary crisis; she called it, and I believed her."

"Who," asked Hill in an undertone — "Jessica?" — and Daddy nodded curtly.



The young man ploughed on: "Crazy is right. I'd have socked anybody that tried to tell me she was playing me for a sucker. Just using me because I happened to be there to use. Oh, brother, was I there! Asking for it. Do you think I'd come to you if there was any other way? She won't answer my letter, won't see me, won't even talk to me on the phone."

"Rubbish," said Daddy. He fixed his eyes on Hill. "A pack of lies. If Jessica needed five hundred dollars, she'd ask me for it. And I'd give it to her. She knows that. She doesn't have to go borrowing money."

"It would seem so," said Hill. "I can't help how it would seem!" cried the young man. "I'm telling you how it was! She didn't ask you; she asked me; and I got it for her. I took the money that was—that was supposed—" He stopped. His face was suddenly terror-stricken.

"You mean you stole it?" "What? Oh. Maybe I did steal it, at that. From myself. No, from my wife!" His wife, thought Amy. Oh, my—"because it was hers, in a way. It was for her. That's why I have to have it back. On account of my wife."

"You mean," said Hill. "you'll be in the soup with her if she finds out?"

The young man seemed to consider this. Then he said, with an odd touch of dignity, "My wife is in a mental hospital. She has a good chance of recovery if I can keep her there long enough. They tell me another month at this stage can make all the difference. That's why I have to have the money back."

He should leave it at that, thought Amy, minus the melodrama. He had made an impression, even on Daddy. But he was too overwrought to gauge the temper of his audience. Again his voice frayed into near hysteria. "Look, I'm not asking it for myself. I don't deserve anything. I've been a fool. Worse than a fool. But she shouldn't have to suffer for my mistakes. She deserves a chance, even if I don't. Can't you understand that? Haven't you got any human feelings at all?"

"Certainly I have," said Daddy. "I happen to have very strong human feelings for my daughter. So strong that I refuse to listen to this defamation of her character. This pack of lies. Do you really expect me to take your word against hers?"

HE closed his eyes in despair. "I don't care whose word you take. Call me a liar, a thief, anything. Just give me the money." "Exactly. Just give you the money. I don't know how you happened to pick my daughter and me for this little game of yours, but let me tell you, young man, you picked wrong. Why, it's ridiculous on the face of it! To suggest that my daughter would—"

"Your daughter!" With one derisive hoot the young man abandoned all hope. "Your precious daughter. She's not only a crook, she's—"

"Get out of here!" Daddy half-roared, his face dangerously flushed, thunder in his voice. Amy rushed to him in alarm, and Hill hustled the young man toward the door. She heard a few scuffling footsteps, something like a sob, a final incoherent outburst.

"There, Daddy. I'll get your pills. He's gone now. It's all right."

Trembling violently, he leaned against her; nothing could have frightened her

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more than this uncharacteristic gesture. She even imagined for a moment that his eyes, fixed on hers, had a beseeching look. "Lies," he gasped. "Not a word of truth in any of it. Jessica wouldn't—"

"Of course not," Amy assured him. "Of course Jessica wouldn't."

But afterward, when she had got him quiet and settled in bed and she and Hill were having coffee in the library, she said cautiously. "Still, there has to be some connection between him and Jessica. Otherwise, how would he know where to find Daddy? He must at least have met her. He could have, you know. Jessica goes to so many parties, she probably doesn't remember half the people she meets. Or half of what she tells them, either. She might have given him the impression that she's millionaires, and he might be some sort of confidence man..."

"If he has," said Hill, "he'd better get into some other line of work quick, before he starves to death. He certainly didn't show us any kind of talent as a confidence man tonight."

It was the truth. There had been nothing calculated about the young man's performance—no hint of shrewdness, or even of common sense. Amy stared into her coffee-cup. Then she said sharply, "Hill, you can't possibly believe that crazy story of his!"

"Can you?" He gave her a challenging look. "After all, you're the one who said he and Jessica must know each other."

"I did not! I said she could have met him somewhere. Hill, you know I don't believe it! She's my sister—I love her—" So does he, she thought. That's why we're so near to quarrelling.

"All right, so she could have met him somewhere. Told him more than she needed to about herself. Maybe even led him on a bit—"

"Without meaning to," Amy put in. "You know how Jessica is."

"All right, without meaning to. Then what? Where does the five hundred dollars come in?"

"It doesn't. He made it up. If Jessica needed five hundred dollars, she'd ask Daddy for it, not some casual acquaintance she met at a cocktail party." For by now it had become an established fact to Amy. The cocktail party—the bright, inconsequential chatter (or so Jessica would view it) with a young man whose name she didn't catch, or never heard, or promptly forgot. "Why would she need that much money anyway?"

"I don't know," said Hill. "But she's not exactly the thrifty type. I suppose she could have got into some kind of financial jam, something she didn't have the nerve to confess to your father."

"Well, but she wouldn't have to—" Amy bit her lip. It was none of Hill's business, the occasional deceptions that Jessica practised on Daddy with Amy's assistance. They were for his sake more than for Jessica's—to spare him a needless, possibly dangerous fit of temper. He never made a fuss when you wanted the money for something sensible.

"I mean, even if she didn't have the nerve to tell Daddy, she'd tell me," Amy had always had a sure instinct for what would strike Daddy as sensible—an undisputed genius, Jessica said, as a ways and means committee. At the

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phrase Amy felt a faint inner sturm, as if she were on the verge of remembering something. Almost remembering. She could not quite catch it. "No matter what kind of jam it happened to be?"

"I think so." She paused a second or two. "All right. Supposing this time, for some reason or other, she didn't turn to me."

"Supposing she did borrow five hundred dollars from him. I still don't believe she'd wriggle out the way he said. No, and neither do you, Hill."

His face looked even longer and more mournful than usual. Finally he said, "Well, then, he's just a screwball, this character... By the way, does your father know his name? I couldn't get anything out of him. Name or address or anything else."

"Tony something or other," Daddy said. He was too upset to get it straight. An Italian-sounding name. He's from New York. Works in a bank. Of course he's a screwball. With a grudge against Jessica. Probably because she checked him off when she found out he was married."

a good deal to be said for those chess games after all.

She saw him to the door and stepped out on to the porch with him, because the night was so enchanting—moonlight dripping through the elm trees, the scent of lilacs, a soft little wind. "I'm sorry you had to get involved in this," she said. "You were a great comfort, though."

"Good for me. Try not to worry, Amy. We'll get it straightened out." He lingered, hat in hand, lost in a moony reverie of his own. As she moved toward the door he said, "Well, good night," and she lifted her face for the customary kiss, light and affectionate.

Only tonight it was a real kiss, not a Hill kind of kiss at all. And when it was over he mumbled something she did not catch and lunged down the porch steps and into his car.

Startled, but more pleased than not, Amy watched him zoom off down the drive. Then the truth dawned on her: He was pretending I was Jessica. She laughed wryly at herself. And at him. Because she, too, had been pretending—hadn't she?—



"So you believe that part of it, too. The part about his wife."

"I believe he has a wife, yes. She may even be in a mental hospital. Or he may have just made that up, like Jessica's refusing to pay him back. Because Jessica simply isn't like that. She's no saint, but she's not a thief, either. She simply wouldn't..."

She broke off, aware that she was protesting too much. Yes—Hill was giving her one of his fishy looks. He suspected her of believing the whole ugly little story. He didn't believe it, of course; he would never be that disloyal to Jessica. But Amy—

"The only thing to do," she said stiffly, "is to check with Jessica."

"I agree. Shall we call her now?"

"We can try, but I doubt that she's home."

Of course, she wasn't. Eric Nielsen? Once again Amy saw his face so clearly—the frank, bold smile, the cocky tilt to his head. What fun they must be having, while here in the library she and Hill worried and snapped at each other and in Jessica's empty apartment the phone went on ringing, forlorn and unanswered!

"Oh, well, I can get her tomorrow," Amy said. "She's coming up this weekend anyway. We can talk to her then." She lifted the silver coffee-pot. "More? Or maybe you'd like a drink?" It was a lukewarm suggestion. Hill obviously wanted neither coffee nor drink nor anything but an end to the nerve-racking evening. There was

"I did? I won't? But that's—"

"I know, fantastic. Only that's what he claims, and you know how upset Daddy gets—"

"Daddy?"

"I keep trying to tell you—he came up here to see Daddy. So he must know you, Jessica. He must have met you somewhere. Think. Try to remember."

"Tony, Tony, Tony," said Jessica rapidly. "With an F, you said?"

"S. S. as in screwball. He said—"

"Wait a minute; there's the doorbell... It's Eric, darling. I've got to run. He's taking me to lunch."

"All right, I won't keep you. Only do try to think, won't you?"

"Don't fret, my pet. It will come to me—these things always do. Till Saturday, then. We'll drive up in the morning. Tell Daddy he's not to worry. I love him dearly... He'll approve of Eric, don't you think so, Amy?"

"More than he does of Tony," said Amy. "That's for sure."

But Daddy's approval of Eric became more and more dubious as Saturday morning wore away with no sign of their weekend visitors. It was another fine day, and at ten o'clock Daddy stationed himself on the front porch with his newspaper. He spent an hour reading it. After that he used it as a prop, rattling, rustling, refolding, and thumping it as his temper progressed from one stage to the next, each of which Amy knew by heart.

The introductory accusation: "I thought you said they were driving up this morning." The unanswerable question: "Why should she say this morning if she didn't mean this morning?" The conviction of disaster: "Something's happened. They've had an accident."

And at last, inevitably: "Who is this Eric fellow, anyway? I never heard her mention him. Where did she meet him?"

"At a cocktail party." (Well, you could call it that.) "Through some people she knows." (Everybody knows the Mumble-Mumbles.) I met him the other day when I was in town, Daddy. He's a very nice young man."

"Yes, yes, no doubt. What does he do? What's his business?"

"Why, I think Jessica mentioned something about advertising..." Or maybe Amy was only plucking it out of the air. Advertising. It seemed a likely means of livelihood for Eric Nielsen. "We didn't talk about anything very serious. You know, just chit-chat."

Daddy received this bit of information with cold suspicion. "Chit-chat. In other words, she's off goodness knows where with goodness knows whom. And heaven knows what's happened to her by now."

"That's why," said Amy cheerfully. "Now stop bullying me. Jessica never got anywhere on time in her life. Why should she start today?"

Mrs. Gregg also required soothing. She had planned lunch for one o'clock, and she realised it was her responsibility, and she wasn't trying to make excuses, but would someone kindly tell her how she was expected to turn out anything fit to eat, especially salmon soufflé, when people didn't turn up when they said they would, and just think of the impression they were going to make on Jessica's new young man...

He would have eyes only for Jessica. Foolish Mrs. Gregg, fussing over a soufflé that would never be noticed. Foolish, foolish Amy, taking

all those extra pains with the flowers for the dining-room table and—yes, admit it—with herself. As if it mattered which dress she wore or how she did her hair!

They might not even come at all. Amy's imagination sprang into instant action, supplying all the details. There would be this absolutely divine little place (that was how Jessica would describe it when she remembered to call) where they would decide on the spur of the moment to stop. There would be this fabulous pianist, or trio, or whatever...

"Well," said Daddy, and blinked as a car swooped up the driveway. A convertible with the top down. "Is it—yes, it's Jessica! Here she is!"

She was up the steps and hugging him before he had a good grip on his cane. She was kissing him, a loud, candid, childlike smack that made him flush with pleasure. She was introducing Eric.

He said, "How do you do, sir?" with just the right blend of respect and assurance. For Amy he added a generous dash of admiration. His bold grey eyes danced with unspoken compliments: How pretty you are, even prettier than I remembered! That's a charming dress you're wearing, a charming hairdo. Isn't it fun to be here? His own clothes—sports jacket and slacks—were casual without being flashy, not new but well cut. He was bareheaded; in the sunshine his hair looked fair, and fine as a baby's.

JESSICA was wearing slacks, too, olive-green. Her face was radiant. Her eyes flickered brown, amber, tortoiseshell. She unwound the scarf from her hair and let out her breath in a sigh of bliss. "What a perfect day!"

Yes, perfect. They shouldn't have worried for a minute, any of them. Because here was Eric getting off on the right foot with Daddy (never mind, for the moment, whether or not he would manage to stay there), and here was Daddy, mellow with relief and joy, his heavy-father role temporarily forgotten, and here presently was Mrs. Gregg's soufflé, also perfect.

Tony? Tony with an S?

He, too, would turn out to be one of those things nobody should worry about. They would get to him later.

The later the better, Amy soon realised, as far as Jessica was concerned. She managed to dodge the issue—thanks to Eric, for, of course, neither Daddy nor Amy was going to broach the subject in front of an outsider—until late in the afternoon. Then Daddy cornered her.

She and Eric had just got back from playing tennis; she was still in shorts. She stood in the library with her hands behind her, facing Daddy like a schoolchild called into the principal's office, her eyes big and earnest and a little bit scared. As well she might be, Amy thought; Daddy's lunchtime euphoria had long since worn off. He expected an explanation. He wasn't getting it.

"Daddy, I simply can't imagine," Jessica repeated. "I've thought and thought and nothing happens. It's an absolute blank, this Tony. I don't remember meeting any such person. I certainly never borrowed any money from him. I haven't had any of those sick phone calls lately..."

"What do you mean, sick phone calls?"

"Oh, you know. It's always happening in New York. Some nut picks your name out of the phone book and calls you up." She paused while Daddy



swelled visibly. "It's nothing really. Just a nuisance . . ."

"You mean to tell me . . ." began Daddy. But the diversionary tactics (that's what it is, thought Amy — she's still trying to dodge) didn't work after all. He refolded his hands over the head of his cane and said curtly:

"To get back to Tony. He may have picked your name at random out of the phone book. But how did he get hold of my name and address? How did he know I'm your father? Damn it, Jessica, you must have met him somewhere."

"All right, I must have met him somewhere. Can I help it if I can't remember? You act as if I'm lying about it! Why should I?"

Amy could think of a reason or two. But Daddy couldn't bear to. She was his darling, his Jessica, child of his love marriage (oh, he had been fond of Amy's mother, but it wasn't the same, and here she stood, fire in her eye, daring him to doubt her. No, Daddy simply couldn't bear to.

"Of course I don't think you're lying." He cleared his throat. He might seem to have given ground, but he was not routed, yet, not by a long shot. "I'm just trying to protect you, Jessica. From yourself, actually, as much as from this fellow, whoever he is. It's just as I've said all along — a girl living alone in the city can't be too careful."

Jessica couldn't resist a lightning wink at Amy; Daddy caught it and glared. "All right, I'm an old fogey. But the fact remains that this Tony business happened for just one reason — because you're not careful enough about the people you take up with. You don't remember him. I don't doubt it. You couldn't possibly remember all the times you've rattled off your whole life history to any Tom, Dick, or Harry who comes along."

"Now, Daddy . . ." Amy began.

But Jessica jumped in with both feet. "So that's it — I'm a tramp! Why don't you come right out and say so? It's what you think. Oh, yes, you do. Always have and always will, on account of Mother. Well, just remember, I didn't choose her for a mother. You're the one who chose her for a wife!"

It still shocked Amy to hear Jessica say such things. Not as much as it used to, though. And Daddy had always taken it in his stride; he shared with Jessica a flair for quarrelling. No holds barred—even when it came to the touchy subject of his marriage to Blanche. A very romantic, mildly scandalous marriage, from all Amy could gather. In his late thirties he had suddenly turned up with a wife—what was more, a wife of dubious background and sensational charm. It hadn't lasted long, a little more than a year, and then she had left him, taking infant Jessica with her. (She left Jessica, too, thirteen years later. In St. Louis, in a furnished room with the rent unpaid. Though give her credit, she did send a telegram to Daddy, telling him the address. That was when their life together began — Jessica and Daddy and Amy, with Mrs. Gregg to keep house for them. Amy's mother had died several years before.)

Daddy seldom mentioned her—Blanche, his faithless love—but Amy knew that to this day he carried a picture of her in his wallet; she knew the particular songs that made him think of her, and the way he looked when he was remembering her. There had been no word

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from her since the St. Louis telegram.

Daddy thumped his cane. "All right, miss, we'll leave your mother out of this. I don't think you're either a tramp or a liar. I think you're a flighty, irresponsible brat who shouldn't be turned loose in an apartment of your own, and I think I was a fool ever to let you talk me into it. This settles it. You're coming right straight home where you belong and—"

"Daddy! You wouldn't!" It was a wail of anguish, straight from Jessica's heart. "Not now, with my new job just about to start!" Tears brimmed in her eyes, trembled on her long lashes—dewy, sparkling, madly becoming.

"Now, it's no use your carrying on," Daddy said nervously. "Don't think you can get around me that way."

She was across the room, landing at his feet in a piteous, penitent little heap. "Daddy, please, please! I'll be so careful from now on. You'll see—it won't ever happen again. Only please, Daddy, give me another chance. It means everything to me, everything . . ."

Poor man, he didn't have a chance. All Amy could do for him was slip out the door and leave him to surrender in privacy.

She went up the wide staircase thoughtfully. On the landing she paused to look down through the little window, with its different colored panes of glass, into the backyard. Eric was there beside the grape arbor, playing with Mrs. Gregg's black-and-white kitten. Shorts, sweat-shirt, nice straight legs. Through the blood-red pane he looked sinister; through the blue, eerie; through the amber, glorified.

Well, so did the kitten. She watched another minute or two until he flipped away his cigarette and started toward the house. Then she went on up the stairs to Jessica's room.

She did not have long to wait before Jessica came charging in. No sign of tears now. A flush of triumph, also madly becoming. "Oh, there you are, Amy! Hey, it's late. Time to get dressed."

"So all right," said Amy firmly. "Where did you meet this Tony character?"

"Why, how did you know I—?" She put her hand over her mouth.

"How did I know you were lying? By the diversionary tactics. Temper. Tears. All that jazz."

**S**HE giggled. "You've got to admit it worked."

"With Daddy. This is me —Amy. I'm not going to have a heart attack or cut off your allowance or make you come home where you belong. No need to lie to me."

"You're such a comfort, darling," Jessica shucked off her clothes (even undressed, she managed to look chic) and bundled herself into a terry-cloth robe. Then she settled down on the bed with her feet tucked under her and began cosily, "Well, it was just one of those crazy—Where's Eric? Has he come up yet?"

"A little while ago. He's taking a shower. At least, that's what it sounds like. And, yes, he's a lamb, an absolute dream. Now. It was just one of those crazy things."

"What? Oh, yes. Tony. So there he was, right beside me, filling out those fantastic forms they always give you,

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and how was I to know he was a maniac? I mean, he didn't twitch or anything. Quite nice-looking, as I recall."

"You haven't seen him recently, then. How long ago did you meet him?"

"Ages ago. Months. Well, weeks. My word, Amy, you don't expect me to remember the exact date!"

"Forms, you said. The forms they always give you. Where?"

"The employment agencies. Yards and yards of the dreariest data about where you were born, and if not, why not. So naturally you get to talking to anybody that looks human, and naturally one thing leads to another, you go out for a cup of coffee . . ."

After all, why not? What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. And then I suppose he asked you for a date, this Tony?"

"He was really quite sweet. We went to the movies. Another time he took me to a concert." Jessica fluttered her eyes virtuously. "Then I found out he was married, so, of course, I didn't go out with him any more. That's when he started acting like a maniac. Calling me up, you know. Sending me telegrams. I began to feel absolutely hounded."

"But you never told me," said Amy. "You never said a word about it."

"What could you have done? And, anyway, why unload all my worries on you?"

You never hesitated to do it before, thought Amy. She said, "Well, the police. You could have called them."

"But I would have felt like a fool! 'Officer, arrest this man—he keeps insisting he's in love with me.' It might have been a little different if he had ever mentioned money, but he never did—to me. He thought up this mythical five hundred dollars for Daddy's benefit."

"Out of spite, you mean? He just wanted to make trouble for you because you turned him down? But that means he's a . . ."

"Right. A maniac." Jessica moved over to the dressing-table and began trying her hair in a pompadour.

"So he ought to be reported before he does something even crazier. What's his last name?"

Jessica hesitated for perhaps a breath or two. In the mirror Amy saw the veiled look that came into her eyes. "I don't know," she said. "Yes, dear, I'm sure I ought to. He must have told me, only you know me when it comes to names. A brain like a sieve. And I never did know his address or phone number." She discarded the pompadour and tried a middle part. "Am I not demure? Just like a daguerreotype?"

"Jessica . . ." Amy began. Her voice wobbled. "Please, Jess, you know you can tell me. I'm your ways and means committee, remember? You can always count on me. No matter what it is. Anything." Again something strummed in her memory. Ways and means committee.

Yes, she had it—back in March that spur-of-the-moment visit she had made to Chicago, and when she got back they told her Jessica had been home. Dropped in unannounced, just because she felt like it, and left a message for Amy, only Mrs. Gregg wasn't sure she had it straight. It didn't make sense to her, something about the ways and means

committee. Of course, Amy had called at once, and Jessica said skip it, a temporary crisis, all settled now, forget it.

She fixed her eyes on Jessica's in the mirror and blurted out: "Even if it isn't mythical about the five hundred dollar loan."

Jessica hesitated again. But then she turned around, folded her arms across her bosom and smiled bitterly. "You think I'm lying."

"You did lie to me over the phone. And Daddy. You lied to him."

"Guilty. On both counts. You don't discuss this kind of thing over the phone, Amy. You know that. And certainly I lied to Daddy."



You want him to have a heart attack?"

"No, but . . ."

"As for counting on you —well, I must say this time I think you've been more hindrance than help. You and Hill both. Fussing around, making a mountain out of a molehill. You could have played it down, at least in front of Daddy. You know perfectly well you can always tranquillise him if you put your mind to it. But no, you had to cry havoc . . ."

It's typical of Hill, of course—the legal mind at work—but I'd expect something a little brighter from you."

There was no answer from Amy, and Jessica pressed her attack. "And just now, down there in the library, did you give me any moral support? You didn't say one word: you even walked out on me. Do you want every thing spoiled for me? Is that it?"

"Are you jealous of me on account of the apartment, or maybe it's . . ." Her eyes went wide with comprehension. She said quietly, "So it's Eric. You've fallen for Eric."

"No!" cried Amy, that intrepid seeker after the truth. "I mean, what if I have? What of it?"

She fled to her own room, where it occurred to her some time later that Jessica's diversionary tactics had been just as successful with her as with Daddy.

"I'm terribly sorry, Tony," Jessica said into the phone. "Truly I am. I always meant to pay you back, but . . ."

"Yeah," said Tony bitterly. "Sure."

That was the trouble with telling the truth, thought Jessica; it so often didn't sound true. Whereas many of her lies came out with a ring of such sincerity that she was tempted to believe them herself. A bizarre talent — she had discovered it long ago. For what it was worth.

"I don't blame you for not believing me. I'm ashamed

of myself for letting it go so long." (How false it sounded, how true it was!) "But I have the money now. Right here. Right in my hand."

She waved the wad of bills at the phone as if Tony could see as well as hear. Stole money. Mink-stole money. The phrase amused her. Though what a wrench it had been to walk away and leave her beautiful, beloved mink stole in the pawnshop! But of course it wasn't for ever, only for a month or two. She would practise rigid economy. Austerity. Besides, there was always the chance of an unexpected windfall.

"I'll believe it when I see it," said Tony.

"Any time you say. I can be uptown in half an hour, meet you when you get through work. In front of the bank. How's that?"

"I'll be there. The question is, will you?"

"No question about it," said Jessica with dignity. "I'll be there. With the money." It was all he cared about now, she thought rather sadly, the money. No more talk about being in love with her. She had fixed that, somehow she always did. Another of her bizarre talents.

People, all kinds of people, kept falling in—and out of—love with her. And of course they were exciting, these quick little blazes of romance, even with someone as unlikely as Tony. But she always thought, she always hoped . . .

It hadn't happened so far. It might never happen. Eric might be like all the others. Like Hill. She swallowed, aware once more of an inner chill; fear like a lump of ice lodged in her throat. If only she could free herself from this fatal compulsion to play the flibbertigibbet! Such an easy role, and most of the time such fun.

But she was freeing herself by paying back her debt to Tony. For once in her life she was behaving like an adult, responsible human being. Let him believe—as he would to the end of his days—that it was only because he had pushed her into it. Still, she was doing it; even he would have to give her credit for that.

She jumped up and headed for the dressing-room, untying the sash of her robe as she went. Her lovely silk robe, light as feathers, with the sheen of feathers. She shrugged out of it and tossed it over the back of the chair, where she had already tossed quite a number of other things. There it went, slithering off on to the floor again. Never mind—she must hurry. What was the suitable costume for an adult, responsible human being about to pay off a debt? The avocado linen, she decided. Neat, not gaudy, and it would do for dinner with Eric afterward.

A quarter of an hour later she locked the apartment door behind her, feeling pleasantly virtuous and non-flibbertigibbet. Then, just as she pushed the button in the self-service elevator she realised that the money was still back there on the telephone table instead of inside her black straw bag where it belonged.

Damn, she thought, and in the next breath, thank heaven I realised in time. It would have been too ghastly to discover this little oversight with Tony looking on. Ghastly. Not in the least funny. Sternly she repressed an impulse to giggle.

She heard the telephone ringing as she stepped out of the elevator, back on her floor again. Time was running short; should she let it go unanswered? Rather, could

she? You never knew what you might be missing; there was always the chance of some magic message that would change the whole course of your life. It might, of course, stop ringing before she got to it. The possibility sent her flying down the hall, fumbling for her key as she went. She caught it in the middle of a peal.

"Hello?" she said breathlessly.

The voice that answered was breathless, too. As usual. That distinctive voice that she knew so well. Her heart sank. "Is that you, Jess? Jess, darling, it's a sort of crisis. I don't know what I'd do if I hadn't caught you . . ."

Jessica knew all too well. "What sort of crisis?" she asked. She sat down. It would take time, no matter what sort of crisis, it always did.

She stared at the mink-stole money that belonged really to Tony. She listened. Now and then she asked a question, just to keep things more or less on the rack. Her heart kept on sinking.

"I hate being a nuisance, Jess, but could you possibly? Because, you see, it's not just the money . . ."

It was mostly the money, though. It would be easy to improvise a plausible, impromptu trip. Typical of Jessica, always dashing hither and yon. But who would believe anything she might say about the money? No use even trying with Tony. No use with Daddy, either, now that he had heard Tony's story — Jessica knew by what a narrow margin she had wriggled out of that one. Which was more than she had managed to do with Amy.

Her devoted, dependable Amy, lucky Amy, who didn't know what it was to have to lie, and who yet might understand, if Jessica were to turn to her now with the whole unembellished truth . . . No, she couldn't do it. Pride would not let her — pride and an odd streak of loyalty. Hill? Even more unthinkable than Amy.

She was not going to consider Eric. Absolutely not. Positively not. She would try to reach him, of course, to call off their dinner date. But that was all.

"Maybe it would be simpler if I just went to your father." Over the telephone the husky voice faltered, hung suspended.

"No," said Jessica sharply. "Don't do that. I can manage. As it happens, I've got plenty of cash on hand. You caught me just in time."

Poor Tony, she thought as she hung up. He would have to wait. No help for it. She had to choose the lesser of two evils—bad instead of worse. And her intentions had been so good; she had promised so sincerely!

He wouldn't be at all surprised. In fact, he would probably get a sour satisfaction out of this further proof of her dishonesty. It was exactly what he expected. Could that somehow be why she was once more breaking her promise to him—because he expected her to? Another bizarre talent of hers, never to disappoint her audience. But that made her a mere puppet, dancing to any casual twitch of the strings! No will of her own, no real self . . .

It was not a new notion. It had started haunting her years ago, when she first went to live with Daddy and Amy — a secret spook that jumped out at her at unguarded moments. Who are you? See, you don't know. Shame on you — you're supposed to know. Amy knows who she is: she's serenely, steadfastly



worked out all right. Just as the splashy abstract pictures seemed to live happily with the old copper bowl and jade figurines Jessica brought from home.

The living-room was all there was to the apartment, really; the dressing-room was little more than a glorified closet; the kitchen, a sketchily improvised affair with a bright screen in front of it.

A gnarled wisteria vine shaded the double windows, which looked out on a pretty little back garden. The house was a solid old one, recently renovated, at a "good" downtown address. The rent had at first shocked Daddy, until Jessica explained how irresistible the wisteria vine was.

Amy had never before been here alone. She found something strangely exciting about walking in as if it were her apartment or — which was subtly different — as if she were Jessica. There was no one to say she wasn't Jessica, no one to stop her from shaking off the shell of Amy and soaring up, free and light and wayward, into Jessica's native element.

She dropped her packages on the sofa (where Jessica had already strewn an assortment of belongings), kicked off her shoes, and suddenly found herself dancing — yes, dancing (as Jessica might have), for no earthly reason except that it was what she felt like doing. When she whirled past the mirror, the face that smiled back at her was unembarrassed and bright-eyed. "For a minute there I thought you was her. You look kind of like her."

HILL, of course, would think she was out of her mind. But Hill wouldn't be here for another hour or so. Meantime, why shouldn't she, just for once, just for a little while, feel like Jessica? What if it was silly, a grown woman reverting to a child's game of make-believe? It was fun feeling like Jessica. Much more fun than feeling like Amy.

She had a long, luxurious shower and then padded into the dressing-room, clutching her towel around her. There was Jessica's silk robe, a shimmering heap on the floor. Having picked it up, Amy could not resist it. She slipped it on, pulled the sash tight and lifted her arms so that the wide sleeves spread out like the wings of some exotic bird. It had the weightlessness of plumage, and the constantly shifting colors, amber to green to gold. How beautiful Amy felt in it!

Out in the living-room the phone began to ring, and she flew to answer it.

"Hello?" she said, and heard in her own voice the little throb of expectancy that was one of Jessica's trademarks. Perhaps hers, too — even people who knew them well sometimes mistook one for the other on the telephone.

"There you are. At last. Now listen, Jessica sweetie — It was Eric, as she had expected it to be. Wanted it to be? And why didn't she set him straight, right then and there? Well, for one thing, he didn't give her much chance. Eric was worried. He was talking fast.

"I know what you think, and you mustn't, at least not till you let me explain. Because, so help me, it wasn't my fault — there wasn't a thing I could do. And afterward it was too late. I figured I'd only be making it worse to try to call you that time of night . . . Jessica? Still

there? Did you find my note?"

"Yes. I just got here. I —"

"Are you all right? You sound kind of funny. Not quite like yourself."

"I don't feel quite like myself," she said truthfully.

"The guilt syndrome," he diagnosed with a touch of his usual insouciance. "Because you've been making me miserable all day. You knew I'd call, so you went away and left me to suffer, and now your conscience is bothering you, and no wonder. There's a very simple remedy, you know. Just give me a chance. Just let me explain. Please, sweetie, ten minutes, that's all I ask — you know I'm no good at phone conversations . . ."

He didn't seem to be having trouble with this one. Amy thought, and discovered that she had said it aloud.

"I'm even better in person," he told her, quite sure of himself now. "You'll see. I'm only a couple of blocks away. Hold everything — I'll be right there."

"But I —"

"Now, now. We'll argue it all out face to face. Don't go away. You'll know me by my olive branch."

He hung up. In a clarion voice she explained to the dead phone: "But this isn't Jessica. It's all a mistake. I'm not Jessica. I'm Amy."

Then she, too, hung up. So. This was what came of playing childish little games. This was what happened to people who let themselves be drawn into feeling like other people. They wound up with the red faces they deserved. What a fool she was going to look to Eric. Her lame excuses would be wasted on him. He would know she could have told him over the phone if she had wanted to.

No use trying to dodge him either. Further postponement would only compound the embarrassment. She closed her eyes against the image of Eric's face with the series of expressions that would surely show in it — bewilderment turning to comprehension turning to derision. Or even worse, to pity. Yes, he might feel sorry for her.

The doorbell pealed. Already? Well, of course, he would lose no time, eager

as he was to patch it up — whatever it was — with Jessica. And if Jessica were here she would be free to let the doorbell go unanswered. Let him suffer some more. Only she wasn't here. This wasn't Jessica, but Amy, and Amy wasn't free. She had no choice.

The buzzer that released the downstairs door was in the foyer off the living-room. She made herself go and press it. Then she set her teeth and waited for the sound of the elevator and the chime of the upstairs bell. The narrow little foyer was dimly lighted and airless; the scent that rose around her reminded her that she was still wearing Jessica's robe. Another tell-tale item for Eric to notice — this pitiful attempt to borrow some of Jessica's glamor. But there was no time now to change. She was trapped. Out in the hall the elevator whirled and clashed. Footsteps. Ping went the bell.

She wrenched the door open and at once was swept into Eric's arms. "Jessica," he whispered, "don't be mad at me. I couldn't help it . . . His mouth pressed against hers, an urgent, ardent kiss that was meant for Jessica. An intolerable kiss.

She pulled away and backed against the wall, glaring at him. "Stop it! Can't you see who I am? I'm not Jessica. I'm —" She buried her face in her hands.

"Why so you are," he said in a soft, surprised voice. "You're Amy. What do you know? Amy. Not Jessica at all. It was you on the phone, too. Wasn't it? Only I was so busy yakking I didn't let you get a word in."

How plausible it sounded, coming from him. Unless he was only being kind. "I'm sorry," she said.

"I'm not." He was giving her the cocky grin. "That was a very nice kiss. What there was of it. We must try it again some time."

"Yes, let's," she heard herself saying lightly. "Some other time when Jessica isn't around."

"Or Hill. Don't forget good old Hill."

There was a tentative pause, during which Amy became sharply aware of who was around and who wasn't. When he took a step toward

her she retreated toward the living-room. "Won't you sit down for a minute? We're going to a party in town to-night, Hill and I, only I came in early to do some shopping. That's how I happen to be here, even though Jessica's away."

"Away? Where is she?"

"Long Island. The Careys asked her out — one of those spur-of-the-moment things — and her job doesn't start till next week, so she decided to go."

"When was this? This morning?"

"Last night. She called me late in the afternoon to tell me she was catching the six-thirty train."

"Six-thirty? That's when she was supposed to meet me for dinner. She must have stood me up, and here I've been stewing all day because I thought it was the other way around!" He threw back his head and laughed. "I'm the one who ought to be mad at her! Ought to be — I am. The nerve of her, breaking a date with me because the Careys invited her out to Long Island!"

AMY said: "She was in a great rush. Maybe there wasn't time to call you. Or maybe she tried and missed you."

"I prefer to think the worst. That way I'm absolved."

"But if you broke the date, too —"

"For a respectable reason. Business, not pleasure. I got stuck at a conference with our pet client. There I was, hammering out the details of a campaign that may well make advertising history, oblivious to the passage of time, hardly pausing to choke down the martinis that were all that stood between me and starvation . . ."

"You're hopeless, both of you. Two of a kind."

"What's so hopeless? Don't tell me you've never broken a date with anybody. Hill, for instance . . . Now, there's an idea. It just so happens, through circumstances beyond my control, that I'm at liberty this evening, you lucky kid: at liberty and more than willing to show an out-of-town visitor some of the sights of our wonderful city. What's the matter? You don't think it's a good idea?"

"I think it's a perfectly outrageous idea."

"You're laughing, though," he pointed out.

Well, of course she was laughing — it was only a joke. And then he looked so — so irrepressible, with his blond head tilted and that bold light dancing in his eyes.

He hitched forward on the sofa and went on: "Naturally you'd leave Hill a note. Common courtesy. He deserves it. The way I see it, it couldn't happen to a nicer guy."

"Don't be snide. Just because he used to beau Jessica around . . ."

"He did?" Eric looked surprised. And amused. "What an interesting study in contrasts that must have been!"

"It didn't last very long. But he kept turning up at our house after Jessica dropped him. Out of habit, I guess. I sort of inherited him . . . Oh, dear, that makes him sound like a mortgage."

"Yes, doesn't it," said Eric happily. Which of course was to be expected; there would never be much of a meeting of minds between him and Hill, Jessica or no Jessica. They were fundamentally, temperamentally at odds.

"Well, he isn't," she snapped. "He's a good, true friend. One of the best."

"Of course he is. Good and true and understanding. Just leave him a note — he'll understand perfectly."

"And so do I, you brat. You can get even with Jessica any way you want to. Only count me out. I won't have any part of it."

"What? Oh, so that's how you figure it." He paused, staring at her so curiously that she felt herself blushing. "Tell me something, Amy. Why do you insist on underestimating yourself?"

"I —"

"Oh, yes, you do. To any other girl it would be nice and simple — I ask her out because I want to spend an evening with her. But not you. You've got to make it complicated. Because, of course, no man in his right mind would be interested in Amy; he must have some ulterior motive. So you fix me up with one — I want to get even with Jessica."

"Well, don't you?"

"Sure. But that doesn't mean — that's beside the point. We're analysing you, not me. Right away quick you have to explain that he's got an ulterior motive, too; of course he'd never look at you twice if you hadn't 'inherited him' as you put it. What is this, anyway? What have you got against Amy?"

"Nothing, really. She means well. She probably has any number of good qualities. But personally I've always found her a bit on the dull side."

"That's because you don't give her a chance," Eric said with authority. "You keep her bottled up, and you ought to let her bust loose. Once in a while, at least. Take my word for it — she'd surprise you."

"You talk as if you know her better than I do."

"I like her better, that's for sure. Besides, she's pretty."

"Sweet talk," she said. She laughed tremulously. "It will get you nowhere."

"No harm in trying, though, is there? I need the practice." He bounced to his feet and picked up his rakish straw hat. "Well, you had your chance. It's not going to be a good party, you know. Sure you won't change your mind and leave Hill that note?"

"Quite sure," she said. She stood up, too, and the feathery folds of Jessica's robe swung against her legs. Jessica would have no scruples, she thought, about doing as she pleased. But she wasn't Jessica, no matter how much she might wish to be, no matter how much she might enjoy pretending to be. She was still



920



921

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

## No. 920 — MATERNITY TWO-PIECE

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923



Amy. Duty-bound. Conscience-bound. Earth-bound. She might as well resign herself. "You never thought I would," she added. "Did you? You knew you were perfectly safe."

"Stop it before I smack you." He advanced on her threateningly and caught hold of her wrist. "Take it back? Say you're sorry?"

"I'm sorry. I take it back." "That's a good girl," he said, and kissed her—a light, tentative kiss, different from the one he had meant for Jessica. "Be seeing you." He was gone.

When Hill arrived — on schedule, as always — she was only half ready. "I won't be long," she said. She felt flustered, for some reason. And for some reason she didn't mention Eric. "I had more shopping to do than I thought. Or it took longer. Or something."

"Take your time. No rush." Hill was used to waiting for other people. The penalty of punctuality. He settled down patiently with his newspaper and his pipe. A couple of minutes later when the phone rang, he answered it because Amy was in the middle of lipstick.

His voice reached her in the dressing-room. "Jessica isn't here. Oh, hello, how are you? This is Hill. . . . What? But she— Hold on a minute. Amy? Amy, didn't you say Jessica was at the Careys'?"

"Yes. Why?" Lipstick in hand, she stepped to the doorway.

"It's Ruth Carey, asking

Continuing our novel

for Jessica. Hasn't heard from her for a while, she says, and called just to say hello."

"But Jess is out there! Here — let me talk to her. It's a gag."

It wasn't, though. A few minutes' conversation with Ruth convinced her that Jessica was not where she had said she was going. For Ruth's benefit she smoothed it over as well as she could. "I must have misunderstood. Jess was in a great rush when she called me and we didn't have a very good connection. . . . She might have said the Terrys, our cousins, you know, and I heard wrong. That must be it. . . ."

She hung up and stared helplessly at Hill, who snatched at the straw she had offered Ruth. "I suppose you could have got it wrong."

"Of course I didn't! The Careys, she said — Ruth Carey. I'm positive."

"But it doesn't make any sense. Why should she— Where the hell is she?" He glared at Amy as if she were to blame, as if she had been doing the lying. "That Eric fellow. How about him?"

"Nothing about him. He doesn't know any more about it than we do. Not as much." How defensive she sounded! No help for it. Having gone this far, she must finish. Hill's expression made that clear. "I talked to him—that's how I know. They were supposed

## JUST LIKE JESSICA

to have dinner together last night, and—"

"You talked to Eric? How do you know she wasn't with him when he called? Sounds like the sort of thing he'd do — his idea of a joke."

Amy closed her eyes. "It wasn't just a phone call. I saw him. He was up here."

"He was up here? This afternoon? You didn't say anything about it before."

"I didn't think of it. Stop cross-examining me, will you? You act as if I were trying to hide something. Well, I'm not. And you'll just have to take my word for it — wherever Jessica's gone, it has nothing to do with Eric."

"You have more faith in the guy than I have," said Hill. "But, okay, you talked to him and I didn't." True enough, though it wasn't the talk that made her so sure about Eric. It was the kiss, that first, meant-for-Jessica kiss, which she could never explain to anyone—certainly not to Hill.

**B**UT the note in the mailbox was safe; she showed him that and gave him a quick resume of the dinner date that both Eric and Jessica had broken. After that there was a short, busy-minded silence. And after that Amy said it aloud: "I can't help thinking about Tony. You know — the fellow who went steaming up to Daddy with his borrowed-money story."

"But Jessica says it's not true; she never borrowed—"

"I'm not saying I believe him instead of her." She wasn't saying it, no. She wasn't even letting herself think about it, one way or the other. "Don't you see? It doesn't matter whether it's true or not with a person as — as unstable as Tony. And she did know him, Hill. She never admitted it to Daddy, but she did to me: She went out with him a couple of times before she found out he was married. Then afterward he kept bothering her, calling her up, trying to see her again."

"I see." Hill's face went tight and bleak. "All right, we check on Tony. What's his last name?"

"She wouldn't tell me. I mean, she couldn't remember. She must have heard it, of course. But she's like that about names. Sketchy." Very sketchy. Incredibly so, as far as Amy was concerned. She couldn't keep her eyes from skipping toward the desk, which — unless Jessica had just had one of her tidy fits — would be crammed with a rich jumble of letters, bills, advertisements, and scribbled memos that no longer meant anything, even to Jessica.

The clue to Tony, assuming there was one, might so easily be unidentifiable, just another orphan telephone number scratched on a match-finder or paper napkin. Or it might just as easily be recorded in the little address book Jessica carried in her purse. Jessica's belongings — here at least was a starting point.

"Let's see if any of her luggage is gone," she said, and headed for the dressing-room. "That way we'll know whether or not she's gone out of town. And I ought to be able to figure out what she was wearing."

But she didn't like the sound of that. Missing Persons Bureau. "Last seen wearing . . ." Tabloid headlines sprang up before her mind's eye: WESTCHESTER GIRL VANISHES . . . FATHER OF MISSING GIRL PROSTRATED . . .

She caught hold of Hill's arm. "Daddy mustn't hear about this. We've got to keep it from him if we possibly can. His heart. It might—"

"Now, now. No need to panic." Bless Hill for his steady hand and matter-of-fact voice. "Of course we'll keep it from him. We haven't even started checking yet. There are any number of people we can call. You know how Jessica is — changes her mind at the drop of a hat. She'll turn up with some perfectly simple explanation."

"But she did tell me the Careys'. It's just the purest chance we found out she's not there. So there must be something wrong somewhere. Or at least something she doesn't want me to know about."

"That doesn't necessarily make it wrong," Hill pointed out. "It could be something just silly or embarrassing or too complicated to explain over the phone."

It could be, of course. Even allowing for Hill's readiness to provide Jessica with a nice harmless reason for lying. It still could be. Amy opened the wardrobe door and peered up at the shelf that held Jessica's set of matched, cream-colored luggage. The weekend case was gone. An out-of-town trip, then. Unless this was a further fabrication to make the visit to the Careys' look good, in case anyone got suspicious. . . . No. Jessica wasn't capable of anything so deliberately devious. She was an improviser, not a schemer.

"Can you tell about her clothes?" Hill asked dubiously. "Doesn't look as if much could be missing."

"Her stole's gone. Of course, she may have put it in storage." Feeling rather dubious herself, Amy flicked through the row of dresses. They looked forlorn, somehow. So small and empty. So many of them. Jessica was always picking up something new. Like the avocado linen she had worn last weekend. It seemed to be missing. And the black knit. And the little black straw pillow hat.

Whatever Jessica was up to, it could not involve much of a social whirl. Which might or might not be cause for comfort; Amy was in no shape to decide. She followed Hill back to the living-room. "If we call the police—" she began.

"No," Hill cut in sharply. "Certainly not till we've got more to go on than this. So she's not where she said she was going. Well, now, believe me, here's how the police would see it. She's not the first girl to nip off for a long weekend with somebody she doesn't care to tell her family about."

"Stands to reason, if she's anything like as good-looking as her pictures, she must have plenty of boy-friends, plenty of chances. . . . Don't you see, Amy? If we call the police we have to be prepared to provide the names of everybody she's gone out with in the last six months."

Including Tony, thought Amy, only we don't know his name or address; all we know is the story he told Daddy, who mustn't hear about any of this. "Of course I see," she said crossly. "I don't want to go to the police any more than you do. I just want to know where she is!"

They spent a futile half hour calling everybody they could think of who might have heard from Jessica. Bright, casual inquiries (no point in spreading the alarm) that seemed to come easier

to Amy than to Hill. "You sound too doomful," she told him, and the word—Jessica's — brought back to her so vividly the afternoon they had first met Eric, Jessica's face blooming against the dark background, Eric's frankly admiring eyes. . . .

"How about Eric?" Hill was saying. "She might have called him after he was up here. She's so sold on him, she'd surely want to explain why she stood him up last night. If that's what she did."

"What do you mean, if? I told you how it was. They stood each other up."

"Okay, however it was. She'd be more apt to call him than anybody else. Maybe he knows where she is."

"You mean we should tell him she's not at the Careys'?" said Amy. What a pair of tattletales it would make them in Jessica's eyes! Well, let it. It was the logical thing to do, one of the few courses of action open to them. And, anyway, she thought as she reached for the telephone book, Eric probably wasn't home. By this time he would have found some other girl to spend the evening with.

He was not only at home, but apparently sitting on top of the phone waiting for it to ring. As soon as she identified herself (which she did with lightning speed; she was not going to be mistaken for Jessica this time), he said cheerily, "So you've changed your mind, have you? Decided to take me up on my offer? Congratulations."

They got that straightened out, and then she asked if he had heard from Jessica. "Why, no," he said. "Not that she doesn't owe me an apology. But she's not the apologetic type. If I wanted to be big about it, I suppose I could call her out there at the Careys', but . . ."

"Don't bother," said Amy. "She's not there."

"No?" There was a noticeable pause; Amy decided he must be lighting a cigarette. "Then, where is she?"

"That's just it — we don't know." She blurted out the business about Ruth Carey's call, as if counting on speed to blur the fact that it made a liar of Jessica.

"She's not there."

"No?" There was a noticeable pause; Amy decided he must be lighting a cigarette. "Then, where is she?"

"That's just it — we don't know." She blurted out the business about Ruth Carey's call, as if counting on speed to blur the fact that it made a liar of Jessica.

**B**UT Eric got the picture unblurred. "So she was feeding you a line. . . ." He sounded more thoughtful than alarmed — or surprised, if it came to that. "Listen, Amy, are you still at her place? I'll grab a cab and come over, see if we can figure this out. I mentioned before, I'm no good at phone conversations." When she hesitated, he added, "Don't worry, I'll be nice. I won't tell Hill you called him a mortgage." He hung up.

The report she gave Hill was abridged; even so, he received it glumly. "Great," he said. "Just great. We can stop worrying now that Eric's taking charge."

Still, when Eric showed up ten or fifteen minutes later, their three-cornered conference started off civilly enough. By now dusk was falling, and Jessica's living-room, until Amy thought to switch on the light, looked grey and defeated. They sat down and reviewed what little there was to review. No disagreements. Eric, too, was against calling in the police.

"It's not as if she'd been kidnapped. Wherever she is, she went of her own accord. It's just that she told Amy she was going somewhere else. Well, nobody tells the truth all the time. Not even me."

Hill gave him a cold look. "I trust this isn't one of those times when you're telling me more than the truth."

"Likewise, I'm sure," said Eric politely. "Matter of fact, there is one little point that might be well to clear up. Don't get your hopes up, boy— for Hill leaned forward, ready to pounce — not all that big a lie. Not at all, really. An omission. And for all I know, Amy may be committing the same omission." He cocked his head at her, smiling. "When Jessica called you yesterday, did she by any chance mention money?"

"Money?" Amy croaked. "Why no. No. Not a word. Why?"

"Because she did to me. . . . But you didn't talk to her! Or see her or anything. You broke the dinner date you had with her, and you didn't know till I told you that she broke it, too!"

"Right. Comes now the little omission, the call I had from her — what time would it have been — five? Five-thirty. All I know is, the conference was going full blast. That's why we got so muddled up. Let me think just what she said. I know you're busy, so I'll make it short. How much money have you got? Twenty-five, thirty bucks, I told her, and then she said, 'You broken record, don't suppose you could scrape up five hundred dollars in the near future, say the next five or ten minutes?' So I said, 'Are you kidding?' or something like that — it was Wednesday, the day before pay day—"

"Okay, okay," Hill snapped. "Then what?"

"Then nothing. She hung up. So did I. Period!"

"You mean you didn't even ask what she wanted the money for?"

"She didn't give me a chance. Ordinarily I would have called her back, but I was up to my ears, and of course, at that point I figured I was going to see her for dinner and we'd get everything squared away then. Only it didn't work out that way."

"I got stuck and lost track of the time, so I was good and late for our date."

"It didn't surprise me that she wasn't there. Jessica's not a girl to be kept waiting. Didn't surprise me, either, when she didn't answer the phone or the doorbell. (A) she was whooping it up with somebody else, or (B) she wasn't on speaking terms. . . . Which ever it was, it served me right. I was not only a broken record. I had stood her up. Mea culpa. Nothing to do but leave her that note and trust in time to heal all wounds."

"Plausible. Very plausible. 'Five hundred dollars,' said Hill. 'You call that a little omission?'"

"Sure—for one thing, I didn't take it too seriously. Oh, I didn't doubt she needed a wad of dough. Everybody gets in a financial jam now and then." A glance at Hill's rock-bound face and he decided on a correction. "Well, practically everybody. But Jessica's kind of sweeping about money. Large round numbers, that's her style. And she sounded so off-hand, you know, not at all crucial."

"What I thought was, she's in a bit of a fix, probably bought something her father wouldn't approve of; otherwise she'd go to him. . . . I thought. Why spill the beans to Amy? If Jessica wanted her to know, she'd tell her herself. I still can't believe . . ."

His eyes shifted warily from Hill to Amy. "Is it my imagination or are there some other maybe not so little omissions floating around in here?"

## \*\*\*\*\* AS I READ \*\*\*\*\*

### THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting Jan. 1



#### ARIES

MAR. 21—APR. 20

\* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, rose, lilac. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.



#### TAURUS

APR. 21—MAY 20

\* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blk., blue. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.



#### GEMINI

MAY 21—JUNE 21

\* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.



#### CANCER

JUNE 22—JULY 22

\* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.



#### LEO

JULY 23—AUG. 22

\* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.



#### VIRGO

AUG. 23—SEPT. 22

\* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, pink. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.



#### LIBRA

SEPT. 23—OCT. 22

\* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blk., blue. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.



#### SCORPIO

OCT. 23—NOV. 22

\* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.



#### SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 23—DEC. 22

\* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, red. Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.



#### CAPRICORN

DEC. 23—JAN. 19

\* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, blk., blue. Lucky days, Sun., Tuesday.



#### AQUARIUS

JAN. 20—FEB. 19

\* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, rose. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.



#### PISCES

FEB. 20—MAR. 20

\* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, red, black. Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 8, 1964

# Teenagers

WEEKLY



● Hayley Mills, the young British film star, attending a first-night in London with her mother.

**HAYLEY ON LOCATION—pages 8, 9**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately



# Letters

## Student says co-education dangerous

WHETHER you be male or female, I would like to put you straight on the matter of co-education.

Many of you think you would get a kick out of it. Well, you do. But in the wrong place—the brain.

Last year I was in a co-educational class and my results decreased 40 per cent. I found I was spending more time with my looks than my books. And, after having a consultation with some of my classmates, it seems they, too, were having the same problem.

Our principal, along with members of the Department of Education, called a meeting of the Parents and Friends' Association to discuss co-education, and the parents voted against it.

But did this voting do any good? No! Co-education is to continue.

Students, it is no fun. It's a danger to the education of teenagers. —*Laurence Inman, West Ryde, N.S.W.*

## Early marriage

LETTERS in the T.W. have criticised girls who marry before they are 20, saying a girl should travel, meet lots of boys, have fun, and then marry afterwards.

This may suit some carefree career girls, but not shy girls who have no desire to travel or flirt with a different boy every night.

I am one of these girls, and my one aim in life is to marry (which I will do in 1964 after my 18th birthday), have a family,

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

and stay home doing housework.

I know full well what I will be letting myself into. Ever since my mother died when I was 13 I have washed, ironed, cooked, entertained my father's business guests, made my own clothes, looked after the garden, and tried to live on a budget and pay all the bills.

I love doing these things and all the responsibility which goes with it.

So, before criticising those who marry young, just give a thought to their nature and the way they were brought up and educated, and I'm sure you'll find they are doing the right thing if their husband is a mature person. I know my husband-to-be is—"Jay," North Grange, S.A.

## Kiss definition

READING through an old book that had been tucked away, I came upon the following definition of a kiss:

"A kiss is a noun because it is both common and proper; a pronoun because SHE stands for it; a conjunction because it is active; a preposition because it always has an object; and an adverb because it tells the depth of love—"Anne," Wyreema, Qld.

## Tolerance, please!

WHENEVER you meet new people you are asked the same question—"Rocker" or "Jazzier"?

I appreciate both rock-'n-roll and jazz, as well as other types of music, and I think that it is rather ridiculous to shun any other form of music than the one most appreciated.

Why can't you be neutral in this matter, and still be considered normal instead of a square? —*"Neither," Ballarat East, Vic.*

## Girls oppose hair oil

TO "Dishevelled" (T.W., 4/12/63), who wanted an opinion from girls about boys using hair oil. We would prefer NO OIL. Oil is for cars. Your hair would look much healthier and more like hair without it.

Girls do not want to touch unbearably greasy locks of hair. Some boys may think they look neat and trim with it, but oil seems to attract the dust in the air.

Also, I'm sure you could spend the money on other and better things—such as girls.—*"Down With Oil," Island Bend, N.S.W.*

I HAVE always thought that boys with neatly combed, oily hair look like five-year-olds going off to a party. And, besides, that smell of hair oil!

A modern style which suits open cars is the very short all-over cut that can be combed flat with the help of a sprinkle of water. Windswept hair is very attractive on a boy, so, please, no hair oil or grease of any kind. —*"Bridget," Manto, Qld.*

[Some 50 girls replied to "Dishevelled" and were unanimous in their dislike of boys using hair oil. Only two suggested that just a touch of oil was permissible on formal occasions. —Ed.]

## Candy Stripper

MY American pen-friend has told me about one of her many interests—that of being a Candy Stripper, and I quote her:

"At present 26 girls, 15 and 16-year-olds, are serving a hospital in our city as Candy Strippers. We run errands, help serve food trays, feed patients, read stories to them, and have a whole series of other duties, carried out under the supervision of regular nurses and professionally trained staff.

"The average Candy Stripper works (with parent's permission) two to eight hours a week during the school year. Most of us are in Junior High School and work unpaid as a community service.

"Why the name Candy Strippers? We wear red-and-white-striped uniforms."

Do we have any Candy Strippers in Australia? —*Roslyn Bigg, Warwick, Qld.*

## End-of-year jobs

I BELIEVE in helping oneself and not just living off our parents and taking food, money, and clothes for granted. I am a boy of 15, and after finishing my Intermediate Certificate examination I wished to take a Christmas holiday job right away and begin earning.

At all other high schools in the district students who are 15 at the time can do this, but not at ours. The schoolwork we were given was not of much importance, and some of it had no bearing on what we will be doing in the coming year.

This means we were practically wasting our time, whereas we could have been out in a job earning money, helping with costs at home, gaining valuable experience and a good sense of values.

Surely this would have been better.—*"Help Yourself," Fairy Meadow, N.S.W.*

## NEXT WEEK . . .

• More party ideas for the holiday season—delicious do-it-yourself desserts and a Robin Hood Barbecue. • The latest in summer raincoats from an attractive new fashion range. • Pin-up of Jay Justin.



### Understanding

RECENTLY I received a gift from my great-aunt — a miniature surf-board on a chain. I was greatly touched, as she is quite old fashioned and set in her ways, and wrote her a note, thanking her.

She immediately wrote back, asking if she could take me to a movie. The movie was "Bye Bye, Birdie," and we both enjoyed it.

If more young people and old people took the time to try to understand each other with a little gift, note, or word, there would be less prejudice and criticism against teenagers. — "Happy Youngster," Eastwood, N.S.W.

### Family ties

I AM 13 years old and I still have to take my younger brother and sister everywhere I go. My best girl-friend often asks me if I can go swimming with her, but I can never go because I have to mind the children.

Only a couple of weeks ago I wanted to see a Hootenanny Hoot, but, as it turned out, my five girl-friends went and I wasn't allowed to go because of the children. — It was simply heartbreaking.

What should I do? — "Baby Minder," Williamtown, N.S.W.

### The rat-race

MAN is not living, but merely existing in the rat-race of the organised system, ruled by convention rather than conscience.

Bored, discontented, depressed zombies walk the streets, worrying petty worries, when the cause of them all is so evident it is overlooked.

We remain in existence only because it is against man's instincts to eliminate himself.

Some go against this instinct, others speak of "getting away from it all," but instead resign themselves to the inevitable because we have made escape almost impossible.

Is this the life that man was created for? Unless something is done, mankind is apparently doomed. But the question is: what can we do, and where can we start? — A. L. Heenan, East Melbourne.

### Newspapers help

WHY is it that so many working girls never look at a newspaper? Many of them can't hold a decent conversation, and, once you dispense with the weather, are extremely dull people.

A knowledge of current affairs does give a teenager a little bit more confidence and self-assurance.

Perhaps one of the causes of this general apathy is that many mothers of teenagers never lift up a newspaper, and take no interest in politics or the world situation, preferring to "leave all that to the man of the house."

I wonder if they've ever heard of the emancipation of women?

Remember, you don't have to be highly educated to read a daily paper. — Denise Jones, Amberley, Qld.

## BEATNIK



"What I need is a good depressing thought to cheer me up."

## Advice on nursing as career for girls

● Having got as far as a hospital interview and medical check up, Noela Peters (T.W., 20/11/63) asked readers to help her make up her mind as to whether she should continue with the idea of being a nurse.

IF you are an intelligent and fairly placid person who does not object to working hard at top pace you'll find nursing a most rewarding job.

But if you are extremely nervy, moody, tire easily, and have a strong tendency to be caught up in other people's lives and emotions, and especially if you don't like being bossed, then you won't get through the first year.

That first year is the worst; once over that there's every chance that you'll complete the course and love it. — (Mrs.) P. Beattie, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

I AM a second-year student nurse at Royal Perth Hospital, and would advise you to make up your own mind. Hear other views, but decide for yourself.

There is some time for relaxation and sport, but most of your time will be

taken up with study and work. You will shed many a tear, and often vow that your resignation will be on Matron's table on Monday morning.

Patients and trained staff will get you down, but still you stay and go on duty the next day. Why?

Because if you like nursing you will suffer all this and carry on helping people who are unable to help themselves, and gaining satisfaction from seeing your patients recover their health. — Lynette Thompson, Perth.

FOR years I wanted to be a nurse, and, like Noela, when the time came to start training, I began to get cold feet.

I started my training just over three months ago and haven't regretted a moment of it. It is harder than office work and the hours are longer, but it is

far more rewarding than anything else I have done.

If you should find that nursing isn't all that you thought it would be, you can always leave. But at least you will have had the satisfaction of knowing you tried. — "Happy Nurse," Brisbane.

I SPENT eight months in the profession, but found it a bit too much, so here is my advice. Give nursing a chance as your career.

It is a wonderful profession. If you marry at the end of training, nursing provides a perfect foundation for bringing up a family. If you remain unmarried you can look forward to a full and rewarding life.

Finally, if you do choose this career, then find it unsuitable, don't be ashamed to give it up. — Denise McCann, Seven Hills, N.S.W.



# NEW BEACH TUNICS IN COTTON

● *Why not make a New Year resolution to make one of these peach-of-the-beach outfits? The red and white fringed tunic and beach bag are knitted; the black and white three-piece set is crocheted. Both tunics are worked in two straight pieces, caught at the waist with white cord.*

## Fringed look in red, white TUNIC

**Materials:** Four 2oz. balls Struts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4 white; 4 2oz. balls red; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; medium-size wool crochet hook; 2yds. Struts Piping Cord No. 6.

**Measurements:** 17in. x 24in., not including fringe.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; cfd., cotton forward; st. (s.), stitch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat.

### FRONT AND BACK (Both alike)

Using red, cast on 96 sts. and p 1 row. Cont. in patt. thus:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 3, \* cfd., k 1, cfd. twice, k 1, cfd. three times, k 1, cfd. twice, k 1, cfd. k 6, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

3rd Row: Knit, dropping all cfd. loops of previous row.

4th Row: Knit.

5th Row: Change to white. Knit.

6th Row: K 3, \* k 5 cfd., k 1, cfd. twice, k 1, cfd. three times, k 1, cfd. twice, k 1, cfd. k 1, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

7th Row: Knit, dropping all cfd. loops of previous row.

8th Row: Knit.

These 8 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until there are 13 white stripes, then rep. 1st-4th rows once. K 1 row. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Join shoulders for about 3½in. on either side.

### FRINGE

Using red, crochet along lower edges as follows: 1 d.c. \* 3 chain, 1 d.c. into every 3rd st., rep. from \* to end. Knot 5 strands of white, 8in. long, through each chain loop. Trim evenly with scissors.

### CARRY-ALL

**Materials:** 4oz. each red and white Struts

Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair No. 8 knitting needles; No. 8 wool crochet hook; 1 pair oval cane handles; piece of plastic for lining; piece of cardboard 15in. x 3½in.; 1yd. ribbon 1in. wide.

**Measurements:** 12in. x 15in.

**Abbreviations:** K, knit; p, purl; cfd., cotton forward; st. (s.), stitch(es); st-st., stocking-stitch; rep., repeat.

### MAIN PIECE

Using red, cast on 96 sts. and p 1 row. Cont. in patt. as follows:

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 3, \* cfd., k 1 cfd. twice, k 1 cfd. three times, k 1 cfd. twice, k 1 cfd., k 6, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

3rd Row: Knit, dropping all cfd. loops of previous row.

4th Row: Change to white. Knit.

5th Row: Knit.

6th Row: K 3, \* k 5 cfd., k 1 cfd. twice, k 1 cfd. three times, k 1 cfd. twice, k 1 cfd., k 1, rep. from \* to last 3 sts., k 3.

7th Row: Knit dropping all cfd. loops of previous row.

8th Row: Knit.

These 8 rows form patt. Cont. in patt. until there are 10 white stripes, then rep. 1st-4th rows once. K 1 row. Cast off.

### GUSSETS (Make Two)

Using red, cast on 44 sts. and work 3½in. in st-st. Cast off.

### TOP (Make Two)

Using white, cast on 50 sts. and work in st-st. for 5 rows.

6th Row: Knit.

7th Row: Rep. 2nd row of patt.

8th Row: Rep. 3rd row of patt.

Work 5 rows in st-st. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press. Join gussets in with 1 row d.c. Stitch top piece to bag with top overlapping ½in.

### FRINGE

Knot 2 ½in.-long strands, 1 red, 1 white, through each of 50 sts. of overlap. Make lining same shape as bag, stitching cardboard along base. Stitch lining into bag, using ribbon to face. Attach handles with d.c., using 2 strands red and 2 strands white.

## Crocheted in black, white TUNIC

**Materials:** Nine 2oz. balls Struts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4 white; 1 2oz. ball No. 4 black; wool crochet hook No. 6; 2yds. Struts Piping Cord No. 2 and 2yds. No. 6.

**Measurements:** 17in. x 29in.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

### FRONT

Using white cotton, commence with 78 ch.

1st Row: 6 tr. (diamond) into 3rd ch. from hook, \* miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., miss 2 ch., 1 diamond into next ch., rep. from \* to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: 2 tr. into base of 3 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, \* 1 diamond into d.c., 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, rep. from \* to last st., 3 tr. into last st., turn.

3rd Row: 1 diamond into d.c., 1 d.c. into diamond, across row 3 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows once, then 2nd row once (6 rows in all).

7th Row: Join in black, work same as 3rd row.

8th Row: Join in white, work same as 2nd row.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows twice.

Using white only, cont. in patt. until 58 rows have been worked.

59th Row: Join in black, work same as 2nd row.

60th Row: Join in white, work same as 3rd row.

Rep. 59th and 60th rows twice.

Using white, work a further 5 rows, fasten off.

### BACK

Work same as for front.

### TO MAKE UP

Join shoulders 4½in. at either side. Loop piping cord at shoulders; tie with bow.

Bottom front and back: Join cotton and work 6 tr. into same space as 6 tr. of 1st row, 1 d.c. into d.c., across row. Fasten off.

### DUFFLE BAG

**Materials:** 9oz. Struts Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4 white; 2oz. black or desired contrast; cotton crochet hook No. 6; 3yds. Struts Piping Cord No. 6; piece plastic for lining.

**Measurements:** 11in. across, 14in. deep.

**Abbreviations:** Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

Using white, commence with 150 chain, join into circle with slip-stitch.

1st Round: 6 tr. (diamond) into 3rd ch. from hook, miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., \* miss 2 ch., 1 diamond into next ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., rep. from \* to end of round (25 diamonds).

2nd Round: Join in black, 3 ch., 2 tr. into base of 3 ch., making half diamond; 1 d.c. into centre of diamond (between 3rd and 4th tr.) \* 1 diamond into d.c., 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, rep. from \* to end of round, ending with 3 tr. into base 3 ch., join into 3rd ch. with slip-stitch. (The 3rd ch. to count as 1 tr. in diamond.)

3rd Round: Using white, \* 1 diamond into d.c., 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, rep. from \* to end of round.

4th Round: Using black, rep. 2nd round.

5th Round: Using white, rep. 3rd round.

6th Round: Using black, rep. 2nd round.

7th Round: Using white, rep. 3rd round.





8th Round: Using white, rep. 2nd round.

Using white, rep. 7th and 8th rounds until 21 rounds have been completed from commencement.

Rep. from 2nd to 6th rounds once.

Rep. 7th and 8th rounds until 37 rounds have been completed from commencement.

38th Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. into base of 3 ch., 2 ch., \* 2 tr. into centre of diamond, 2 ch., 2 tr. into d.c., 2 ch., rep. from \* to end of round, join with slip-stitch.

39th Round: \* 2 d.c. into first ch. loop, 2 d.c. between the 2 tr., rep. from \* to end of round. End off.

#### BASE

Work in d.c. a round flat base measuring 11in. across.

#### TO MAKE UP

D.c. base to top. Thread cord through loops. Line with detachable plastic bag.

#### MAKE-UP PURSE

Materials: 2oz. Struts Millford Knitting Cotton No. 4 white; small quantity black; cotton crochet hook size 2; piece of material for lining; 14yds. Struts Piping Cord No. 2.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; rep., repeat; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Measurements: 4½in. across, 6½in. deep.

Using white cotton, commence with 72 ch. Join into circle with sl-st.

1st Round: 6 tr. (diamond) into 3rd ch. from hook, miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch., \* miss 2 ch., 1 diamond into next ch., miss 2 ch., 1 d.c. into next

ch., rep. from \* to end of round (12 diamonds).

2nd Round: Join in black, 3 ch., 2 tr. into base of 3 ch., making half diamond, 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, \* 1 diamond into d.c., 1 d.c. into centre of diamond, rep. from \* to end of round, ending with 3 tr. into base of 3 ch., join to top of 3 ch. with sl-st. (the 3 ch. to count as 1 tr. in diamond).

3rd Round: Join in white, \* 1 diamond into d.c., 1 d.c. into diamond, rep. from \* to end of round.

4th Round: Using black, rep. 2nd round.

5th Round: Using white, rep. 3rd round.

6th Round: Using white, rep. 2nd round.

Rep. 5th and 6th rounds until 18 rounds have been worked from commencement.

MODELS for our cotton beach tunics and bags are Sydney girls Pearl Turton (left), 16, who is a champion surfboard rider, and Tanya Binning, 18, who appeared in the film "Mondo Cane."

19th Round: 3 ch., 1 tr. into base of 3 ch., 2 ch., \* 2 tr. into centre of diamond, 2 ch., 2 tr. into d.c., 2 ch., rep. from \* to end of round, join with sl-st.

20th Round: \* 2 d.c. into ch. loop, 2 d.c. between the 2 tr., rep. from \* to end of round. Fasten off.

#### BASE

Work in d.c. a round flat base measuring 4½in. across.

#### TO MAKE UP

D.c. base to top. Thread cord through loops. Stitch in lining.



## Death inspired invention of car

● The cry of "Oil, struck oil" rang through a valley at Titusville, in America's Pennsylvania, in August, 1859.

FOR the first time petroleum was tapped at its source, instead of being skimmed from stagnant pools where it came by seepage.

The man who thus started the oil age and, with it, a revolution in power and transport, was Edwin Drake, a rheumatic, ex-railway conductor who died in poverty — through gambling in oil shares.

Soon oil bubbled from wells in many countries. It needed only an inventor to join petroleum to an electric spark or other form of ignition, and the stage was set for the petrol motor, the motor-car, the motor-boat, the aeroplane, the tank, and other devices that changed the lives of millions.

Credit for applying the petrol motor to road transport is claimed for two Germans, Gottlieb Daimler and Karl Benz.

Daimler put his first petrol motor into a bicycle, and ignited the gas with a red-hot platinum tube.

Benz chose electricity for ignition and evolved the sparking plug. He put his water-cooled engine on three wheels, making it a car.

Rival factions still quarrel over who got there first.

Karl Benz was born in 1844, son of a railway engine-driver who died when Karl was two. School-boy Karl worked as a watch-repairer and photographer to help the family finances.

He had a sound education, topped off with a special course in mathematics and steam-engine design at Karlsruhe Polytechnic.

At 21 he took a job at the bench in the local locomotive works. He worked 13 hours a day, and spent his evenings working out designs for his favorite project — a horseless carriage.

### Close to starving

Young Benz first saw the need for a light-weight engine when he moved to Mannheim and bought a velocipede — two wooden wheels worked by treadles — which few could ride.

He tried to make a motor for it, but failed. In the process, however, he designed and built a two-stroke gas engine.

Benz spent so much on these experiments that he and his wife

were close to starving when a friend decided that Benz's gas engine was just the thing to drive pumps and machinery, and went into business with him.

Benz prospered. Still nagging at the back of his mind, however, was the need for a light-weight engine.

### Power in explosion

Inspiration came when a Mannheim woman, cleaning gloves with petrol, put the can near a hot stove. The resultant explosion killed her and set the house on fire.

Benz realised that here was power. He built a crude engine burning petrol gas. Intermittent flame was dangerous, so he experimented with a coil and electric battery, and evolved the sparking plug.

Benz had many problems to solve. Petrol gas would not burn well without air, so he evolved a carburettor.

He put his 1 h.p. engine on three wheels and, in 1885, pushed the flimsy contraption on the cinder track in his backyard.

He could not start it with the handle. Benz's first patent carriage had to be pushed till it coughed into life.

Benz chugged four times round the track before an ignition wire snapped and a driving chain broke.

By Christmas, 1885, however, Benz had driven his car 1000 yards at seven miles an hour, to the scorn of urchins, who threw mud at it.

Benz then built a 3 h.p. model with a two-speed gear. This convinced many he was a dangerous maniac. Police forbade him to drive at more than 4 m.p.h. in Mannheim. Munich banned him entirely from the streets.

He got his first break when he persuaded Herr Pfaff, a Baden administrator, to go for a ride in the car. He found he had a speed maniac on his hands who refused to be beaten by the local milk cart.

To cries of "Can't we go faster?" from Pfaff, Benz's foreman drove the administrator through Mannheim at 12 m.p.h. to the dismay of the public and the alarm of horses.

American millionaires hurried to



KARL BENZ



GOTTLIEB DAIMLER

buy the Benz patent carriage. Soon he was exporting. The motoring age had come.

Meanwhile, simultaneously with Benz, another German, Gottlieb Daimler, born in 1834, son of a baker, was at work on the world's first motor-cycle.

Daimler's machine made such a row in his shed at Canstadt that police raided the shed, believing it to be the hide-out of a gang of forgers.

Daimler, gun-maker, gas-engine expert, traveller, and factory executive, fitted his single-cylinder 1 h.p. petrol motor to a clumsy bone-shaker bicycle which is said to have caused terror and amazement when he rode it.

He fitted a second engine to a coach and a third to a boat. Orders for river launches came briskly from the Shah of Persia, Count Otto von Bismarck, and other potentates.

Daimler then took the shafts from a four-wheel horse carriage, fixed a 1½ h.p. motor to it, and rattled along at 18 m.p.h. till it shook to pieces, whereupon he had special bodies made.

Gottlieb Daimler died in 1900, Karl Benz in 1925. By then the air age had come.



# Boy on safari near Darwin

● When Peter Stewart, 20, started a new job recently, he never dreamt he would be charged by eight wild buffaloes a few days later.

"I REALLY panicked and climbed the nearest tree," he said, "and in the rush I did the worst thing I could have done—I dropped my gun."

The drama turned out to be all in a day's work for Peter, who spent four months helping to run his father's "Nourlangie Safari" on 154 square miles of swampy crocodile country, 120 miles south-east of Darwin.

Peter, of Waverley, N.S.W., had been working as a clerk in Sydney for four years when he decided to go north "for a while"—and ended up staying six and a half months.

## Star guests

Mr. Stewart has been running the safari camp for hunters for five years, and his guests have included film stars Bob Cummings and Chips Rafferty, American television personality Art Linkletter, and ace car driver Stirling Moss.

"But the guests are not all hunters," said Peter. "The area is a photographer's paradise, with all the brightly colored birds and swamp flowers."

The game includes buffaloes, crocodiles, kangaroos, dingoes, goannas, scrub turkeys, geese, ducks, quail, and wild pigs.

By Kerry Yates

The safari life attracts women as well as men.

"My sister Donna stayed at the camp three years ago," he said, "and although she was only 15 then, she shot a crocodile, a buffalo, a few wild dingoes and other game."

The camp headquarters is a safari lodge with dining and billiard rooms, and five small huts for the guests, set in a clearing in thick bushland country, near a billabong.

"It's very remote, with no contact with the outside world except by radio," said Peter.

In busy periods the camp employs three or four white and native guides, and half a dozen aboriginal helpers.

Peter worked as an assistant guide, radio operator, camp accountant, and general organiser.

"The camp has a very friendly, casual atmosphere," he said. "Everyone gathers around at night for a singalong, and Dad plays the mouth-organ and someone usually strums a banjo."

"Or some of the aborigines who wander around the property might put on a corroboree.

"The chief guide at the camp, Nym, also entertains the guests some nights around the camp-fire.

"An old tribal aboriginal, he also plays witch-doctor to wandering tribes who call at the camp, helping them with their sicknesses and worries."

The hunting parties set out about 6 a.m. in jeeps loaded with rifles, ammunition, and food.

## Crocodile danger

When one of the party spots an animal or tracks, Mr. Stewart tells them the correct way to approach.

Shooting a buffalo often means moving hundreds of yards up to the waist in mangrove swamps, with the danger of being attacked by crocodiles or water snakes.

When one of the party shoots a buffalo, there are barbecue steaks for lunch.

As some buffaloes weigh up to 800lb., they are butchered on the spot, and the meat is used at the camp and by local aboriginal tribes.

If a guest only wounds an animal, it's up to Mr. Stewart to kill it, and it was Peter's job to cover his father on these dangerous jobs.

"A wounded animal can be very wild," he said, "and other members of a buffalo herd often attempt to shepherd a wounded one away, and will charge at anyone who tries to stop them."

That's what happened when Peter climbed a tree. Another guide, Bob Sutton, had stalked a buffalo and, after two shots, had called, "He's dead."

Peter, who was sheltering behind a tree, raced out toward him, when eight other buffaloes charged out of a clump of bushes.

After skinning up the



PETER STEWART



NYM, chief safari guide, who often puts on a corroboree dance to entertain the guests.

nearest trees, the boys realised the animal was only wounded and watched the herd shepherd it away. Later they chased it in a jeep to kill it.

Peter often swam in billabongs, but only when another person was present with a rifle in case of crocodiles.

"They never bothered me," he said, "but several times I had to shoot snakes in the water. We baked them back at the camp, and they tasted just like chicken."

After four months in the wilderness Peter went to Darwin, where he worked for two and a half months as a clerk.

Then he decided to hitchhike the 3500 miles home to Sydney.

"It was a long way," he said, "but after picking up over 30 lifts in nine travelling days I finally made it."



BUFFALO, weighing over 500lb., which Peter shot. A young aboriginal boy, Roy, who works at the camp, looks on.





CARNIVAL scene from the film "The Moon-Spinners," when Hayley Mills becomes entwined in the arms of a giant octopus during a thrilling chase sequence. All pictures on these pages from photographer George Kanig.

## ...and on SHYNESS

● Like most young people, Hayley Mills is shy, and the biggest help in overcoming the problem came from her mother (pictured with her on our cover). Here is Hayley's advice to other teenagers.

IS it a struggle for you to be at ease socially? Well, I know all about that problem. I'm terribly shy with anybody.

I have to make an effort all the time, at the start. When I feel that way I try to step aside and let others be in the spotlight.

When I meet a shy boy at a party, I try to be interested in him, his interests, to help him out of himself. I talk about the usual sort of basic things like "Where were you born?" "How many are in your family?"

Then I respond with interest to his answers — "Ten, really?" or "Only one?"

Opportunities for more interesting talk always come up. At supper, try something light-hearted — "What food do you like? Fish? Here's a sardine. I wonder if it is stuffed!"

Mother is a charm, and has given me many hints. For instance, you can always turn a plate upside down, start peering at it from underneath and say, "I wonder who made this and where it's from."

If there is anything on the plate before you turn it, this is SURE to bring attention! I have never tried this, but I'm sure it would work.

Mother also says that if you are dealing with a bore, you can get him out of a rut with some unexpected remark such as, "Do you like string?" This leaves him dangling, not knowing whether you mean collecting string or string as in music.

As for the young men I date, I like them and all my friends to be polite to my parents. I don't mean to overdo it with too much dusting of chairs before sitting down. I mean respectful.

Mother has also warned me never to use snap judgment. You never know until you've known a person a bit whether or not what appears to be rudeness is inverted shyness.

Being shy, in the sense of modesty, can be a good thing socially. True shyness, unlike an inferiority complex, can have a charm quality that enhances the personality.



Hayley Mills on location...

# WORK AND FUN ON A LOVELY ISLAND

● Starring in Walt Disney's latest production, "The Moon-Spinners," was a working holiday on the Mediterranean island of Crete for Hayley Mills.

MOST of the filming was done at night, and Hayley spent almost every day in the sun and water — swimming, sunbathing, and water-skiing.

Her constant companion at work and play was her co-star, 23-year-old Peter McNery.

No one is talking of a serious romance between Peter and Hayley, who is now 17, but they obviously enjoyed each other's company.

Famous for her childhood roles, Hayley has suddenly grown up and blossomed into a lovely teenage beauty.

Each morning she would join Peter at Minos Beach, near Ayos Nicolaos, where the film unit was working.

"The Moon-Spinners" is Disney's first mystery-suspense drama.

In the film Hayley and Peter get mixed up in a colorful and lavishly staged carnival. During a chase they escape in a hearse, and have to force

their way through the carnival crowds.

The final scenes feature a giant fireworks display which is the climax of the carnival.

This theme is taken from the ancient history of Crete, and the various costumes and giant figures and floats were authentically copied from the frescoes of the Palace of Knossos.

The shooting involved the use of more than 900 local inhabitants and dozens of Greek extras, and took place between 6 p.m. and 6 a.m. each night.

In addition to Hayley and Peter, the film stars Joan Greenwood, Eli Wallach, Irene Papas, and Pola Negri, and is from a novel of the same name by Mary Stewart.

**HAYLEY MILLS** ready for a water-skiing session at Minos Beach, and (below) chatting in the sun with her co-star and friend, Peter McNery.



time, spiking up action and  
mind's eye: WESTCHESTER  
could think of who might  
have heard from  
It's just that she told Amy from rill to Amy. "Is it my





Bob Rogers'

# POPLINE

## That was the year that was

● Looking back on the record scene over the past 12 months it's clear that 1963 will be remembered as the year of surfing music.

IT also saw a tremendous increase in the popularity of English records and the growing importance of local artists.

As the year opened, the Bossa Nova was fading and the Tamoure rhythm enjoyed a short span of popularity.

Then came the first surfing hit, "Pipeline," by The Chantays, and a stream of others followed.

Prominent among them were "Surf City," "Wipe-out" backed with "Surfer Joe," and "Surfin' U.S.A."

Happily, one of the biggest surf hits was produced by an Australian group, The Atlantics' "Bombora."

Other local artists who made the top during '63 were Johnny O'Keefe with

"Move, Baby, Move," The Delltones with "Hangin' Five," Jay Justin with "Proud of You," Rob E.G. with "55 Days at Peking," and Jimmy Little with his "Royal Telephone."

Of course, any summary of the past year must include mention of The Stomp. This simple basic beat became the most popular pastime of all "with it" teenagers.

Elvis Presley maintained his hold on the market with "Return to Sender," "Devil in Disguise," "One Broken Heart for Sale," and "Bossa Nova Baby."

He was closely challenged by Cliff Richard, who had an unbroken string of hits — "Bachelor Boy," "The Next Time," "Dancing Shoes," "Summer Holiday," "Lucky Lips," "It's All in the Game," and "Don't Talk to Him."

However, other British artists featuring a new beat called the Liverpool Sound made a big impact on our charts.

Names like Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Brian Poole, and The Tremeloes, and, of course, The Beatles, unknown in 1962, became the new rave.

Despite the eminence of boys in the record field, girls came up with quite a few important discs. Most popular were The Crystals, The Raindrops, The Exciters, The Dixiebelles, and The Ronettes.

Duos like Paul and Paula, Steve and Eydie, Dale and Grace, and April



BILLY KRAMER, one of the new stars in Britain who have helped to make the Liverpool Sound popular.

Stevens and Nino Tempo also had several great chart-riders.

During the year some of Australia's best talent — Frankie Davidson, Judy Cannon, and Lana Cannell — went overseas to find show business fame.

In 1964 Bryan Davies, Robyn Alvarez, and probably others will join them.

What else is in store in this fascinating, ever-changing business, I wonder?

### Dave Clark on film

IF you were watching carefully during a screening of "The V.I.P.s" you might have spotted the face of Dave Clark, the English artist currently shaking the airwaves with "Glad All Over."

Dave supplements his income from records by taking bit parts in films. You can see him next as a battle-weary G.I. in the war epic "The Victors."

His group, The Dave Clark Five, is one of the very few semi-professional

combos to hit the big time. Dave leads on drums, and the other four-fifths are Rick Huxley (bass), Lenny Davidson (guitar), Mike Smith (organ), and Dennis Payton (tenor).

The Five have been together about two years. They all met in a gymnasium, where they used to practise unarmed combat and karate.

Since then they have been working dance halls all over England and still play three nights a week at the Locarno in Basildon.

All except Dave have kept their daytime jobs.

A former draughtsman, Dave gave it up for his first love, acting.

He started an earlier group called The Five, which appeared in two minor films, but they broke up after a while and only two of the original five are in the present group.

Sensibly, Dave decided the only way to break into the record business would be to record his group himself under the conditions in which they work best.

Knowing they couldn't

Two more record pages in Everybody's Magazine

Pin-up and "Star Dossier" of BRENDA LEE

AUSTRALIA'S TOP TEN

LATEST NEWS and REVIEWS in

Everybody's

OUT TOMORROW

THIS ISSUE ON SALE NEXT WEEK IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA



## DIGGER'S NEW DISC

● Digger Revell, whose pin-up is on page 16, has just released his latest surf-'n-stomp record, "My Little Rocker's Turned Surfie," through R.C.A. The backing by the Denvermen has, as writer Johnny Devlin says, a real Australian sound.

"Just as the English have the new Mersey Sound, we've made it with a new Australian sound," Johnny said.

The flip, "Tip Of My Tongue," is a bouncy number written by the masters of the Mersey Sound, The Beatles.

obtain the dance hall sound at a normal recording session, he hired a studio to do it their own way.

They came up with a disc which earned them a Columbia record contract, the start of their success.

## Local hot rod

FIRST on the local scene with the souped-up sound of hot-rod music are the Bryan Myers Quartet. "Draggin'," their first time out on disc, is a gas sound of which the boys can really be proud.

Guitarist Noel Quinlan wrote the tune and C.B.S. artists and repertoire man Sven Libaek added the authentic effects of hot-rods burning up a track.

The group has been playing around Sydney for some time and providing backings for more well-known artists. They gave

hand on "Just Like a Child."

Bryan's piano gives the group a distinctly different sound, one that could make their debut disc a chart-rider.

## The art of "hangin' five"

IT'S quite a while since The Delltones surfed up the charts with "Hangin' Five," but I recently discovered a good deal more about this hit when I interviewed the composer of the song, Ben Acton.

A surf fanatic when off duty, Ben spends his working hours as a senior constable of the Sydney Police Force.

"Hangin' five is a most difficult feat," explained Ben. "It literally means walking up the surfboard until the five toes of one foot are hanging over the front edge."

"This is only possible when cornering or cutting across the face of a wave, the only time when the board is moving fast enough to carry the weight of the surfer up front."

Ben's favorite beach is Harbord, where he lives only a few yards from the surf, but he says the best surfing spot he has ever visited is Sunset Beach in Hawaii.

The enjoyment he derives from surfing was the main reason he wrote "Hangin' Five." "I wanted to describe the feel of it," he explained.

Ben is now busily working on a follow-up, which tells of a surfer who is scared to attack a big wave, but finally plucks up courage and finds it exhilarating.

## New 'Kings Cross'

AS mentioned earlier, Frankie Davidson is gone from our shores, but hardly forgotten. He is currently keeping his name before the Australian public with a new version of his hit "Have You Ever Been to See Kings Cross?"

The addition of some English-type lyrics calculated to appeal to any Londoner's patriotism could make this song, "Have You Ever Been to See London Town?", a hit the second time around.

So far Frank hasn't hit the big time in Britain, but



ELVIS PRESLEY, shown here with his manager, Col. Tom Parker, was again one of the biggest disc sellers in 1963.

he is battling his way up by working in clubs all over the country.

## Nashville- on-the-Thames

FRANKIE isn't the only artist singing the praises of London. Stars like Connie Francis, Roy Orbison, and Bobby Rydell think so much of the place that they cross the Atlantic to make recordings there.

Connie Francis started the trend about two years ago when she decided to record some uptempo numbers especially for the English market, as the slow ballads she turned out so successfully in the U.S. failed to impress her British fans.

Bobby Rydell with similar worries asked an English songwriter to come up with something English record buyers would like. The result was "Forget Him," now an inter-

national hit. While in Britain several weeks ago Bobby cut a follow-up, "It's Time We Parted."

Roy Orbison cut his Christmas hit, "Pretty Paper," in a London studio, and Chubby Checker put down four sides there, all of which are due for release in '64.

Other American artists searching for hit material found it in London. Buddy Holly's former manager, Norman Petty, took a pile of English manuscripts back home after his last visit, including a tune by Frank Ifield, which Jimmy Gilmer has recorded.

## Sure shots

"As Usual," Brenda Lee (Festival); "Whispering," April Stevens-Nino Tempo (Atlantic); "Country Boy," Heinz (Decca); "Glad All Over," The Dave Clark Five (Columbia).

## WORTH HEARING

### BRAHMS: Symphony No. 2

BRAHMS was a composer who seldom took anything lightly, least of all the writing of a symphony. But of his four symphonies, the one in which he came closest to relaxing from his stern sense of purpose was the second in D major.

This is, for the most part, a warm, genial, and lyrical work, in contrast to the austere grandeur of the first symphony, which was completed (15 years after Brahms first conceived it) just one year earlier. It makes an excellent introduction to the appreciation of Brahms' major works.

The second symphony has a performance that exactly matches its qualities on an R.C.A. disc just released (in the low-priced Victrola series).

The conductor is veteran Pierre Monteux, who is now in his 80s; the orchestra is the Vienna Philharmonic, a band of players steeped in the Brahms tradition. Between them they produce a mellow, mature, unassertive interpretation that makes a pleasant change from the brilliant but often over-dynamic performances that come from the American orchestras.—Martin Long.



FRANKIE DAVIDSON



going? No, not exactly. No, risky-looking woman. She was would never forgive her, and here, I wasn't born. I "Tonight I just want you to get the fact that I"

# TEENA

by  
Lillian  
Tung

I HAVE TO GO SHOPPING WITH MY MOTHER TODAY... I DREAD IT...

I WISH MY FOLKS'D TRUST ME TO DO MY OWN SHOPPING, LIKE YOUR FOLKS DO.

WELL, YOU HAVE TO **FIGHT** FOR IT... **TELL** THEM...

TELL THEM MY MOTHER LETS ME... **THAT** ALWAYS WORKS.

**I'LL DO THAT!** I'LL CALL YOU TO-NIGHT... LET YOU KNOW HOW I MADE OUT



TEENA? IT **WORKED!!** I GOT TO DO ALL MY OWN PICKING ALL BY MYSELF. I GOT THE MOST **SCRUMPTIOUS** DRESSES! WAIT'LL YOU SEE! I GOT THE BLUE CORDUROY JUMPER I'VE BEEN WANTING, AND THE WHITE LEATHER COAT, AND THE PINK SATIN GOWN...

'N' A NEW GREY SUIT WITH THE CUTEST HAT TO MATCH, AND A RED VELVET COAT, AND A BEAUTIFUL SWEATER SET, AND A RED SHEATH AND - AND -

I CAN'T WAIT! I'M COMING RIGHT OVER!!





## TOPS IN SPORT

# Tokyo hope 'gave it a go'

By Cynthia Robinson

● If a mate hadn't developed a cold one night, Kevin Standen wouldn't look like wheeling his way into Australia's team for the 1964 Tokyo Olympics.

KEVIN, now 18, had been riding a bicycle round the streets of Hurlstone Park, the Sydney suburb where he lives, since he was about ten, but he'd never regarded it as a serious sport.

"In those days I just thought it was easier than walking," he said with a grin.

"I'd never even tried to race anyone, and then one night about four years ago my mate down the street, who'd already begun competitive riding, got a cold and couldn't take part in a handicap race.

"He suggested I ride his bike in the race, and I thought I might as well give it a go.

"Gee whiz, I nearly fell off the bike when I won the handicap, though. And I guess that gave me such a thrill that I've had the racing bug ever since."

This was a lucky day for Australian amateur cycling, for officials regard this modest engineering apprentice as one of the most promising riders the country has produced.

In his short career he has been a member of five successive premiership teams with the St. George Club, and two years ago he was third in the N.S.W. juvenile State championship.

Then last August in the Australian senior championships in Tasmania he staggered the experts by riding a magnificent race to finish third

behind Vic Brown and Tom Delaney, two greatly experienced riders.

To keep in training, Kevin rides about 150 to 200 miles a week, which includes 14 miles to and from work each day.

"The traffic is usually too heavy to get up much speed, but it helps keep me fit, and it's much more pleasant than being squashed inside a bus," said Kevin.

A former Rugby enthusiast, Kevin finds cycling takes up all his spare time and interest at present.

For 12 months now he's been training doubly hard, and he now looks certain to be chosen when the Olympic trials are held in Melbourne about the middle of the year.

Kevin competes in track



KEVIN STANDEN, 18-year-old cyclist who recently rode third in the Australian senior championships.

races from October to March each year, and rides in distance races (which he prefers) during the winter road season.

Up till now, because he has been growing, Kevin has had to keep changing his racing bicycle. But he's had his current model for 12 months, and hopes he'll be riding it into a leading position at the Olympics.

"And if I get to Tokyo, I hope I don't have the same luck I had in a re-

cent Liverpool-to-Dubbo road race," he said.

"I thought I had a good chance in this three-day event, and then I got a puncture — the first I've ever had in a race.

"After fixing the tyre I finished 11th, so I guess it could have been worse.

"But wouldn't it be murder if that happened in an Olympic race? That would really break your heart."

NEXT WEEK: Val Buffham.

Beauty  
in brief

## SUMMER FRESHNESS

PERSONAL daintiness is as much a necessity in one season as in another, but summer demands a greater vigilance in maintaining it.

Just for the record, a deodorant removes odor which develops after perspiration has occurred. An anti-perspirant closes the pores and stops the glands sending perspiration to the skin surface.

Preparations having both qualities (deodorant with anti-perspirant) combine the two functions.

It's more than worth while to embark on some research in order to establish which preparation is best for you, because worrying about the possibility of perspiration odor only makes it worse.

For under arms the roll-on type of deodorant does a quick, neat job. For all over, use a spray.

Deodorants won't work unless the skin is absolutely clean and dry. They won't work if soap is left on the skin. After the bath or shower, towel water off in the ordinary way, then wait a few minutes and blot under arms with clean tissue before applying your deodorant.

Your bath towel may leave the areas slightly moist, and this will dilute the strength of the deodorant or anti-perspirant.

Allow enough time for thorough drying after application for best results.

— Carolyn Earle



Louise  
Hunter

Here's

your answer

### Cousins' romance

"I AM 17 and have been going with a 21-year-old boy for over six months. We have grown pretty attached to each other and seem to be an ideal couple but for one thing — we are second cousins. Are we wise in seeing each other regularly as we have been doing in the past, or should we break up and 'try' to forget each other? I realise I am still young, and think that there couldn't be any real harm in continuing to see him, as I have a career ahead of me and several years to go before even thinking of marriage. But every time we see each other seems to be better than the time before, and we are awfully fond (if not more than fond) of each other. I know what I'd like your answer to be, but maybe getting serious with a second cousin could prove to be rather detrimental."

"Sad Sal," Vic.

At 17, and with a career ahead of you, you may be crossing your bridges a little early. But if, as time goes by, you both begin to think seriously of marriage you should have a frank talk to your parents and then consult your family doctor. (If you are a Roman Catholic you should also consult your parish priest.)

There may be no reason at all why you shouldn't marry your second cousin. But only a medical authority can advise you whether, in your case, such a marriage might be detrimental, from the point of view of having children.

### "Strongman" act

"I AM 17 and for 10 wonderful months went with a 19-year-old boy. Despite his warnings, I went out with another boy, and, being a fool, would not promise never to see him again. My boy-friend dropped me, and then I realised how terrible life was without him. He said that although it would be easy to come back to me he must be strong, and under no circumstances do so, as he didn't want to be hurt again. As we live in the same district, I see him continually, and this hurts very much. He dropped me over six weeks ago and I am still just as heartbroken.

Do you think there is any hope for me?"

"Topsie," N.S.W.

All this "I must be strong" stuff sounds like a big act to me. Your former boy-friend is either using it as an excuse to break with you — or is keeping away from you until he thinks he has "punished" you enough for flouting his wishes.

Stop pining for him. See more of your friends and go out with other boys. You'll soon find that life without your over-possessive friend isn't so terrible after all.

And if he does ask you out again, don't be in a hurry to make humble promises not to date anyone else.

### Three little words

"ALL of my friends have been told by their different boy-friends that 'they love them.' I am nearly 16. This has never happened to me, but I am sure that my current boy-friend (whom I prefer to any other) is about to say this to me. What should I say or do if this should happen? My friends all say they get very tongue-tied when this is said to them. I hope you can help

me, as this could be very embarrassing."

"Embarrassed," Qld.

The first time you hear those three magic words "I love you" from someone you like very much should be a very sweet moment. You may blush, you may become tongue-tied — but that won't spoil it in the least.

A too-slick reply might spoil the moment — but a kiss won't.

### Jillaroo's job

"I'VE picked a career which would take me up north to a cattle ranch. But my problem is that I don't know how to get in touch with anyone who can help me find out about applying for such a job. I was wondering if you could help me. I am a girl of 16. Would you by any chance know what the wage is?"

L.F.E., N.S.W.

If you're thinking of working as a jillaroo on a cattle station in the Northern Territory or North Queensland, I'm afraid I have to dampen your hopes. All these stations are so vast that the jackeroos are out mustering for days at a time — consequently, no girls are employed for this work.

Girls are employed for domestic work and to help with children. (Most "mother's" helps are a bit older than you and obtain their jobs through personal contact with the station owners or managers.)

Your best bet is to look for work as a jillaroo on a property in your own State. Try advertising in pastoral or farming newspapers. Even if you start with an indoor job, you'll have a taste of the life you're interested in, and it may lead to opportunities for the type of work you want.

### A word from Debbie . . .

• Want to pretty up a plain frock? Or glamorise your formal dance frock?

A LITTLE attention to the waistline will do the trick. For day wear make a ribbon belt. Simply buy a length of strong ribbon — your waist measurement plus an extra yard for the bow.

Stiffen the inside-waist section with crinoline or buckram. Sew in featherboning vertically at the sides and in the back section.

Line the extra yard of ribbon and fold both ends toward the centre.

Sew a separate loop of ribbon around the centre, forming a bow. Attach it to the belt. Finally, sew on big hooks and eyes.

Your ribbon belt will accent your trim waist. And you can

have jazzy mix-and-match colors — orange with a lemon dress, pink with red, blue with green.

Now, to dress up the self-fabric belt of your formal frock, you'll need crystals, drop pearls, seed pearls, diamantes, sequins — you can mix them, or keep to one type of sparkle trim.

First draw your design on a strip of paper the size of your belt. Now sew on your jewels, carefully copying your pattern. Work under a good light with CLEAN hands — you'll find it hard to remove a stain once you've started.

Use strong sewing silk — cream silk for pearls and grey for crystals.

Just an hour or so of stitchery — and you'll feel like a million dollars on your next formal date!



## Dress and dates

"I AM a girl of 15 years. Do you think I'm old enough to: 1. Wear eye make-up; 2. Wear tight skirts; 3. Wear two-inch heels; 4. Go out with boys occasionally; 5. Go to mixed parties? Please tell me what you think, and I'll take your advice."

"Worried Fifteen," N.S.W.

1. No (except perhaps a very little for a special evening out).

2. There's a difference between slim and skin-tight skirts. Yes to the first (if they suit you) and no to the second. (Looser lines are "in" now, anyway — and they're very becoming on teenagers.)

3. Yes — but only on "very dressed up" occasions.

4 and 5. Yes — if your parents approve of the company you'll be in.

## Shy hand-holder

"MY problem is that I am in love with the boy next door. I am a redhead with freckles. When I make up (which is most of the time) I have been told that I am pretty. I am 15½ and have never had a boy-friend, as I am only allowed to go out with boys my parents know and like. I am sure this boy likes me, as I see him quite often at the weekends and he is very nice to me and once held my hand. How can I get him to ask me out? He is very shy and is teased by other boys. He is not usually shy with me. I don't think he's ever had a girl-friend before. Do you think he will ever ask me out?"

"Dianne," S.A.

Quite likely. If he held your hand, he's not TOO shy. Ask your parents if you can have a small party of some sort during the holidays — perhaps a record evening or a barbecue.

Then, invite him. The next invitation will be up to him.

## Letter ban

"I AM an 18-year-old girl of Greek descent, and (like most people of our nationality) my parents are very strict with me. I am not allowed to date any boy. This I have accepted graciously — I do as my parents say and never try to do anything behind their backs. My problem is that I am deeply fond of a boy I have known for three years. He is abroad, therefore the only way we can contact each other is by correspondence. The privilege of writing to him has been taken away from me, because my mother doesn't like him. My parents think he is after their money. He wanted to write to me, but I said 'no' because of my parents. Now I regret this, but what can I do? The only way I can confide to my mother is by writing her notes and leaving them on her bed at night. I'm to

# AN UMPIRE ON WHICH THE FUN NEVER SETS

● What strange power over males does pretty 17-year-old Sylva Gregrova, of Czechoslovakia, have?

HER hobby is whistling at the boys — and when she does, brother, do they jump to it!

The explanation is that Sylva is Czechoslovakia's first female soccer referee.

It would be interesting if the idea spread to other sports. Certainly it would brighten up the business.

It wouldn't be so unpleasant, for instance, if angry spectators hurled empty perfume bottles at a pretty referee.

And romance could enter into an inter-Services wrestling match refereed by a lass.

A Navy battler with a crush on the ref. as well as his opponent could murmur, "Kiss me half-Nelson."

Girls probably would steer clear of cricket umpiring, however.

No girl, proud of her pins, would want to be called a square-leg umpire!

I REALLY bought into trouble when I wrote (Teenager, November 27) a piece criticising lasses' lack of sense of physical proportion.

(I commented, among other things, on the manner in which tall girls over-accentuate their height.)

I received a lot of letters in which girls were in high (heel) dudgeon and gave me a dressing-down.

There were three particularly torrid attacks:

"Bess," of Armidale, N.S.W., wrote that I am perhaps a "shorty," with an inferiority complex in the presence of tall girls.

Fay Something-or-other (I couldn't make out the surname), of Canberra, A.C.T., suggested I hate girls because I can't get a date.

"Sioux City Sue," of Geelong, Vic., thought I should be tarred, feathered, and run out of town on a rail.

What can I say, except that

I'm 6ft. tall, don't hate girls —

and don't like to travel by

that sort of rail, particularly

if my back's to the injun!

— Robin Adair

you've obeyed their wishes so far, they should trust you to do this.

Is there a family friend in whom you could confide and who in turn would be willing to talk to your parents?

Rest assured that you cannot be forced into an arranged marriage while you are living in Australia. If you are seriously worried about your parents' attitude about this, go and have a talk to the Chamber Magistrate at the court house in your town.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



thing? No, not exactly. No, husky-voiced woman. She was would never forgive her. ain't here. I wasn't born. I "Tashah" I just want...

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE.

**DIGGER  
REVELL**

Page 16 — Teenage Week — Sent to The Australian Women's Weekly — 18



"Possibly." Hill looked him up and down. He did not elaborate.

"Now, look here," Eric began hotly. His face turned red. "You act as if it were none of my business. Well, for your information I'm worried about Jessica, too, even if I don't happen to be an old friend of the family and all that. I've got a right to know if she's in some kind of a mess. Amy..."

But Amy was not going to tell him about Tony either. She stared at her hands, clasped tensely in the lap of her party dress. The party they weren't going to — and Eric was probably right, it probably wasn't a good one — only what were they going to do instead? How did you go about finding Tony with an S? And supposing you did find him, what then? If he was what Jessica was running away from, how would finding him bring you any closer to finding her?

Meanwhile, here were Eric and Hill, practically at each other's throat (a situation that Jessica not only would have known how to handle, but also would have enjoyed), and Amy could do nothing but sit, a dumb lump of distress, and wish she knew how to —

The telephone rang, and she sprang for it in a spurt of relief and hope. "Hello?" she said shakily, and for a moment there was no reply, only something that might have been a gasp.

Then: "Jessica?" It was a woman's voice, distinctive, a nubbly textured kind of voice, and as shaky as Amy's, but for a different reason. Incredible. As if this woman, whoever she was, could not believe her ears.

"No, no, it's Amy, her sister. Jessica's not here. Please who is this?"

"Who did you say? Oh, Amy. Her sister. Listen dear..." The woman paused, perhaps debating whether to hang up. Then she resumed coolly: "My, you did give me a start! You sounded just like her at first. You going to be around awhile — in Jessica's apartment, I mean?"

"Why do you ask? If it's something about Jessica — if you want to see me..."

"Oh, my, no... There, I didn't mean that the way it sounded. But I wasn't thinking of coming to see you, anything like that. I just thought I'd tell you, if you're going to be around..." Another of those pauses. "Listen, dear, if the doorbell rings, don't answer it. I just wanted to tip you off. For your own good."

"What do you mean, for my own good? Who are you? Is this a threat? Because if it is..."

"Why, what an idea!" The woman laughed charmingly, disarmingly. "Of course it's not a threat, dear. It's just a friendly little tip. You never know who it might be ringing your bell, now do you? So be a doll, don't answer it. Okay?"

"Please tell me who you are. Please, if you know where Jessica is..."

"Don't worry," said the warm, husky voice. "There's not a thing to worry about. Just don't answer the doorbell. Bye now. Nice talking to you, dear." The line went dead.

It wasn't easy, Amy found, to convey to Eric and Hill her impression of the husky-voiced woman. Did she sound frightening? Tough? Threatening? No, not exactly. No, not drunk or crazy either. Well then, what? Excited? Hysterical?

Nervous was more like it.

"And she sounded nice," Amy added, without expecting to be believed. "As if she wanted to be friendly, you know. Wanted me to like her." Though she wondered now if there weren't something a little sinister about that cosy touch. Like a pat on the head from the executioner. "If only I could have got her to tell me who she was! She didn't expect Jessica to be here—I'm sure of that. And she doesn't want me to answer the doorbell."

But, again, what had seemed simple and straightforward while the woman was talking now took on a dark, devious tinge. Did she realise that she couldn't have hit on a better way of ensuring that Amy would answer the doorbell? Was that what she was after?

"I'll go downstairs and wait in the lobby," said Hill. "That way I can keep an eye out for anybody who rings the bell. You stay here, Amy. Don't push the buzzer unless I signal — let's make it two shorts and two longs — and don't open the door up here until you're sure it's me."

HILL looked pointedly at Eric. "We don't want to hold you up if there's something you..."

"Not a thing," Eric hastened to assure him. "I'm only too glad to help in any way I can. I'll stay and keep Amy company. Unless you feel the need of protection against the bell ringer."

"Thank you, no." With a set jaw Hill headed for the door. Amy went with him as far as the elevator. "Some day I'm going to clip that guy," he muttered. "If he gives you any trouble..."

"He won't, Hill. I can't help thinking it has something to do with Tony. Why else would she need five hundred dollars?"

Hill nodded. Then he said hopefully, "Of course, we only have Eric's word for it, and personally I have one or two reservations about how much that's worth. After all, who is he? What do we know about him?"

"All right, so we don't have his whole family history for thirteen generations back! He's not as much a screwball as Tony—I should think even you could see that. And he doesn't have a grudge against Jessica."

"Or if he has, he hasn't mentioned it. Him and his little omissions. For all we know they may have had a row last night, and that's why she's pulled this disappearing act."

They glared at each other. But, Amy was thinking, it might not be so far-fetched, at that. And certainly it was not so ugly or alarming as the notion of Jessica's fleeing in terror from a Tony gone berserk. It didn't explain the husky-voiced woman on the phone. But then, she didn't fit in with the Tony theory either.

If she were, say, some kind-hearted bystander or an acquaintance of Tony's bent on warning Jessica of her danger... But she couldn't be. Such a person would have spoken her piece and got it over with. She wouldn't have been astonished at hearing what she took to be Jessica's voice — wouldn't, indeed, have had any idea what Jessica's voice sounded like.

Nothing explained the husky-voiced woman. She was a loose end, all the more exasperating because she couldn't possibly be ignored.

The elevator arrived with a

gentle bump and a gasping sound as the doors glided open. Hill reached for her hand and tried miserably to smile. "Don't be mad at me, Amy. And don't worry — we'll get it sorted out. It's probably just..." He gave up and stepped into the elevator. For a moment his melancholy horse face peered at her through the round porthole; then with another gasp the elevator slid downward, out of sight.

"Alone at last," Eric said when she got back to the living-room. "Don't believe everything Hill tells you about me. He's prejudiced. Nobody could be as much of a rat as he thinks I am. Nobody. Not even me."

"Okay. But, Eric, if you're holding out on us, if you saw Jessica last night..."

"So help me." He raised his hand in mock solemnity, but his eyes met hers with every appearance of candor. "The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth. I wouldn't hold out on you. Why should I? When it comes to that, why should you and Hill hold out on me?" He paused in case she wanted to answer.

"All right, question withdrawn. I don't know about you, but I'm hungry. While we're waiting for the bell to toll, why don't I see if there's any food on the premises?"

"Now that you mention it," she said. No dinner was very likely one of the reasons she felt hollow. And with Eric occupied in the kitchen, she would have a chance to go through Jessica's desk without his looking over her shoulder. She preferred it that way.

The moment he was safely behind the screen she sat down at the desk. It was a small one, with a front that opened out to form a writing table, backed by different-sized compartments and a couple of diminutive drawers, and she saw at a glance that Jessica's last tidy fit had been a long time ago.

Every cubbyhole was crammed full: letters, clippings, theatre programmes, bills, receipts, snapshots, whatnot, all were shoved together in disorder. Amy's resolve faltered. Finding a clue to Tony here (assuming in the first place that there was one and in the second place that she would recognise it if she saw it) would be a stroke of sheer luck. But it was all she could think of to try.

METHODICALLY she tackled the job of separating discards from possibilities, no matter how slim. Unfortunately, Jessica was a great one for scribbling on the backs of envelopes or whatever scrap of paper came to hand: stray addresses and phone numbers were likely to crop up anywhere. They could not be junked—at least, not yet. They might turn out to be the only clues: unless something clearly identifiable with Tony came to light, they would be.

"Need any help?" Eric asked, emerging from behind the screen with sandwiches and coffee.

She needed it, all right, and she had a treacherous impulse to tell him so—blurt out the whole sorry business about Tony and be done with it. Impossible, of course. Eric, of all people—Jessica would never forgive her. Neither would Hill. She would never forgive herself. "I don't even know what I'm looking for," she said. "I

just thought there might be something..."

"Might be, at that." He set her plate and cup down on top of the desk and withdrew to the sofa with his own. "Poor Hill, standing his lonely guard with nothing to keep his strength up. But then, maybe he doesn't care for peanut butter. I can take it or leave it alone, myself."

"Delicious," said Amy, her mouth full. As she munched she flicked through another batch of papers. "You're a very good—" She stopped short. A mirage, perhaps? Her strained nerves playing tricks on her?

"What's the matter?" Eric asked. "Did you find something?"

"No," she lied. "I just swallowed wrong." It was really there, the envelope. Empty, but never mind. Never mind Jessica's name and address, either, or the blurred postmark, or anything except the return address in the upper left-hand corner. "A Santini," in neat, slanting handwriting, and a street in Greenwich Village. A for Tony. Santini for Tony with an S. The clearly identifiable clue she had not dared to hope for here in her hand.

The doorbell brought her leaping out of her chair, still clutching the clue. Hill's signal—two short yips and two wild, prolonged peals.

"Ah ha!" said Eric. He rose calmly and went to push the buzzer. "What have we here? Two postmen, no doubt."

By this time Amy was in the foyer beside him. It seemed natural, and very comforting, that he should put his arm around her while they waited for whatever the elevator was bringing them. "Scared?" he asked. "Don't be. It could be just Hill by himself. Probably is. Whoever showed up, he's probably sent them on their way and now he's coming to tell us the coast is clear."

"He wouldn't let anybody dubious in. Not our Hill. Besides, we won't open this door up here until he gives us the word. Not even then, if you'd rather not. Hey, that's an idea! Don't let Hill back in, either. Just you and me. We could go on a peanut-butter binge..."

"Sh," said Amy. "There's the elevator."

And right after the elevator opened came the thud of footsteps in the hall, purposeful-sounding, and instead of the melodious chime Amy expected, a peremptory pounding on the door. The police? she thought, and Eric called out, "Yes? Who is it?"

Two voices answered, one that thundered, "Open up!" and the other a little breathless but undoubtedly Hill's, that said, "It's O.K., Eric. Amy, you there?"

The moment Eric clicked the lock the door was pushed open. The man who had done the pushing — and the thundering — looked enormous to Amy. Hill, tall as he was, was almost blocked out; only his high forehead and eyes showed beyond the man's meaty shoulder.

An enormous, barrel-shaped, red-faced man, wearing a sports shirt on which red and blue skyrockets exploded in all directions. He pushed back his hat—a tropical straw with a multi-colored band—and fixed on Amy a stare of triumphant rage.

"Uh-huh!" he said. "I knew it. I knew she was here. Nobody's going to fool me with their talk about she ain't here. I wasn't born yesterday."

"Amy," Hill began, "this man..."

"Amy, is it? Ha! Don't

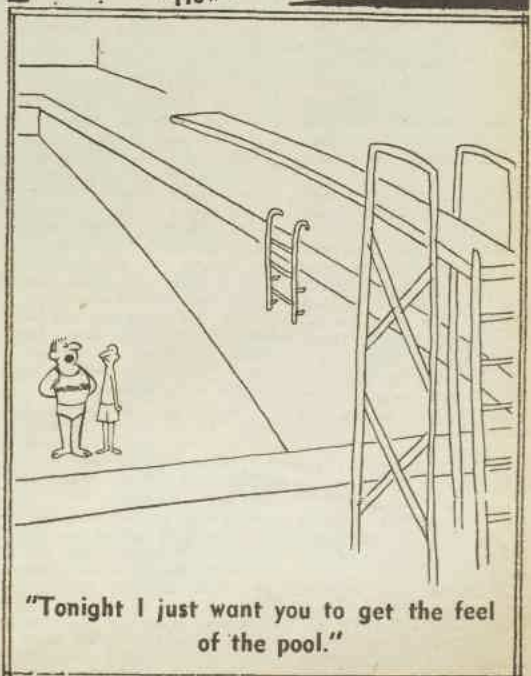
## IN THE SWIM



"I always start the day with a dip."



"How's the pool coming?"



"Tonight I just want you to get the feel of the pool."



give me that stuff. I know who she is, all right. Don't try to tell me different." He waved a finger as big as a frankfurter in front of Amy's nose. "If you're Amy, how come it says Jessica on the nameplate downstairs? How come you're up here in Jessica's apartment if you're not her?"

"I'm her sister," Amy sputtered. "That is, her half sister. I don't have to be Jessica just because I—"

The man uttered a bellow of laughter. "Oh, boy, that's a good one! I got to hand it to you. That's rich. All at once Jessica's got a sister. It's the first I heard of it."

"I can't help what you've heard or haven't heard. There must be a lot you don't know about Jessica or you wouldn't mistake me for her. You can't know her at all. You've never even seen her. Who are you, anyway?"

He blinked at her, momentarily at a loss. The big bully, she thought jubilantly, all you have to do is yell back at him and he'll turn tail. But it wasn't quite that easy. There was the finger wagging at her again, and the truculent gleam back in his eyes.

"Never you mind who I am. It's who you are. I know, all right. I've seen pictures of you. How do you like that? I knew all the time it was a bluff, you'd be right here, and I was right. Nobody's going to pull this kind of a trick on me and get away with it."

"Now, look here!" Eric spoke up with a come-let-us-reason-together air. "We're not pulling any tricks on you. We don't even know what this is all about. Why don't you come inside, sit down, and tell us what's—"

"Oh, no, you don't." The man backed away so suddenly that Hill was shoved up against the wall. "You don't get me in there. I know that little trick, too, and it won't work with me, Buster — it just won't work."

It was Hill's turn to try. He still sounded breathless. As well he might—he must have wrestled with the man's obscure suspicions downstairs before he gave up and rang the bell. "But what did you come here for?" he burst out. "What do you want with Jessica?"

"Not another thing," said the man. "No, sir, not another thing. I've got what I came for, thank you. She's here, just like I thought, and that's all I want to know. Now I can get back to Twentieth Street and wind up the whole business." He gave a satisfied nod and set off briskly for the elevator.

"Wait!" Amy gasped, but he did not even look around.

The next second Hill was sprinting after him, and the second after that Eric, too. But Hill waved him back fiercely.

"You stay here. I'll take care of this. Don't leave Amy alone."

As Hill skinned into the elevator, just in the nick of time, the red-faced man's bellow of laughter echoed down the hall, and his derisive voice: "Amy! That's a good one. That's rich. All at once she's got a sister."

The elevator began its gliding descent. Eric turned and slowly walked back to Amy. He looked sober, almost downcast. Well, naturally. He was as eager as Hill to gallop off to Jessica's rescue.

He caught her watching him and dutifully quickened his pace. He even produced a kind of smile.

"Go ahead," she snapped at him. "You can probably still catch them. I don't care. I don't like being stuck with you any more than you like being stuck with me."

## Continuing our novel

"Shut up," he said amiably. "I thought I told you to stop that nonsense." He gave her a little push and followed her into the apartment. "Now, let's bend our minds to this guy in the skyrocket shirt. I must say, Hill's welcome to him. He's not my type."

"He's not Hill's type, either. But if he can throw any light on where Jessica's gone—"

"How can he? He's convinced she hasn't gone anywhere. He knows even less about where she is than we do. He thinks you're Jessica, that's how little he knows. This is your day to be taken for Jessica, isn't it? The second time it's happened."

"Third. The superintendent started it." She bit her lip. "For a little while today I even felt like her."

"Well, don't," he said in an odd, sharp voice. "I mean, don't act like her. Don't disappear. I'm getting used to having you around. Besides, Hill would never forgive me."

**AMY** said: "Nothing's going to happen to me. It's Hill — he shouldn't have gone off with that man, Eric. It was a crazy thing to do. Dangerous. How do we know what he's getting into? He looked capable of anything, that man."

"Oh, come on, Amy. Let's not get carried away. He looked like a thug, that's all. But dangerous? Why, he was scared of us, scared to come inside the apartment. Whatever it is that's eating him, Hill can handle it. Hill's bright enough to take care of himself. He may even be bright enough to pry some useful facts out of the guy."

"But you said yourself the man can't even know Jessica."

"He knows somebody who does know her," Eric pointed out. "He didn't just pluck her name and address out of the blue. And somebody told him she wasn't home. Maybe the same somebody who called up and said don't answer the bell."

"Yes, of course." What street had the man said? Twenty-something? Amy's brain, which seemed to have been numb for the past quarter hour, darted into sudden action. Another address, another street. . . . She realised that she was still clutching her clue to Tony. There had been no chance, even if she had thought of it, to tell Hill. But she didn't have to wait for him; this was something she could do herself.

If the red-faced man should lead to Tony, somehow or other, no harm done; she and Hill would be working from different ends toward the same middle. And if not, still no harm done; she would be following a lead they couldn't afford to ignore.

She ran for the telephone book, with Eric at her heels asking questions. He must be kept out of this, she thought. But it was a problem she didn't have to deal with quite yet. A Santini might not be listed in the phone book. Or might not answer, if he was listed. Or might refuse to see her, if he answered.

The listing was there, all right. As she lifted the telephone from its cradle she looked up at Eric and said, "This is a private call. If you don't mind."

His face turned fiery red. He marched across to the kitchenette screen and disappeared behind it — where he could probably hear almost as well.

Tony answered on the third ring, a guarded hello that conjured up, for Amy, a vivid picture of his tense face.

## JUST LIKE JESSICA

He didn't wait for her to say who she was; as soon as he heard her voice he exploded.

"You've got a nerve, calling me again! You think you can talk your way out of this one? Well, you can't. Whatever you've got to say, I don't want to hear it. I'm up to here with your excuses. Don't bother me with them. As far as you're concerned, I've had it."

"Wait!" Amy cried before he could hang up. "This isn't Jessica. It's her sister. Amy. You remember me — I was there the day you came up to see Daddy. Listen to me. See? I'm not Jessica. I'm Amy."

"Okay, you're Amy. I don't want to hear anything you've got to say, either. Let's stop kidding around. I've kissed the money goodbye. Just skip it, will you? Stop rubbing it in. That's the least you can do. Just leave me alone."

"Tony, I want to see you." "Yeah, sure." He laughed bitterly. "What for? You want to put the bite on me, too?"

"No, I do not want to—" She remembered Eric and cut it short. "I'll meet you anywhere you say. Or I can get to your place in ten or fifteen minutes. Are you going to be there long?"

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," said Tony, and hung up.

So, after a moment, did she, with a hollow feeling of having done it all wrong. If Tony did know anything about Jessica's whereabouts, she had only alerted him, given him time to prepare whatever story suited him best, or — even more likely — to duck out on her. Instead of calling first, she should simply have gone down there and taken a chance on catching him in.

Now, having made the blunder of calling, she still must follow through. Because he just might be there. That

melt my heart. Or anyway, half my heart. Okay, I'll make a deal with you. I go along, wherever it is, and wait at a discreet distance — in other words, out of earshot; I gather that's what is bugging you—where I can leap to your aid in case of need. That's my best and final offer. Take it or leave it. Otherwise nobody goes nowhere."

There wasn't time to argue. And maybe secretly she was just as glad to have someone — if not Hill, then Eric — within hailing distance during her interview with Tony. (Assuming there turned out to be an interview.)

She remembered the disturbed quality of Tony's voice, tinged with hysteria, as she had heard it that first time through the library door at home; and just now, even over the phone, the impact of his hostility, his brooded-over grudge — imaginary or not—had hit her like a blow.

"Oh, well," she said. "Come on, if you're coming."

Eric patted her hand soothingly. "Look at it this way, dear. If Hill were here, he wouldn't let you go tearing off by yourself. Now, would he? So instead of him, you get me. Plenty of girls would be jumping for joy."

She couldn't help laughing at him. One thing about it, he was a more lighthearted companion than Hill would have been for this particular little jaunt. He could afford to be; he didn't know the details. He wasn't ever going to know them, either. His image of Jessica, unlike hers and Hill's, was not in danger of being shattered.

That was what scared her about Tony. No use dodging it any longer. She was afraid he would convince her, afraid she would believe him instead of Jessica. He might, and she might, and that would mean that Jessica was . . .

"Okay to let you out at the

For a minute she thought he was going to give her an argument, but at the foot of the stairs he stopped. "You're in good voice, I trust?" he said. "All set to sing out if you need me? I'll be there, on the double." As she passed him he added in a different tone, "Damn it, Amy, if you'd only tell me what you're scared of . . ."

"I'm not," she lied. "There's nothing to be scared of." She started up the stairs fast. At the first landing she looked back; in the surrounding gloom his upturned face seemed to glimmer like light reflected on dark water. Their arms lifted simultaneously in a gesture as impulsive and warm as an actual handclasp. She hurried on.

The door of 3-A was open as far as the chain would permit. On the other side of it stood Tony, peering out at her, perhaps waiting to make sure she was alone before he unlatched the chain. Or perhaps she only imagined that part of it.

He made no reply to her nervous, "Hello." Silent and suspicious, he stood aside to let her in. The room she entered was a kitchen — small, stifling, and glaringly lighted from an overhead fixture. There was no defence against that harsh light; it exposed every last dreary secret — the patches where the linoleum was worn through, the chipped sink, the paint-blistered wall beside the stove. It fell with the same flat impartiality on Tony's haggard face. But it did not expose his secrets, only his hostility.

"I was afraid you wouldn't be here," Amy faltered. "I wanted to see you . . ."

"Okay, take a good look. Get your eyes full. It's free."

She was nettled enough to put her question directly. "Do you know where Jessica is?"

"Don't know and care less." But then he paused. "Why?"

"Because nobody else seems to know either. She called me last night and said she was going out to Long Island for

sure. Said she had the money. Same old story . . . Why did she bother to call me? Why doesn't she just leave me alone, if she's not going to . . ."

He had hoped, then. He despised himself for it, but it had been there, the flicker of fatuous hope that he would never admit in words. I mustn't do this, Amy told herself frantically; I must stop thinking this way, as if I believed him instead of Jessica. He may have made up the whole loan business out of spite, just as she said; he may have told his lie so often that by now he believes it himself.

"What time did she call you?" she asked, very businesslike.

"Why should I tell you? What difference does it make? You're not going to believe me, whatever I say. You don't even believe I lent her the money! You're just trying to trap me. That's it, isn't it? Something's happened to her and you think you can pin it on me."

"That's not it. I don't know whether I believe you or not. I'll never know unless you calm down and talk sense. I'm just trying to find out who spoke to Jessica last. She called me about five."

"You're it, then," said Tony with sullen triumph. "That was after she called me. Half an hour after. Make something of that if you can."

What she made of it was a schedule, puzzling though it was, of Jessica's phone calls.

Four thirty, call to Tony: she had money, would meet him after work. Five, call to Amy: no mention of money, she was going to Long Island. Five thirty or thereabouts, call to Eric; she needed money, no mention of Long Island.

Assuming, of course, that everybody was telling the truth, Eric as well as Tony. All right, assuming it, what had happened to the money in that hour between four-thirty and five-thirty? For it was simply incredible that Jessica, even at her most rattlebrained, would have offered to repay Tony with money she didn't have. No necessity for such a promise. No point to it.

Amy snatched at the only straw in sight. "Didn't you do anything about it when she didn't show up? Didn't you even try to phone her?"

"What for?" Tony stubbed out his cigarette savagely. "So she could give me the run-around all over again? Not me. Not any more. I'm fed to the teeth with her lies and excuses. After that day, you know, when I blew my top to her old man—well, after that I vowed I was through begging. I'd never call her again. And I never have." His voice shook with bitter pride. "I waited twenty minutes for her last night, as long as I could . . ."

"As long as you could?" Amy prompted him.

"It was my night to go out to the hospital. They let me visit her twice a week. My wife. It takes an hour and a half on the bus." He glared at her. "If you don't believe me, check it. They keep a record of visitors. And while you're at it, check the bank, to make sure I was at work today."

"And my neighbors here in this house, they saw me come in last night; they can tell you what time I got home. Check till you're blue in the face; see where it gets you. I didn't talk to Jessica last night after she called me at four-thirty. I didn't see her at all. I don't know from nothing about where she went or why. If she had the money—"

"She must have had," Amy insisted. "You weren't pushing her this time. She called you of her own accord."

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



in itself would tend to show that he had nothing to hide. Wouldn't it? And surely she would be able to judge this time whether he was the dupe he claimed to be or the crackpot liar Jessica made him out to be.

From behind the screen came a rattle of dishes — Eric the exile waxing restive. "All clear," she called, and as he emerged: "Still mad?"

"Not mad, just hurt. Cut to the quick. And wherever you're going — she had picked up her purse and was heading for the door—"I'm going with you."

"Don't be a pest, Eric. This is something—it's nothing to do with you."

"I'm going anyway," He planted himself in front of her, arms folded across his chest. "I have my orders. You heard Hill. Don't leave Amy alone. That means you can't leave me alone, either. You're going to get guarded whether you like it or not."

"But I don't need guarding! You'll spoil everything. Please, Eric. Please."

"A very moving plea. You

corner?" the cab driver asked. "Otherwise I got to go to two avenues over before I can turn left."

"Right here is fine," Eric said, and they stepped out into the narrow street that on this warm evening was teeming with people and noise and smells.

The house where Tony lived was in the middle of the block, and the way led through a pleasant little courtyard with some red geraniums in bloom and an ornate, wrought-iron bench painted bright pink. In the doorway beyond, Amy found the bell marked "A. Santini 3-A" and pressed it.

Apparently Tony had decided to give her a break; there was a waspish buzzing and the door gave under her hand. Inside — and Eric was still there right on her heels — the light was dim, the smells strong and varied. There was a cramped, dingy brown stairway. Three-A should be two flights up.

"End of the line," she whispered to Eric. "This is as far as you go."

a few days. But I found out tonight she's not there, and —"

"That surprises you? It doesn't me. Typical of Jessica. Never tell the truth when a lie will do." Again he paused, eyeing her warily. Then he made a curt gesture toward the living-room, as much invitation as she was going to get. At least the light was dimmer in here. Another small, stifling room, and crowded with furniture. Amy crossed to the overstuffed couch.

"So what's the pitch?" asked Tony. "Are you accusing me of kidnapping Jessica, or what?"

"I'm not accusing you of anything. I just thought you might have heard from her or seen her. Have you?"

"I heard from her, all right." He lighted a cigarette and took a deep, baleful puff. "For all the good it did me. She didn't know, of course. I knew she wouldn't."

"You mean she made a date with you? When?"

"Yesterday. She was going to meet me after work. Sure,



Had she ever done that before?" "No, but..." He conceded the point grudgingly. "All right, then, she wasn't lying, for once. She had the money and still didn't pay me back. Her good intentions sure didn't last very long. If she ever had them to begin with. Or maybe you figure somebody snatched her purse on her way to meet me, bopped her over the head and she's wandering around in a daze..." No, I guess that's too much, even for you. Because she called you with the Long Island bit, didn't she?"

Not only that, she had called Eric and packed a bag—two facts that Amy saw no point in confiding to Tony. She looked up from her hands, clenched in her lap, and found him watching her with a kind of exasperated contempt.

"Why don't you get wise?" he said abruptly. "What's your name again — Amy? Okay, Amy, why don't you quit kidding yourself? Jessica lied to you, like she did to me, like she probably does to everybody. She's a stinker. You know it as well as I do, only you won't admit it."

"I don't know anything of the kind! Look who's talking about lying! It's just your word against hers that she ever borrowed a cent from you. You could have made the whole thing up out of spite—"

"So that's what she told you, is it? Yeah, it figures. And I knew you'd get it around to that sooner or later. My word against hers. So tell me one thing, if you don't mind?"

He leaned toward her, relentless. "Just one thing, sister Amy. If you don't believe me about the money, what are you doing here? What was the big idea, calling me up and coming down here, if you think I'm that kind of a nut?"

"What?" The word came out in a whispered shriek. He bent even closer, one arm uplifted, and for a moment his face had the rigid, fanatic look she remembered from the first time she had seen him. She waited, frozen with alarm, but hope, too. For here would be proof. If he struck her, Jessica would be vindicated.

**W**HAT he did instead was to laugh. Not a maniac's lough, but a boy's whoop, unfeigned and—worst of all—infectious. He collapsed in a helpless huddle in his chair, and, to her consternation, Amy felt the treacherous laughter swelling in her own throat.

"It's not all that funny," she began tremulously. "I mean, such things have been known to happen."

"Not to Jessica and me." He straightened up, and wiped the back of his hand across his eyes. "If I could scare Jessica, believe me, I'd have done it long ago. I shot my bolt when I went to see your old man. A crazy thing to do, I admit. And then he got me so mad..."

I thought he'd believe me, see? Don't ask me why—I just took it for granted. Well, I found out different.

"Nobody believed me. Not him, not you, not that horsefaced pal of yours. Nobody. Or at least nobody was going to admit it if they did believe me. Just like you won't admit it even now."

Again he gave her that look of fury and contempt. "O.K., have it your way. Only lay off, will you? Leave me alone—that's all I ask. Don't come around here pestering me with your problems. I've got plenty of my own." He stood up and all but jerked his thumb toward the door.

But Amy stayed where she was. She was face to face with it at last, the shattered image, Jessica the charmer, stripped down to Jessica the cheat, with no excuses left, no heart or conscience, no gauzy illusion to shield her from Amy's inner eye. It was pitiless, that eye of Amy's; it was like the light in Tony's kitchen, beating down in ruinous exposure.

Here was Jessica's irresponsibility, revealed as callous selfishness; her ebullience, her warmth and gaiety, all tricks, perfected by years of practice; a thief's kit of tools. Which she had now used for the ultimate theft: she had robbed Amy (and herself, not that she cared) of the bond between them.

#### Continuing our novel

It had been strained before, more than once. Now it was broken. Now there was nothing left for Amy to love.

Because she believed Tony. He had no proof for his story, yet she knew it was true. Jessica had "borrowed" his money and never paid it back. No excuses, no good intentions, could gloss over that unforgivable fact. Amy's uncompromising eye saw it for what it was. Stealing.

"What's the deadline?" she asked curtly. "When do you have to pay the hospital for the extra time?"

"The first of the month. That's Monday. This is Thursday. What's it to you?"

### JUST LIKE JESSICA

"So it's not too late. If I give you the cheque—no, not a cheque, on account of Daddy. Cash. I'll think of something to tell him." Her last official act as Jessica's ways and means committee. For Daddy's sake, not for Jessica's. "I can go to the bank tomorrow and get the cash."

"You mean you —" Tony goggled at her.

"I mean I'll pay you," she said irritably. She stood up. "Tell me where you work and I'll bring you the money tomorrow morning. Is that satisfactory?"

"What? Well, sure. Sure it's satisfactory." He collected himself enough to write down for her, in the neat, slanting hand she was

never going to forget, the address of the bank where he worked. She tucked the slip of paper into her purse and started for the door.

"Listen," he said. "I mean, if this is some kind of a trick, if it's just another phony promise, like she's so good at handing out..." He stopped, gulping, as Amy turned on him.

"This is me making a promise to pay you." Her voice came out high and strangled-sounding. "Me—Amy. Not Jessica. Can't you get that through your head? I'm not Jessica. I'm Amy."

She groped for the doorknob, found it, and slammed away from Tony and that terrible glare of light.



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**When you're on a good thing... stick to it!**



"What happened up there, Amy? What did that guy do to you?" Eric asked. They were on the street again, facing each other under a lamp-post. There was no escape from his anxious, searching grey eyes. "You look so different, so — you don't look like the same girl."

Well, she wasn't the same girl. She had shucked off Jessica. She was a satellite no longer, and therefore more than she had been—but also less. There was a desolation where Jessica used to be. "He didn't do anything," she said brusquely. True enough. It was Jessica's doing more than Tony's. "Leave me alone, will you?"

"Can't. Hill wouldn't like it. I might shut up, though, if you'll just answer one question. Did you find out from him what's happened to Jessica?"

She sighed. No escape from that, either. Jessica must still be found, no matter how much Amy's feelings toward her were changed. The others hadn't shucked her off. Daddy, Hill, Eric. They need never know about the glare of inner light that had disenchanted Amy. It had not happened to them. Maybe it never would. "No," she said. "It was just a false lead. A blind alley. He doesn't know where she is, either."

"And you thought he would. That is it, isn't it? You were counting on him to give you all the answers, and now you're down because it didn't work out." He patted her hand consolingly, and she turned her head away in helpless shame. There was nothing to do but go along with his theory. Such a nice, sweet theory, so flattering to one and all. Including Amy.

But she could not tell him how wrong he was about her without also exposing Jessica for the liar and cheat she was. Which she did not intend to do. And not out of sisterly loyalty, either — she had none left. What she had instead was detachment. If Eric could manage to keep his image of Jessica intact, more power to him. It was not Amy's business to go around disenchanting other people.

He launched into an earnest little pep talk. "You mustn't take it so hard, Amy. So what if this guy Tony did turn out to be a blind alley? We check him off and start somewhere else."

"Where would you suggest?"

"The guy in the skyrocket shirt. And the telephone lady. You haven't forgotten them, have you?"

She had, unlikely as it seemed. Now they swarmed out, front and centre—those two preposterous, baffling figures who must somehow be connected not only with each other but with Jessica. Exit Tony. Enter First and Second Nameless Characters. Pursued, moreover, by Hill.

Her heart gave a thump. She had all but forgotten Hill. "Listen, Eric, we've got to get back to the apartment. What if Hill's been trying to call us? He would, if he'd found out anything. He may even have gone back there, and he doesn't have a key. He has no idea where we are."

"Yes, ma'am," said Eric, and sprang forward to hail a cab.

But they found no sign of Hill at the apartment house. The lobby downstairs was deserted. There was no note from him in the mailbox. Upstairs all was as they had left it — the lights on, the desk open, the telephone mute. They sat on the sofa and stared at it.

"What do we do now?" Amy said at last.

"A very good question. I wish I'd asked it myself. But

Continuing our novel

then, I'm not permitted to ask questions around here. I don't know whether I'm permitted to answer them or not — ready, willing, and able though I am."

"Please. I'm in no mood for jokes."

"It's not a joke." He actually did look rather serious. "It's a very grim process, thinking. That's what I've been doing. Thinking. About Twentieth Street."

"Twentieth Street?" "He said he was going to Twentieth Street. Our friend in the shirt. So I've been thinking. What's in Twentieth Street?"

"Well, lots of things," said Amy impatiently.

"Right. Lots of people, too. What do you want to bet the telephone lady lives there?" He jumped up and paced back and forth in front of Amy, his eyes alight with inspiration. "Because before he dropped in on us, the guy in the shirt had been to see her, I think. He doesn't know Jessica. She does, and what's more, she knows Jessica's gone somewhere — that's why she was so shook up when you answered the phone and she thought you were Jessica."

"Okay. So she told the guy Jessica wasn't home, but he didn't believe her, and when he came whooping over here and saw you, he didn't believe her all the more. What was it he said? He was going back to Twentieth Street and wind everything up. He meant with the telephone lady, I think. She's the key to the whole business. Find her and we find Jessica."

"All right. But I don't see —" Did she sound as excited as she ought to? For of course he expected her, as the distraught sister, to be at least as excited and hopeful as he was over this approach he had worked out — very neatly, too — to the problem of finding Jessica. He did not know that her heart was no longer in the search, that all she felt now was the kind of detached interest she would have felt toward a mechanical puzzle. Certainly the puzzle had to be solved, and certainly his approach made sense, as far as it went.

She looked up into his innocent, eager face and said, "But I don't quite see how we find her, Eric. We can't very well do a house-to-house canvass of Twentieth Street from one end to the other. We don't know her name. We don't even know what she looks like. And anyway, Hill —"

"Sure, Hill. But we can go out of our minds just sitting here waiting for Hill to call or come back. At least I can." He ran his hands through his hair while Amy sat with her hands folded, aware that she, too, should be making some gesture of desperation. Her eyes, shifting away from his, fell by chance on the open desk. She sprang up.

"Listen, Eric. It's just a chance, but after all, I did find Tony's address. . . . I wasn't thinking of anything but him when I looked before. I wouldn't have noticed a Twentieth Street address, if it's there, and it might be. It just might be."

"Of course it might be! Probably is. Of course. It's got to be. Come on, let's look again."

He made a rush for the desk, carrying Amy along on the tide of his elation. Secretly she was not all that confident. But futile or not, it was something to do; it beat trying to act like a distraught sister instead of some kind of computing machine, which was what she felt like.

## JUST LIKE JESSICA

They went at it side by side, in busy, companionable silence. For minutes at a time there would be no sound but the rustle and flip of papers, with now and then a deep, absorbed sigh from Eric. Then there would be one of his false alarms. "Hey!" he would yelp, and freeze like a dog pointing, only to subside after the first, electrified glance.

"Nope. It's twenty-eighth, not twentieth. Thought I had it."

He did find a pawn-shop ticket, which sent Amy's mind galloping off on the trail of five hundred dollars that Jessica must have had when she called Tony yesterday. Pawn shops were unknown territory to Amy; she had never been inside one in her life. But to Jessica they were old stuff, a routine part of the childhood she had spent with her mother, who never worried as long as she had something left to hock. How natural for Jessica to revert to the old pattern; and after she had the money and had promised it to Tony, how natural again, how typical, that it should never reach its rightful destination!

**S**HE might actually have started uptown to meet Tony, only to see in a shop window on the way some irresistible something. And then it would be goodbye good intentions, goodbye guilty conscience — Jessica must have what she wanted. Afterward, of course, she would be terribly ashamed of herself, terribly, terribly sorry.

"Hey!" yelped Eric, once more frozen in a trance of discovery. Only this time he did not unfreeze. When Amy glanced his way, she saw that his eyes were closed; he spoke out the corner of his mouth. "Don't tell me if I'm wrong. I might swoon. Do you see it, too, Amy? Are you there?"

"Yes," she said. And so was the address — or anyway, an address — on West Twentieth Street, bold pencil lines traced and retraced on a pink blotter, within a frame of underlinings and curly doodlings. She read it aloud. "Yippee," Eric whispered. "We're in business."

They were still short on facts — the little matter of the telephone lady's name, for instance—but Eric did not let such details deter him. His spirits soared, irrepressible and infectious. They had all they needed. Apparently it did not occur to him, as it did to Amy, that the address might belong to a furrier or a florist or a dealer in wrought-iron furniture instead of to the telephone lady.

They would hop into a cab immediately, would descend upon the telephone lady ("We'll figure out the name part on the way," he explained confidently. "Maybe we'll recognise it from the doorbells. If not, we'll play it by ear"), and would extract from her without the slightest difficulty the full story of the man in the shirt and Jessica's whereabouts.

Amy remembered Hill and mentioned him tentatively. Eric swept him aside. "Look, Amy, it's past nine-thirty. If Hill were going to call, he'd have done it by now. We can leave him a note in the mailbox in case he turns up here. He may be over there at Twentieth Street right now, weighing the evidence or establishing the precedent or something. Oh, brother, is he going to be surprised when we walk in!"

They were out in the hall,

stepping into the elevator, when they heard the first muffled peal of a telephone somewhere on the floor. Eric caught the elevator door just before it slid shut behind them. They raced back, Amy fumbling for the keys, which naturally had dropped to the bottom of her purse.

It took several frantic moments to find them, while the phone — and by now they knew it was Jessica's — sent out another lost cry. Another while they grappled feverishly with the lock, which chose this moment to throw one of its temperamental fits. And two more while Amy made a breakneck dash through the foyer and across the living-room. She knew in the instant before she picked up the receiver that she was too late; there would be only the impersonal, impervious purr of the dial tone.

There was only that. She hung up and stared at her phone. Smug. A monster of frustration. She could have wrung its silent neck. Or Hill's—it had been Hill; she was sure of it—for not waiting just one more ring. Or, now that she thought of it, Eric's, for being so sure it would not ring at all.

"All right, you hate me," he said in a subdued voice. "Shall I drop dead now or later?"

"Ha ha," she said. But he looked so downcast, and it was as black an evening for him as for her, and — oh, well, she simply didn't hate him. "Come on, let's try Twentieth Street. What have we got to lose?"

The address on Twentieth Street was farther west than Amy had realised, in a neighborhood that once had been prosperous and was now slipping listlessly into neglect and squalor. She wouldn't have felt quite comfortable coming here alone, she thought, as Eric handed her out of the cab into the dreary street.

Overflowing garbage cans. Prowling cats. A drunk lurching along talking to himself.

The house was in the middle of the block — a broken-spirited brownstone with a cardboard sign hung crookedly in the front window. "Rooms for Rent." Amy's heart sank at the sight. There would not be a neat row of doorbells for them to scan in the hope of finding a familiar name. The people who rented rooms here might very well have found it convenient to forget their own names, and borrow new ones. Could one of them possibly know Jessica — well enough to call her by her first name, well enough to know where she had gone?

Even Eric looked a bit doubtful at the prospect. But not for long. After a moment of hesitation, he tightened his grip on Amy's arm, and propelled her briskly up the steps, found the doorbell and rang it. Nothing happened. He rang it several times. Still nothing happened. "But somebody's got to be here," he fumed. "The landlady — somebody. They have to answer it eventually, don't they?"

Just when Amy had about decided the answer was no, they heard the shuffle of footsteps in the hall and a high-pitched, peevish voice.

"O.K., O.K., lay off, will ya? I'm coming."

She looked the way the landlady of a house like this would look — slatternly, suspicious-eyed, sick and tired of humanity. "Whaddya want?" she asked, and shifted her weight from one foot to the other. They were broken-down feet, encased in dingy slippers.

Eric spoke up cheerfully.

"We have a little problem. Maybe you can help. We're looking for a lady who's a friend of Jessica Lawrence."

"Nobody here by that name," said the landlady. She started to shut the door.

"Wait. Jessica Lawrence isn't the lady's name; it's the name of her friend. That's where we've got the problem, you see, because we don't know the lady's name—just that she's a friend of Jessica Lawrence." He smiled engagingly.

The landlady did not smile back. "I wouldn't know. Nobody here by that name."

Amy would have given up, but Eric was still game. "I know. But there's somebody here who is a friend of Jessica's and she's the one we want to see. Maybe if you'd ask your tenants, or let us —"

"Look, mister, I ain't running a get-acquainted club. This is a rooming-house. They come and they go. You expect me to keep track of who's a friend of who?" Again she made the door-shutting gesture; Eric put out his hand to forestall it. In his hand was his wallet, and into the landlady's eyes there came a certain beadiness.

"Of course not," he said smoothly. "Why should you? Why should you be bothered with our little problem? Even though it's important to us. Really quite important." Something happened that was rather like a magician's trick; a sleight-of-hand exchange and, presto, they were no longer on the step but inside the hall.

"You can ask around if you want to," said the landlady grudgingly. "Nothing to me, one way or the other. I don't take women if I can help it, so it ain't going to take you long." She looked pleased with herself, Amy thought—as well she might. It was probably the easiest money to come her way in years.

At that moment footsteps sounded on the stairway and a woman's voice—distinctive; a warm, nubbly textured

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## FROM THE BIBLE

● "Let us therefore cease judging one another, but rather make this simple judgment: that no obstacle or stumbling-block be placed in a brother's way."

—Romans 14:13

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voice—called out, "Oh, there you are, Mrs. Bailey. I was hoping I'd catch you! I wanted to ask you—"

"It's her!" Amy whispered, and clutched Eric's arm. She would have recognised the voice anywhere. The strange thing was that she also recognised, instantly and beyond all doubt, the woman who was coming down the stairs toward them. She had never seen her before, but she recognised her.

The woman had been a charmer. The proud tilt of her head showed it; she was used to being noticed and admired. And she still had a kind of sketchy chic, even in the cheap, bright-colored housecoat she was wearing. She wore it with a brave air. The sash was pulled tight around her waist, which was slim as a girl's, and her high-heeled mules were calculated to show off her pretty legs and feet.

Her hair was dyed a harsh red, her throat was lined, years of reckless living had

left her face pouched and sagging, so that there was an extra poignancy about the few remaining traces of her winsomeness. The curve of her mouth, which must once have been enchanting, still had a ghostly freshness. And nothing could quite quench the flicker of gaiety in her tortoiseshell eyes.

"Somebody to see you," said the landlady, and the woman paused, peering down at them.

"Yes?" And then in a rush of eager surprise. "Jessica! Jess, pet, you're back already?"

With the feeling that she had been saying the same thing all evening, Amy stepped to the foot of the stairs. "I'm Amy," she said. She lifted her face to the light.

**R**EALLY, Jessica thought, it was ridiculous to be stuck like this in a spot where the big deal of the day was the siren blowing at noon.

She had nothing to do but wait for the bus — which Charlie might be on, and then again he might not. There was no telling.

His second cousin, who ran the motel in town, thought he most likely would be. Or pretended to think so, to cheer Jessica up. The cousin was very obliging, he kept telling her. Nothing he liked better than to lend a helping hand, go out of his way to do somebody a favor any day in the week. That was his philosophy of life.

But about the car, now, he couldn't take the responsibility. No, sir, he just couldn't be responsible for accepting delivery of Charlie's car when Charlie hadn't given him the authority. Hadn't given him the full particulars, when it came to that. And no reason why he should. This wasn't Charlie's home town; he'd just been driving through when the ruckus started.

For all the cousin knew, it might not even be Charlie's car. Oh, sure, it looked like Charlie's — he wasn't saying it wasn't. But supposing he was to let her go off and leave it here and then come to find out there was something wrong with it, or — Well! He'd be the goat. No, sir, he just couldn't afford to take the chance, much as he'd like to oblige her.

Jessica couldn't afford to take the chance, either. That was the exasperating part of it. She didn't dare leave, with or without the car, until she made sure everything was really settled with Charlie. Presumably she had been given the full particulars, but you never knew. No, she didn't dare walk off and leave the car in anybody's hands but Charlie's, even if anybody had been willing to accept it. And if she turned around and drove it back to New York, she might miss him on the way, as she had last night. Missed him by no more than an hour.

She might as well face it; she was stuck. Nothing to do but wait for Charlie to turn up. All the same, if he wasn't on the next bus . . .

It didn't bear thinking about. She moved to the other end of the green slatted bench in front of the drugstore, which was where you waited for the bus, and thought about it, anyway.

If only there were some way of getting through to Twentieth Street! No telephone listed at that address, according to the operator, and it figured. Jessica would want an unlisted number, too, if she were—heaven forbid—the landlady there. She couldn't expect an answer to her wire yet. She hadn't sent it until after the afternoon bus had arrived with no Charlie. So Twentieth Street



might as well be behind the Iron Curtain as far as she was concerned.

If only there were some noble, impossible soul in New York who could be counted on to nip over there, find out what on earth was going on, report back to her, and then succumb to an attack of total amnesia. Of course, there wasn't any such person. But she could dream, couldn't she?

The kid who worked in the drugstore came to the door and said, "Won't be long now. It's twenty past and the bus is due at ten-thirty. Of course, sometimes it's late."

"Thanks for telling me. You're such a comfort."

He laughed nervously, as he did at practically everything she said. It lent an hysterical touch to their conversations. "Want another soda or anything before we close? We close at ten-thirty."

"Thanks a lot, but no thanks."

When he had recovered from that one he tried another tack. "Warm tonight, isn't it?"

"Very warm," she said. If he laughed at that—

He did. She moved to the other end of the green bench and he retreated into the drugstore.

A really warm night, and in New York—which was less than three hours away, unlikely as it might seem—there were all the lovely people, but with memories, so she didn't dare call them. At their party Hill and Amy would be explaining, if anybody thought to ask, "Jessica? She's out on Long Island with the Careys for a few days." Eric, having leafed through his little black book and picked a number, would be smiling across a table into a face that was every bit as attractive as Jessica's, if not more so—especially since it was there and Jessica's wasn't.

She had probably queered everything with Eric, anyway; what had possessed her, when she called him yesterday, to spring the five-hundred-dollar question on him instead of merely cancelling their dinner date as she had intended to do?

And speaking of good intentions, there were some other, not-so-lovely people with memories. Tony, for instance, would be hugging his grievance tight to his breast where it could flourish and rankle best. And no wonder—poor Tony. She would make it up to him, absolutely; as soon as she got back to civilisation she would figure out a way. Somewhere, too, Charlie might be—

Of course not. Certainly not. Charlie was on the bus from New York, due now at any minute. She couldn't miss him, according to his cousin. Great big guy with a red face.

She heard the bus before she saw it, a solid, comforting roar. Then it came trundling around the corner two blocks away. She jumped up and waited at the kerb for it to draw up and discharge Charlie.

It discharged other people, perhaps half a dozen, but not Charlie. No one that could possibly be Charlie. She craned her neck, scanning the passengers left inside for a great big red-faced guy who might have dozed off or not noticed that this was his stop. He was not there.

The door wheezed shut. The bus lumbered down the street and disappeared around the corner. She turned away and found the drugstore kid watching her alertly from the doorway, waiting for her to say something that would set off another spasm of laughter.

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She couldn't have trusted herself to speak, anyway. Wordless, haughty with panic, she marched across the street to Charlie's car, got in, and zoomed off as if she knew where she was going.

Well, there was the motel. Having to spend another night there was no cause for panic. She could remember times, plenty of them, when Charlie's cousin's motel would have seemed to her the height of luxury. What did unnerve her was the conviction of something's having gone wrong back there at Twentieth Street, some snag that was no doubt getting more irreparable by the minute.

She couldn't lull herself with any more of this next-bus business. Couldn't and mustn't. There was only one explanation for Charlie's failure to show up—he was creating a calamity of some kind in New York. And the potential wingspread of that calamity was for Jessica the root of all panic.

She pulled up in the motel driveway and sat for a moment, clenching her hands on the wheel as she was inwardly clenching her nerves to keep them from flying apart. She had coped with other crises; she could cope with this one, whatever it was.

THAT was the first thing—to get back to New York and check up on the bad news in person. As she should have done in the first place, instead of sitting here thinking wishful thoughts about the next bus and some noble, impossible soul to take over for her. Nobody was going to. It was the mortal, lonely truth; nobody ever had, and nobody ever was going to.

Having thus hit bottom, her spirits bounced back, incurably buoyant. Or maybe it was simply the prospect of doing something again after all these empty, crawling hours. She had never been much good at waiting. She opened the car door and jumped out cheerfully. The news might not be so bad, after all. Charlie might have had a few extra beers in New York and lost track of the time. Probably had. A wire might be waiting for her right now in the little cement-block cubicle with all modern conveniences that Charlie's cousin had assigned to her. Probably one was.

Apparently the motel business had picked up while she was in town waiting for the bus. There was an extra car in the driveway now. New York licence plates. She trotted around it, and came face to face with Hill.

He was standing in front of her cubicle, in the pose she thought of as typically Hill's: slightly slouching, his long, bony-wristed arms hanging straight down at his sides, his horse face inclined toward her in mournful resignation. "There you are," he said mildly.

There she was indeed, complete with two equally brainless impulses—to turn and flee (because it was calamity, all right, or Hill wouldn't be here), or to fall on his neck in exquisite, shameful relief.

"Oh, my," she whispered. And then—absurdity of absurdities—the question came out trembling with laughter: "Where's Charlie?"

"Charlie's right here. You bet your life he's here, miss," boomed a voice behind her. She turned to see him bearing down on her from the direction of the motel office, the great big red-faced guy, with his cousin scurrying along beside him. "And let

me tell you something else. That car better be in A1 shape or you're not through with Charlie yet. I've had all the monkey business I'm going to take."

She faced him with equanimity, not to say relish. After all, she had been blustered at before by experts, and she had a few things to tell Charlie herself. But she never got them told. Hill's voice cut in, precise as a knife, and as sharp.

"You're not telling Miss Lawrence anything. I represent her. If you have any complaints, I'll take care of them. I will not have her bullied. Is that clear?"

It stopped Charlie in his tracks. And Jessica in hers. Could this be Hill—poor, dear, legal-minded Hill with blood in his eye? Why, he was actually advancing on Charlie moving in on him like a lanky, murderous tomcat stalking his prey! She didn't blame Charlie for backing away, or the cousin for making worried squawks. Her own heart gave a little leap of alarm.

"O.K., O.K.," Charlie muttered. "Nothing to get so sore about. I was just saying—"

"Well, I'm just saying. Go on, check your car. But leave Miss Lawrence alone, that's all." He waited to make sure his message had got across. Then he explained to Jessica in his usual temperate tone, "He annoys me."

"How did he—how did you—" But there was only one way. The links that led from Charlie to Hill were devastatingly clear. If Hill knew, then Amy must know; and if Amy knew, then Daddy—"Oh, Hill!" she wailed, and hid her face in her hands.

"Now, now." He flapped around anxiously for a moment and wound up pinning her head against his collarbone, rocking her in the angular cradle of his arms. "Don't cry. Please, Jess. Honey, it's not all that bad. I know what you're thinking, but that's not the way it is. Listen."

She listened. Locked in that uncomfortable, comforting cradle, she listened to Hill's quiet voice explaining the way it was, and knew that he had been right to say it was not all that bad. Chance, which had started the whole crazy business off (who would ever have foreseen that Ruth Carey would pick this evening to ring Jessica's apartment for a sociable chat?), had also deflected by a hairsbreadth the final calamity.

Charlie was still a mystery to everybody but Hill; nobody else knew about Twentieth Street, or needed to know. Chance—and Hill, once he got the picture—had combined to save her from the worst.

When he was through she managed to work her head free enough so that she could see up into his face. Such a funny, lugubrious face—but she had never really looked into Hill's eyes before. She had been so sure it was just wishful thinking, the noble, impossible soul who would—

"Hill," she said, "you Took Over for me." Capital letters. That was how it seemed to her.

But Hill saw nothing in the least remarkable about it. "Of course," he said.

As she tried unobtrusively to ease the crick in her neck, she felt against her cheek the stroke of his steadfast heart.

"Amy!" the woman on the stairs echoed in a scared

whisper. She reached for the railing and clutched it. After one despairing glance up the stairs—weighing the chances of flight, no doubt—she stayed where she was, trapped, one foot dangling in its foolish feathered mule.

"But they said—Charlie and that young man—they said you didn't know. They promised—is something wrong? Has something happened to Jessica?"

"That's what I want to find out from you," said Amy, and she started up the stairs.

I. Not we. But this time Eric made it clear he was not going to be shunted into the background. He stepped forward with an air of cheerful determination. "Maybe there's some place where we can talk in private?"

The woman peered past Amy. Automatically she fluffed her hair and went into a flurry of bleated manners. "Why, of course. Do come up—I'm on the third floor. I hope you don't mind stairs—I'm afraid you won't find my room very temporary, just till I get things settled."

Smiling tremulously, she ushered them into the room and switched on the light. For an instant Amy felt the clinical, searchlight stare, undimmed by fear or uncertainty or other non-essentials: one woman assessing another. And deciding what? That here was a negligible quantity, a pale shadow of Jessica? It was impossible to tell. The tortoiseshell eyes kept their secrets; the husky voice offered only nervous hostess patter.

"Do sit down. Make yourselves comfortable, as comfortable as you can." She indicated the one chair for Amy, the bed for Eric. "I'm sorry; I must have seemed not very cordial at first. It was such a surprise, really, the last thing I expected. But how nice to meet you, Amy, dear. And your boy-friend, too."

"A friend of Jessica's, Eric Nielsen," Amy said firmly. Then she blurted it out. "Blanche—You mind if I call you Blanche?" It sounded brutal, somehow, a bludgeon of a question. She tried not to think of the picture. Daddy still carried in his wallet, the charming face that had belonged to the Blanche he loved and that now was so changed. But not beyond recognition. That was the cruel part. Changed only into a travesty of itself.

"Of course I don't mind. Of course, call me Blanche." The tremulous smile again, and an extra catch in the uneven voice. A bludgeon. Yes. Blanche's hand, a bony little bird of a hand, fluttered up as if begging for mercy, and the ache in Amy's throat sharpened. She had a panicky conviction that if she didn't get out of here quick, Blanche would be her undoing. In some obscure way Blanche could, would, unsettle all that had been settled tonight. Amy's only chance was to cut and run.

And leave Jessica unexplained? Besides, it was too late now; the damage had already been done back there in the hall when she recognised Blanche. She swallowed painfully, aware that it was her move; Blanche was waiting for the questions. Where is Jessica? Why? Who? What?

Eric, too. She could feel him watching her. But she was beyond caring what he might be making of her or Blanche or any of this. He had insisted on barging in; she hadn't wanted him.

The next moment she blessed him for being there, and for being the sociable soul he was, with a native aversion to silence. This one had stretched out too long for him, and since Amy seemed to have been struck suddenly and mysteriously dumb, it was up to him to break it.

He did so, with his usual jaunty ease. "So Charlie—that was the name you mentioned, wasn't it?—Charlie came back here, with Hill sticking to him like grim death, no doubt. Where did he go from here?"

"Beg pardon? Oh. Well. Yes, indeed, Charlie came back here, still pawing the earth, too. If it hadn't been for that young man, I shudder to think—Hill. Yes, his name was Hill. Such a reliable type. I have every confidence, I'm sure he'll take care of everything. And what if he does look kind of like a praying mantis? Looks aren't the whole story, I always say."

The question might remain unanswered, but the bond was established. Eric gave a shout of laughter. Then he tried again. "That's what we want, Blanche—the whole story. What's happened to Jessica, why Charlie's so upset about, where he and Hill are—?"

"They must be almost there by now. We tried to call, but she wasn't there. And of course I'd have called her earlier if Mrs. Bailey had only bothered to tell me about her wire when she should have, when it first came. But that's how people are sometimes. Not very co-operative."

"However, they must be almost there. In Hill's car, because, of course, Charlie's already there, as I kept try-

ing to convince him, only he wouldn't believe me." She paused, looking from Eric's blank face to Amy's, and finished brightly, kindly, "So it's going to be all right, you see. She'll come back with Hill."

After a moment Amy said, "Jessica, you mean? You mean Jessica's there, wherever it is, where Charlie's car is?"

"Didn't I make it clear? Don't mind me—I go off on these tangents, always have. It's just the way my mind works. Maddening, isn't it? Your poor father, he used to get absolutely livid! Such a sterling character, and you're like him. Jessica told me you were. I suppose that's why she—But there, I'm doing it again. You were saying? First, though, do let me offer you a drink."

She sprang to her feet and set up a hospitable bustle with a bottle of gin and paper cups on the chest of drawers. "I'm afraid it's just straight, but what's that among friends?" She flashed an anxious smile at Amy. "And we are friends, I hope. We've so much to talk about, haven't we? There we are. Cheers, dears."

Obediently they sipped from their paper cups. Gin, thought Amy; gin probably explained a good deal about Blanche and her poor ruined face and her fuzzy Alice-in-Wonderland touch. Though part of it was simple stalling, the same kind of zigzag tactics Jessica was so good at. Like mother, like daughter. Evasion was as natural and automatic with them as breathing.

And Amy was leaving Eric to cope with it, because she hadn't the strength. She was still absorbed in that inner struggle that she didn't

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understand. She knew only that she mustn't let Blanche undo her . . .

Eric seemed to be enjoying the situation. "Now, then," he was saying socially, "let's take it from the beginning. Please Blanche. Watch those tangents."

"From the beginning. Charlie. It's all so ridiculous, really, just one of those stupid misunderstandings. I kept telling him Jessica drove the car back last night; he must have missed her on the way. All he had to do was go back and get it. But he had this absolute conviction that I was trying to steal it from him . . ."

"And were you?" Eric inquired.

Certainly not. What an ideal Amy listened, almost absent-mindedly, as the story emerged from its tangled web of excess wordage. For there were plenty of tangents; Eric got to be an expert at spotting them and steering Blanche back on to the track.

It seemed that Blanche had met Charlie in Pittsburgh, where he lived, and where she happened to be for no very clear reason. Anyway, there she was, stranded — "running a little short," was her phrase — and friendless until one evening in a cafe she and Charlie struck up a conversation, in the course of which he mentioned that he was planning to drive to New Jersey for a visit with relatives; and if Blanche was heading east, she was welcome to a lift.

East sounded like a good direction to her. Specifically, New York — if she could only get to New York, she was sure things would straighten themselves out. It wasn't her idea, borrowing Charlie's car. He thought of it himself, offered to let her drive it on to New York while he stopped off in this little town to visit his relatives.

There was a pause while Blanche studied the contents of her paper cup.

"So he lent you his car," Eric prompted, "and you drove it to New York. And then what?"

"Beg pardon?"

"Then what? What gave him the idea you were trying to steal it?"

"Oh. Yes. Well, my word, just because I didn't get it back to him the exact precise moment! Could I help it if the repair shop took so much longer than they said they would? Not only that, they charged more money than I expected, too . . ."

It wasn't a really bad accident. Very lucky, actually. What if she had run into somebody else, another car? Blanche shuddered to think. Just a lamp-post, and at least nobody else was involved. It was just a question of finding the nearest phone and getting towed in for repairs. If only she had been in a little better shape financially, there would have been no need for Charlie ever to know. He was much happier not knowing.

Weird, how fussy some people were about their cars. The slightest scratch and you'd think it was their own flesh and blood. So at first she put him off thinking, of course, something would come up the way it usually did, and she wouldn't have to bother Jessica. Because that was something she rarely did — very, very rarely, only when it was a dire emergency.

But it got more and more difficult, with Charlie being so suspicious and disagreeable. Not to mention the repairman, absolutely refusing to let her have the car till she paid the bill. Really, she began to feel a bit frantic, especially when Charlie started

Continuing our novel

muttering about deadlines and the police, and threatening to show up here in person . . .

"So last night you called Jessica," said Amy. And she was thinking, started Jessica off on her own string of phone calls. This explained what had happened to Tony's money. Explained, but did not excuse, Amy told herself quickly. Jessica's lies had been as unnecessary as Blanche's.

As a matter of fact, the two episodes — Blanche and Charlie, Jessica and Tony — had a strong resemblance. The same basic principle (avoid the truth whenever possible) was in operation, and the same attitude toward the Tonys and Charlies of the world. How tiresome of them to make a fuss about getting their property back, how disagreeable and unreasonable! And Amy, too, grieving over her shattered image, expecting to be told the truth . . .

NOT even all the truth, she thought wistfully. Jessica need only have said last night, "I'm in a jam; I need money," and Amy would have risen to the occasion. No questions asked? Hardly that, but — yes, she would still have done it with no questions answered. The questions shouldn't have held Jessica back, not when it was a matter as starkly black and white as her debt to Tony.

"I had to call her," Blanche was explaining. "Much as I hated to. As I say, only when it's a dire emergency, and I must say, Jessica's never failed me." (Congratulations, Amy commented silently; you're the only one.) "I can thank my lucky stars, last night she happened to have enough cash on hand."

"She did?" Eric said. He darted a startled glance at Amy and decided to leave it at that. "I see. So that's where she went. She got Charlie's car out of hock and took off for New Jersey to deliver it."

"Exactly. Just as I told you at the beginning," said Blanche.

It had seemed wiser, what with the mood Charlie was in, for Jessica to deliver the car instead to Blanche. Besides, Jessica had this really fantastic prejudice about Blanche's driving ability. And it all would have gone off as smooth as silk if Charlie hadn't taken it into his head to come steaming into New York on the bus while Jessica was on her way to him with the car. What made it worse was that he had a little trouble getting hold of Blanche.

They must have noticed that Mrs. Bailey, the landlady here, wasn't very co-operative, and it was past midnight when he got in last night . . . Anyway, by the time he caught up with Blanche this afternoon — that was the way he put it; he was convinced she was trying to skip out on him — he was boiling, ready to haul her off bodily to the police station.

"There was the garage-man," Amy pointed out. "He knew Jessica had picked up the car. He would have backed you up."

Yes, but that would have meant telling Charlie about the accident, which — since it was the truth — must naturally be avoided if at all possible. Blanche had concentrated instead on trying to persuade him to call his relatives in New Jersey, who could also confirm that Jessica and the car were there. But no. Nothing would do but he must check Jessica's apartment first. Which seemed safe enough.

## JUST LIKE JESSICA

"But after he left I thought I'd better phone, just on the off chance, and my word but it gave me a turn when you answered!" Again there was that pleading little hand flutter toward Amy. "Really, dear, I wouldn't have had it happen for the world. The last thing I wanted was to get you involved."

"On account of Jessica, if nothing else. I shudder to think, when she finds out — because she has this segregation thing, you and your father in one pigeonhole, me in another, never the twain shall meet. I can't think why. As I've always assured her, I have no intention whatever of —"

"Never mind," said Amy hastily. Dangerous ground — she must not let Blanche lure her into it. What had been settled in her mind tonight must stay settled. Remember that. Remember that. Blanche or no Blanche, Jessica would have managed eventually to get everybody enmeshed in her web of lies. "It's all right."

"Yes, it is, isn't it? Or it's going to be," Blanche snatched at this gratefully. Here was what she lived by — the incorrigible, unreasoning optimism, spun out of herself, that insulated her like a cocoon against reality. Never mind, it's going to be all right, tomorrow will be better, things always work out somehow or other . . .

Even though in the end she had to tell Charlie about the accident when he came back with Hill. She simply couldn't keep it from them. The young man, Hill — he had eyes that went straight through her. Really. Unnerving. But give him credit, he had kept Charlie — how, she would never know — from bringing the police along to arrest her. Bless him. And having pried out of her everything he wanted to know, he had hustled Charlie off to check with the repairman, then go on to New Jersey and bring Jessica back.

"So reliable. I have every confidence. Only he did assure me you didn't know. About me, I mean. He gave me his word he wouldn't tell you."

must seem pretty often to Jessica. March wasn't so long ago, and the last dire emergency must have been then, when Jessica had borrowed from Tony.

"Not often," Blanche repeated with a rueful laugh. "And only when it's absolutely crucial. Like yesterday. Really, if it hadn't been for Jessica I don't know what I would have done."

Amy knew. She would have gone to Daddy. Jessica knew it, too. That was why — She stood up abruptly. "We must be going. It's getting late."

Blanche's hand reached timidly for hers. "It's been lovely meeting you, dear. You'll explain to Jessica how it was, won't you? I mean, I wouldn't want her to think it was my idea getting you involved." She hesitated, and added in a dreamy voice, as if she were talking to herself, "We couldn't just not tell her, I suppose — forget you were ever here?"

"Forget it?" Amy choked out. She jerked her hand free. "Oh, fine. Great. That's the way you'd like it, you and Jessica both, wouldn't you? Everybody lying to everybody else. Jessica could make up another story about where she's been and why, and I could pretend to believe it, and . . ."

"Well, I can't! I'm not like her! I can't forget something, either, just because I wish it weren't true. If I could, believe me, I would. I'd like to forget everything that's happened tonight, the whole miserable mess —" Her voice soared and broke. She made a rush for the door, fumbled it open and got out of there.

She should have done it an hour ago without waiting for Jessica to be explained. Because once was enough; Tony had already explained her, without mercy but with finality. Or so Amy had thought. She had managed to accept it, the desolate emptiness where Jessica used to be; it was freedom of a sort. The bond was broken, the beloved image smashed, and that was that. At least it was settled.

Only now, thanks to Blanche, it was unsettled, and the whole painful process was

chief and started steering her down the steps. "Look, sweetie, it's not all that bad, is it? I know how you feel about Blanche, but —"

"You don't know how I feel about anybody! Blanche or Jessica or anybody!"

"Then it's time you told me," he said, so sharply that she gave a gulp of surprise. "It's time you stopped treating me like a stray dog and let me in on things. Such as what happened with that fellow Tony. Because that's when it started. That's when you changed."

He waited, but she did not answer.

"All right, don't tell me. Let me guess. I can, you know. I heard you saying something about a promise to pay him —"

"Sneak! Eavesdropper!"

"That's me. Only I didn't think of it soon enough. The acoustics weren't any too good, either. So all I got was the finale, the business about promising to pay him. And you mentioned Jessica. Which makes it elementary to anybody who knows Jessica."

"What?" They were down the steps by now, on the sidewalk. She spun around to face him, and he flinched at the blaze of wrath in her voice. Very gratifying. (Though to tell the truth, one part of her was as surprised as he was.) "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Well — now, wait a minute, Amy. Don't go flying off the handle. All I meant was — well, anybody knows how Jessica is about money —"

"It that so! Anybody. You, for instance. You've known her — how long? Two or three weeks? — and I'm just her sister, so naturally you know her better than I do. How she is about money. Why don't you come right out and call her a crook, if that's what you think?"

"That's not what I think." His face flushed painfully, but he stood his ground. "She's not crooked on purpose, any more than Blanche is. She's just — not very reliable about paying her debts. Good heavens, Amy, Tony must have convinced you or you wouldn't have promised to pay him back."

"All right, then he must have convinced me. What of it?"

"You mean you're the only

And so could Amy. Couldn't she? Her heart gave a little jump of release at the thought. She could love Jessica without wanting to be her. Because that was what hurt so about her precious shattered image — it had been less an image of Jessica than of Amy herself as she would like to be. And neither could be, and neither could Jessica, and the smashing of it was not disaster but liberation. She was free to admit Jessica's flaws and love her, anyway. She was free — at last — to be Amy.

"What?" she said, because Eric apparently had been talking away at a great rate and now expected a response of some kind from her.

"You haven't been listening. It was good, too. A masterly analysis of Blanche. I kind of liked her, you know. Scatterbrained as she is. Still, she doesn't mean any harm."

"I'm sure she doesn't," said Amy. No, Blanche didn't mean any harm. She would be appalled at the idea of blackmailing Jessica or anybody else; it never occurred to her that that was what she was doing. To her it was just a nice, convenient, mother-daughter arrangement. She could thank her lucky stars, Jessica would cheat Tony, lie to Amy and Daddy, but she would always come through for Blanche. She didn't dare not to.

"One thing about her — she explains Jessica," Eric spoke cautiously, as if he were afraid of setting off another explosion. When it didn't come he was encouraged to go on.

"Explains why she's the way she is, I mean. And, of course, the business about Tony. She couldn't very well do anything else, I suppose. After all, Blanche may be a problem mother, but she's her mother. You've got to give Jessica credit for being loyal."

"Yes, she is. Very loyal." Not just to Blanche, either, though that was probably what had kept Jessica from telling Amy the truth — an instinctive impulse to protect her poor, raffish, problem mother from the disapproval and contempt of a sterling character like Amy.

But what really counted was the other, subtler loyalty to Daddy. Eric didn't know about that; he had never seen the picture in Daddy's wallet, that faded, heartbreaking picture of Blanche as she used to be and was no longer, except in the vision Daddy still cherished. It was a loyalty Amy knew all about. She shared it. And it was Jessica's redeeming reason for lying and cheating — to keep Daddy from knowing what time had done to his vision.

"She couldn't let Blanche go to Daddy, you see," he told Eric. "That's what would have happened if she hadn't come through with the money. She had to keep her away from Daddy."

"He'd raise hell, you mean. One of those deals where he's forbidden her to see Blanche, let alone give her any money. Only Blanche doesn't realise it —"

"Not exactly. A little more complicated than that," Amy said. Complicated, yes. But Eric would understand. It was surprising how much he understood — surprising how, in his own slapdash way, he had seen her through tonight. She would always remember that. "You'll get the whole story, all in good time, from Jessica. Jessica will tell you."

"You think so? I don't." And there it was, his frank, bold smile, and the dancing feeling it gave her. "I think it's going to be Amy. I hope it's going to be Amy."

She was free, she was Amy, she could do what she felt like doing. She kissed him.

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"He didn't," said Eric. "Wouldn't have, either, even if we hadn't missed his call. Don't worry, Hill's a man of his word."

"Oh, I'm not worried," Blanche lifted her head, bright and forlorn, and swung her feathered foot gaily. "I'm not the least bit worried. It's all worked out fine, after all. Hasn't it? It just goes to show. As I've said to Jessica I don't know how many times, no earthly reason why Amy and I shouldn't hit it off, if we ever did happen to meet."

"Far be it from me to make trouble of any kind for anybody. Least of all for Jessica. I should hope not, when she's been so good about helping me out. Of course, it's not often . . ."

She paused warily, but Amy kept her thoughts to herself. Not often to Blanche

starting all over again. Why couldn't Jessica stay a stinker and be done with it? Why must there be Blanche to blur the edges that had seemed so starkly black and white and break through Amy's shell of detachment?

She heard Eric galloping after her, but kept on running anyway. Down the stairs, through the hall, out on to the steps, where an eddy of gritty wind whipped her hair into her eyes and plastered a stray newspaper sheet against her legs. She bent to peel it off and discovered that she was crying.

"Can I be, of any assistance?"

"Go away, Eric. Leave me alone. Why do you have to —"

"It's my duty. Remember? I'm stuck with you, or you're stuck with me, or something." He handed her his handker-

person entitled to be anti-Jessica?"

"But I'm not! I'm just — I just —" She stopped helplessly. Not anti-Jessica, or she wouldn't have flown to defend her with such heat. But not pro-Jessica in the old way, either, because whatever she might say for Eric's benefit, she could not overlook that unpaid debt to Tony.

It should have been paid, could have been paid, long before Blanche turned up with her latest dire emergency. Only it was so easy for Jessica to postpone what was inconvenient or unpleasant; she had some of Blanche's illogical optimism, her don't-look-now-and-maybe-it-will-go-away attitude.

"Neither am I," Eric was saying earnestly. "I can see her faults without being anti-Jessica, can't I?"



# I BROKE MY ENGAGEMENT

● *I was afraid of hurting other people . . . I thought. Then I found out what really frightened me was that I didn't really love my fiancé, and so I made the tough decision of cancelling my wedding plans. Today I know it was the right decision.*

**D**RIVING home from Sue's with my kitchen shower presents heaped beside me, I should have been happy and excited. Instead, I felt restless and miserable, as I had for weeks.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked myself savagely as I jammed on the brakes at a red light I hadn't seen. And suddenly, from deep down inside me, the answer came — so suddenly that I blurted it out aloud. "I don't love him. I don't love Mike. And eight days from now I'm going to marry him!"

The fact that I had finally admitted to myself what the trouble was made me light-headed with relief.

And then my misery returned, even deeper than before. Because I didn't see how I could back out now. The truth had come to me too late.

When I got home, my family was still up—Mother and Dad and my 16-year-old brother, Jimmy, who was to be an usher at the wedding and was secretly very proud of it, although he also enjoyed complaining about "all this wedding jazz."

Mother was addressing invitations at a card-table, and when I saw her there I wanted to scream. I felt sick inside.

Mother looked up. "Well, Jeannie, did you have a nice time?"

"It was a kitchen shower," I said flatly.

"I know," Mother said, smiling. "The girls called me about colors. Show us what you got!"

Instead, I dumped the gifts on the sofa and said, "Mum, could we do it tomorrow? I have such a headache, I just want to go to bed."

She got up and put her arms around me. "Of course, dear. You go right away. I'll bring you an aspirin."

As I left the room I heard my father ask, "What was all that about?" and Mother explaining, "Oh, she's just tired and jittery, I imagine."

I almost turned back and shouted at them, "It's much more than that. We've got to call off the wedding!"

But I couldn't. How could I face their reactions? They'd ask questions — and I didn't know the answers.

Mother did bring me an aspirin, but I couldn't get to sleep. First I tried to reason with myself.

Maybe I was just tired; didn't everybody say the bride always has the jitters?

I'd known Mike half my life; his family had moved to our town when I was 11, and our parents were good friends.

For a time I had a big crush on him; I used to walk the long way home just to go past his house in hopes of seeing him.

For years he treated me like a kid sister; then, one day he noticed I wasn't a child any longer, and we started going out together.

It went on so long that everybody, including us, started assuming that one day we'd marry.

Nobody pushed us, but both sets of parents were delighted when we set the date.

Staring into the dark, I tried to analyse my feeling for Mike as honestly as I could.

## "Marriage can't work without love"

I liked Mike a lot; any girl would. He's generous and kind and — and — just nice. I was even physically attracted to him — he's a good-looking boy.

But to settle down with him for the rest of my life — did I really want that? I knew, deep down, the answer was no.

Then why, I accused myself bitterly, did you say "yes" when he asked you to marry him?

Twisting and turning in the bed, I thought about that, too. I guess it was because Mike had been part of my growing up, and then all my friends were getting married.

But now, when the excitement of becoming engaged was over, I knew, painfully, that I didn't love Mike.

And what was I going to do about it?

I switched on my bedside lamp and opened my wardrobe door. There, shimmering softly on its hanger, was my wedding dress.

It had been made specially for me, and had cost £60. How could I ask Mrs. Bertoli to take it back? I thought about my three bridesmaids — what could they do with their dresses?

My matron of honor — my cousin Marian — was

coming interstate specially for the occasion.

And all those shower and wedding presents—china and silver and kitchenware. How could I send all those things back?

But the hardest thing of all to face — because I was ashamed to admit I cared — was what people might say. Maybe they'd think something was wrong with me.

Or even that Mike was the one who wanted to break it off, and was just being a gentleman about it.

And what if I never had another chance?

I threw myself back on my bed and cried until, exhausted, I fell asleep.

The next night I had a date with Mike. We went to a Chinese restaurant we had always liked, and he showed me the silver cufflinks he had bought for ushers' gifts.

Sitting there, across from him, I suddenly felt stifled.

ago when she married Bob and moved interstate.

We went to a café, and over a salad and coffee I started talking frantically about the wedding.

Halfway through, Marian put down her fork and looked at me.

"Jeannie," she said. "What's wrong?"

I asked her what she meant.

"Oh, come on, Jeannie, I know you — and I know something's wrong."

It all came out in a rush, then; I told her everything I hadn't been able to tell anyone else, even my mother, even Mike. She listened gravely, not interrupting once. Then she said, "Jeannie, it won't work."

I knew she was only trying to help, but that didn't

longer, but by that time I knew what I had to do.

I guess what I'd needed was somebody to back me up.

I won't say calling the wedding off was easy. My parents were wonderful, but Mike's mother was terribly upset.

And Mike — Mike was hurt, so hurt that I almost broke down.

But I knew Marian was right, and that I'd have hurt him more if I'd married him.

There was a lot of gossip, of course; I just had to ignore it as best I could.

Marian stayed that whole week, helping us to cope with questionnaires, write notes, and pack gifts to go back.

Then she took me back home with her. Now that I think back on it, I realise I must have been an awful trial to her.

I was pretty depressed, and I just mooned around.

Looking for help, I got some books on love and marriage from the local library. I'm not at all sure I believe what some of the books said — that there's not just one right person for any of us; that, given the right circumstances, each of us could be happy with any one of dozens of potential mates.

But what really seemed to fit my case was something that all the experts agreed on.

The thing is, you have to be ready for marriage—for the troubles and the humdrum of it, as well as the joys — before you can truly love someone enough to spend your whole life with him. I realised that I wasn't ready, then.

A year or so after I broke off with Mike he came to see me and told me he was going to be married.

He and his wife have a baby by now, and I'm very happy for them.

But I'm even happier for myself these days, because now I'm engaged again, and I feel wonderful. And sure.

When I took my wedding dress back to Mrs. Bertoli, asking her to give it to some girl who wanted it, she said a sweet—and wise—thing.

"That dress was made for you to wear when you go to the man you love. Keep it. It won't be long before you'll need it."

She was right.

By JEANNIE McDONALD



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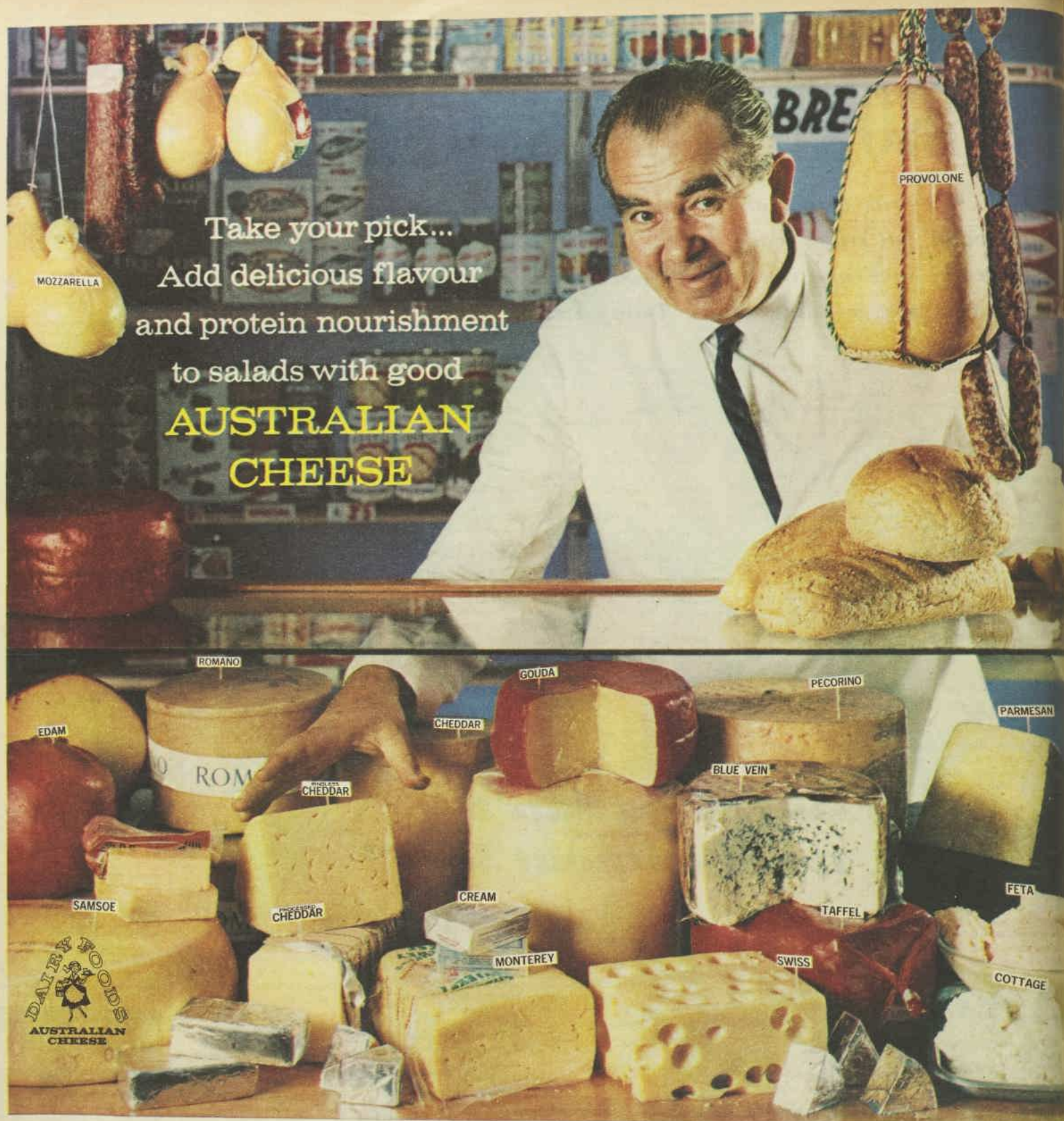
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**Gouda** (pronounced Gow-da) has a delicate flavour resembling mild cheddar and is enjoyed much the same way as Edam.

**Provolone** (pronounced Pro-vo-lo-nee) has a robust flavour, excellent for hors d'oeuvres,

snacks and hearty cheese dishes.

**Swiss** with its sweet, nutty flavour is popular for salads and sandwiches. It is used in special dishes such as Swiss Fondue.

**Taffel** has a texture similar to Gouda and Edam. Suitable for sandwiches, snacks and generally, as Cheddar.

**Monterey** is similar to mild Cheddar, made by a slightly different process.

**Samsøe** (pronounced Sam-so). Sweet nutty flavour with small evenly spaced "eyes" is suitable for salads, sandwiches, snacks.

#### AUSTRALIAN HARD CHEESES

**Parmesan** (pronounced Par-ma-san) is one of the world's best-loved cheeses. Generally grated, adds much flavour to soups, sauces, spaghettis,

meat dishes and savouries.

**Pecorino** is a grating cheese like Parmesan with a sharper, sometimes biting flavour. Uses are the same as Parmesan.

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**Blue Vein** is one of the most popular foreign-type cheeses made in Australia. Its distinctive flavour is excellent for dips, dressings, spreads and appetisers.

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#### AUSTRALIAN SOFT UNRIPENED CHEESES

**Cottage Cheese** made from skim milk is ideal for cheese cakes, sandwiches, dips and salads. Creamed cottage cheese has cream added to coat the curd particles after manufacture.

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"They're excellent," I said. "First class." "They're proper ones," said Geraldine, with pride. "Not just for babies and pretending."

"No... I can see that." "I keep a little book," said Geraldine.

She showed me. "I write down things in it and the times. It's like train-spotting," she added. "I've got a cousin called Dick and he does train-spotting. We do motor-car numbers, too. You know, you start at one and see how far you can get."

"It's rather a good sport," I said.

"Yes, it is. Unfortunately, there aren't many cars come down this road, so I've rather given that up for the time being."

"I suppose you must know all about those houses down there, who lives in them, and all that sort of thing."

I threw it out casually enough, but Geraldine was quick to respond.

"Oh, yes. Of course I don't know their real names, so I have to give them names of my own."

"That must be rather fun," I said.

"That's the Marchioness of Carrabas down there," said Geraldine, pointing. "That one with all the untidy trees. You know, like Puss in Boots. She has masses and masses of cats."

"I was talking to one just now," I said, "an orange one."

"Yes, I saw you," said Geraldine.

"You must be very sharp," I said. "I don't expect you miss much, do you?"

Geraldine smiled in a pleased way. Ingrid opened the door and came in breathless.

"You all right, yes?"

"We're quite all right," said Geraldine firmly. "You needn't worry, Ingrid."

She nodded violently and pantomimed with her hands.

"You go back, you cook."

"Very well, I go. It is nice that you have a visitor."

"She gets nervous when she cooks," explained Geraldine, "when she's trying anything new, I mean. And sometimes we have meals very late because of that. I'm glad you've come. It's nice to have someone to distract you, then you don't think about being hungry."

"Tell me more about the people in the houses there," I said, "and what you see. Who lives in the next house—the neat one?"

"Oh, there's a blind woman there. She's quite blind, and yet she walks just as well as though she could see. The porter told me that. Harry. He's very nice, Harry is. He tells me a lot of things. He told me about the murder."

"The murder?" I said, sounding suitably astonished. Geraldine nodded. Her eyes shone with importance at the information she was about to convey.

"There was a murder in that house. I practically saw it."

"How very interesting."

"Yes, isn't it? I've never seen a murder before. I mean I've never seen a place where a murder happened."

"What did you—er—see?"

"Well, there wasn't very much going on just then. You know, it's rather an empty time of day. The exciting thing was when somebody came rushing out of the house screaming. And then, of course, I knew something must have happened."

"Who was screaming?"

"Just a woman. She was quite young, rather pretty really. She came out of the door and she screamed and

she screamed. There was a young man coming along the road. She came out of the gate and sort of clutched him—like this." She made a motion with her arms. She fixed me with a sudden glance. "He looked rather like you."

"I must have a double," I said lightly. "What happened next? This is very exciting."

"Well, he sort of plumped her down. You know, on the ground there, and then he went back into that house and the Emperor, that's the orange cat—I always like the Emperor because he looks so proud—stopped washing himself and he looked quite surprised, and then Miss Pikestaff came out of her house—that's that one there, Number 18—and she came out and stood on the steps staring."

"Miss Pikestaff?"

"I call her Miss Pikestaff because she's so plain. She's got a brother and she bullies him."

"Go on," I said with interest.

"And then all sorts of things happened. The man came out of the house again—are you sure it wasn't you?"

"I'm a very ordinary-looking chap," I said modestly, "there are lots like me."

## SOMEWHAT

unflatteringly, Geraldine said, "Yes, I suppose that's true. Well, anyway, this man, he went off down the road and telephoned from the call-box down there. Presently police began arriving." Her eyes sparkled. "Lots of police. And they took the dead body away in a sort of ambulance thing. Of course there were lots of people by that time staring, you know. I saw Harry there, too. That's the porter from these flats. He told me about it afterwards."

"Did he tell you who was murdered?"

"He just said it was a man. Nobody knew his name."

"It's all very interesting," I said.

I prayed fervently that Ingrid would not choose this moment to come in again with a delectable treacle tart or other delicacy.

"But go back a little, do. Tell me earlier. Did you see this man—the man who was murdered—did you see him arrive at the house?"

"No, I didn't. I suppose he must have been there all along."

"You mean he lived there?"

"Oh, no, nobody lives there except Miss Pebmarsh."

"So you know her real name?"

"Oh, yes, it was in the papers. About the murder. And the screaming girl was called Sheila Webb. Harry told me that the man who was murdered was called Mr. Curry. That's a funny name, isn't it, like the thing you eat. And there was a second murder, you know. Not the same day—later—in the telephone box down the road. I can see it from here, just, but I have to get my head right out of the window and turn it round. Of course I didn't really see it, because I mean if I'd known it was going to happen, I would have looked out. But, of course, I didn't know it was going to happen, so I didn't. There were a lot of people that morning just standing there in the street, looking at the house opposite. I think that's rather stupid, don't you?"

"Yes," I said, "very stupid."

Here Ingrid made her appearance once more.

"I come soon," she said reassuringly. "I come very soon now."

She departed again. Geraldine said:

"We don't really want her. She gets worried about meals. Of course this is the only one she has to cook except breakfast. Daddy goes down to the restaurant in the evening and he has something sent up for me from there. Just fish or something. Not a real dinner." Her voice sounded wistful.

"What time do you usually have your lunch, Geraldine?"

"My dinner, you mean? This is my dinner. I don't have dinner in the evening, it's supper. Well, I really have my dinner any time Ingrid happens to have cooked it. She's rather funny about time. She has to get breakfast ready at the right time because Daddy gets so cross, but midday dinner we have any time. Sometimes we have it at 12 o'clock and sometimes I don't get it till 2. Ingrid says you don't have meals at a particular time, you just have them when they're ready."

"Well, it's an easy idea," I said. "What time did you have your lunch—dinner, I mean—on the day of the murder?"

"That was one of the 12 o'clock days. You see, Ingrid goes out that day. She goes to the cinema or to have her hair done and a Mrs. Perry comes and keeps me company. She's terrible, really. She pats one."

"Pats one?" I said, slightly puzzled.

"You know, on the head. Says things like 'dear little girlie.' She's not," said Geraldine, "the kind of person you can have any proper conversation with. But she brings me sweets and that sort of thing."

"How old are you, Geraldine?"

"I'm ten. Ten and three months."

"You seem to me very good at intelligent conversation," I said.

"That's because I have to talk to Daddy a lot," said Geraldine seriously.

"So you had your dinner early on that day of the murder?"

"Yes, so Ingrid could get washed up and go off just after one."

"Then you were looking out of the window that morning, watching people?"

"Oh, yes. Part of the time. Earlier, about 10 o'clock, I was doing a crossword puzzle."

"I've been wondering whether you could possibly have seen Mr. Curry arriving at the house?"

Geraldine shook her head. "No, I didn't. It is rather odd, I agree."

"Well, perhaps he got there quite early."

"He didn't go to the front door and ring the bell. I'd have seen him."

"Perhaps he came in through the garden. I mean through the other side of the house."

"Oh, no," said Geraldine.

"It backs on other houses. They wouldn't like anyone coming through their garden."

"No, no, I suppose they wouldn't."

"I wish I knew what he'd looked like," said Geraldine.

"Well, he was quite old. About sixty. He was clean-shaven and he had on a dark grey suit."

Geraldine shook her head.

"It sounds terribly ordinary," she said with disapprobation.

"Anyway," I said, "I suppose it's difficult for you to

To page 40

# AT HOME

## with Margaret Sydney

● Any sore throats in your family, or any of those summer colds that wreck the school holidays? A reader in Coonamble, N.S.W., has sent me this glorious recipe for curing colds and sore throats.

SHE found it in an old recipe book of her grandmother's, and adds the comment that as her grandfather lived to be 83 she presumes he never agreed to take a dose of Gran's cure.

The recipe, which is headed "Cure For Sore Throat In All Its Forms," contains cayenne pepper, common salt, and vinegar.

Mix and warm over a slow fire. Use as a gargle for throat and mouth every hour. Treatment should be begun by taking a tablespoon of castor oil, and during treatment a poultice of garlic and onion should be applied to the outside of the throat.

I should think this would be a hundred per cent. cure. Anyone willing to admit, when the second hour came around, that they still had a sore throat, should see a psychiatrist, not a G.P.

It might be a good one to try on Mike on one of those gloomy school mornings when the poor child is desperately ill at 7.30 a.m. and a bundle of energy and hunger by 9.15.

## A (doubtful) cure for all ills!

I HAD an elderly relative who had spent a lot of his youth on out-back sheep stations and who always claimed that there were only two things needed in the family medicine chest—stockholm tar and kerosene.

The stockholm tar was used externally for cuts and bites and scratches; the kerosene internally.

I must admit that though I heard him a hundred times advise other people to try kerosene, he certainly never took it himself.

I have had a healthy fear of kerosene ever since an early morning dash to a country hospital, bare-footed, dressing-gowned, and uncombed, driving a friend of mine whose two-year-old daughter had drunk kerosene and was turning an alarming shade of blue as we drove.

She had drunk the kerosene from a bottle kept under the drum on the back verandah and used for filling the refrigerator and the lamps.

My friend, of course, blamed herself bitterly for having made the elementary mistake of using something as attractive as a drink bottle for the kero, but this child must actually have liked the taste of it, because six months later she had another large swig, this time from a rusty tin in one of the farm's sheds.

She was fortunate, and in both cases made a complete recovery within 24 hours; but others are not so lucky, and the safe keeping of kerosene must be a major problem for people with small children who live on farms and have to have supplies of it readily available.

Talking of children's odd eating and drinking habits, another friend of mine had an angelic-looking little girl who, from the time she could walk, used to go slater-beetle-hunting the way other people go blackberrying.

She didn't eat snails, she didn't eat worms, she didn't eat Christmas beetles—she just ate slaters. She used to wander about the garden, turning over pieces of wood in

likely places, and cramming her mouth with handfuls of slater beetles.

The garden used to be loud with shrieks when she was discovered—shrieks from her at being deprived of her tasty beetles, and shrieks from her mother who disliked the whole insect creation and felt positively ill when faced with the job of hoiking live beetles out of her daughter's mouth.

## The psychology of feeding a family...

I THOUGHT there was an enormous amount of sense in the suggestion recently made by a correspondent to the Weekly's "Letter Box" that a lot of the picking and choosing and failing to eat properly among children today might well be due to people having given up grandmother's warning cry: "Now be sure you don't eat too much."

Normal children tend to be contrasuggestible, let's face it. We're always suggesting to them that they should eat up their nice this and that, because it's good for them.

They wouldn't be human if they didn't discover very early in life that they can get back on Mum by refusing to eat up whatever it is that Mum is particularly keen to get into them.

The trouble is that, knowing all these bits and pieces about what vitamins and minerals are good for us, it's very difficult for us not to worry when they refuse to eat whatever it is that the experts say they MUST have every day.

Kay was quite the most difficult of our children to feed, simply because she was the first, and I thought the sky was falling if I couldn't get the daily ration of essentials into her.

Di was a lot easier because I flapped less, and Mike was no trouble because by the time we got to him I'd woken up to the fact that a blind eye and no comment of any sort meant that he didn't think up irrational prejudices against what was good for him.

Certainly the life expectancy has gone up, but in a country like this, where a reasonable amount of good food has almost always been available, that's surely more because of better preventive medicine than better eating habits.

Most of us can trot out a grandparent or two who lived into their eighties on a diet well larded with suet puddings, a nice plate of bread and butter for morning and afternoon tea, and a good pinch of bicarbonate in every saucepan of greens to keep their color attractive.

I have a lifelong aversion (which is good for the figure) to eating bread with soups and meats and fish, because I had a grandmother who insisted on our eating bread at all meals.

So maybe the old "Don't eat too much—I think you've really had enough" racket might work with many children, if it could be done convincingly.

The only trouble is that they might carry the thing too far, take to stuffing themselves with food and turn into the sort of little monsters who live to eat.



# HEADLINE-MAKERS FOR 1964



● Here, Brousseau's airy light-headed beret is made in sky-blue organdie. The "blown-up" look is achieved with folds of material.



● Albouy's tam-beret made in gauzy-type plaid tweed. The hat is stitched all over and finished with a fringed-out pompon.



● Orcel's face-framing bonnet, finished with a beguiling chinstrap, is warm as well as glamorous. The material is printed velvet.



● Barthel's leopard kerchief turban designed with a worldly twist. The turban covers the wearer's hair and is tied at back.





● Bandit hat in black velours, worn with a black cravat, is from Nina Ricci.



● Dior's raincoats are worn with matching raincaps. The caps are close-fitted.



● Brousseau's egg-shaped cap (above right) made in dark green velours is worn to show a fringed coif. At left, Paulette's high-crowned mannish shape in heavy tweed with a multi-cord trim.

**H**ERE is a round-up of hat shapes that show the newest looks in Paris millinery. Brilliant eye-catching colors—that includes white—bring fresh excitement to 1964 millinery.

There is terrific variety in shapes, from an airborne beret to a turban kerchief.

Almost every Paris hat is meant to be worn straight—

straight and high or straight and flat. The exception is a large beret-like tam.

Stirring ripples of excitement, madly becoming, is a late-day hat made in white plumage. These feathered beauties open up a whole new era of late-day charm. It's a seductive flirty look that men as well as women will find irresistible.

— BETTY KEEP

● After the sun goes down, white plumage is the newest way to flattery. This hat by Simonetta and Fabiani.





# CHOUX PASTRY IS EASY TO MAKE

## Dishes to honor the saints

● Many countries, wanting to create a delicious special dish in honor of a celebrated personage, have chosen choux pastry to form the basis of that dish.

**FRANCE**, to honor St. Honore, patron saint of all pastry-makers, created Gâteau St. Honore—a ring of golden choux pastry, topped with small puffs and filled with a rich cream.

French pastrycooks make this mouth-melting cake specially for celebrations on May 16, a feast day to honor their patron saint.

Italy, too, chose choux pastry for a dessert to commemorate the day of St. Joseph, patron saint of home and family.

Italian pastrycooks created St. Joseph's Day Pastries or Sfinigi di san Giuseppe.

(Recipes for these two famous desserts are given on the opposite page.)

Although its spectacular effectiveness has won world acclaim, choux is one of the simplest to make of all pastries; there are no special tricks.

Unlike most quick breads, choux pastry is leavened entirely by steam that builds up in the batter under heat.

● When making choux puffs, sprinkle puffs and tray very lightly with water before putting into oven; this will help to produce more steam in the oven, and so provide bigger puffs.

● However, if baking eclairs, do not sprinkle with water; they need a dry heat to preserve their shape.

● The pastry will puff up and expand during cooking; allow plenty of room for spreading—from 2 in. to 3 in. between large puffs.

● In baking, allow a high oven temperature for rising, then a lower temperature for cooking and browning. The pastry must be baked until it is thoroughly dry and feels light in the hand. If it is brown outside but still moist inside, it will collapse as it cools.

Some cooks think choux pastry difficult to make—it may shrink when removed from the oven; generally, the simple explanation is that the pastry has not been cooked for long enough.

Once the pastry is in the oven, resist the temptation to peep at it. The oven door should not be opened until cooking time is almost completed.

If the puffs are well-risen, but need a little further cooking, they can be covered with paper to keep them from browning too quickly or too much.

When cooked, make a small slit in the side of the pastry to allow the steam to escape; return to the oven for a few minutes to dry out.

● Choux pastry, golden in color and feather-light, forms the basis of some of the world's most famous desserts. Yet it is easy to make, and within the capabilities of even the most amateur of cooks.

**INSIDE** each crisp, hollow shell of choux pastry can be tucked rich, wonderful patisserie creams, flavored with mocha or liqueurs. Or a pyramid of tiny puffs, cream-filled, topped with caramel, can be formed to make the world-renowned dessert Croquem-bouche.

Below are the basic recipe for choux pastry and recipes for spectacular desserts and delicious savories which can be made from this versatile pastry.

In the panel at left are some facts about choux pastry and hints that will help you to make it perfectly.

### CHOUX PASTRY

#### Basic Recipe

One cup water, 2½ oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, 1 cup flour, 3 large eggs (add 1 teaspoon sugar for sweet puffs).

Place water, butter, and salt in saucepan, bring to boil. Add sifted flour all at once, stirring vigorously with wooden spoon over heat until mixture is thick. When it forms a smooth ball and leaves sides of pan, remove from heat; cool slightly. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly after each addition.

Note: There are two main points to remember when preparing this basic pastry:

1: Make sure the melted butter and water are at full rolling boil, making large bubbles, before adding flour.

2: After adding eggs, stir the paste until it is very smooth and free of lumps.

## BY OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

### SAVORY PUFFS

Chicken soup (including prepared packaged chicken soup) can be used in place of the water when making puffs which are to be filled with a savory mixture.

Spoon or pipe choux pastry on to baking-sheets. Bake until golden and light. When cool, split and fill with any of the fillings suggested below. These make delicious party appetizers:

1: Quarter cup softened butter, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped chives, pepper, ½ cup finely chopped or minced smoked salmon. Combine all ingredients and blend well.

2: Mix finely chopped lobster, crab, or prawns into mayonnaise; flavor with a little curry powder.

3: Make thick, creamy white sauce; blend in some chopped smoked oysters, some finely chopped green shallot.

4: Or add finely diced chicken to the white sauce, stir in some chopped chutney and a little curry powder.

When ready to serve, the filled puffs can be dipped into frying batter, placed in frying-basket, and plunged into deep hot oil 1 minute. The filling will be cold, the outside hot and crisp.

Serve immediately; garnish with parsley sprigs and lemon quarters.

5: Or, to make quick little appetizers, blend ½ cup very finely chopped chicken, some finely chopped parsley, little grated onion, salt and pepper into basic choux pastry. Bake as small puffs until golden and light. Serve with bowl of well-flavored, parsley-flecked mayonnaise, or top each little puff with spoonful of mayonnaise just before serving.

6. Alternatively, blend into basic pastry contents of 1 small can of drained, finely chopped sardines with 1 tablespoon finely chopped toasted almonds; or combine ½ cup grated parmesan cheese with 4 oz. devilled ham and beat into pastry.

### SAVORY GNOCCHI

One quantity choux pastry, 2 cups cooked mashed potatoes, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup finely chopped ham, ½ teaspoon oregano, extra grated cheese, 1 tablespoon butter.

Stir potatoes, grated cheese, ham, and oregano into the choux pastry, mixing lightly but well. Shape into balls with spoon, using about 1 dessertspoon of the mixture for each. Place close together in well-greased, flat, shallow casserole. Sprinkle with extra cheese, dot with butter. Bake in hot oven approximately 25 minutes or until well browned. This is delicious as a savory snack.

### POLKA

(This is a very simplified version of the St. Honore Gâteau on opposite page)

Pastry (as for St. Honore Gâteau), one quantity choux pastry, cream filling, caramel glaze.

Roll out pastry, prick well, refrigerate 1 hour. Spoon the choux pastry, as for large puffs, round pastry edge. Bake until golden; cool. Pour in cream filling, top with caramel glaze.

Cream Filling: Half cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 1 dessertspoon rum or 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Beat eggs well with sugar, mix in the flour, heat until smooth. Pour in the lukewarm milk, add vanilla or rum. Cook in double saucepan over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture is thick; cool. Pour into pastry-shell.

Caramel Glaze: Put ½ cup sugar into small, heavy saucepan. Cook until the sugar liquefies, then turn heat down low and continue cooking until syrup is a rich caramel color. While syrup is still very hot, take spoon and dribble fine lines of caramel glaze over the cool custard filling.

### SPANISH DOUGHNUTS (CHURROS)

One quantity choux pastry, ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, oil for frying.

Fill pastry into piping-bag fitted with ½ in. star tube. Press mixture out in 2 in. lengths into deep hot oil; use wet scissors to cut off lengths as they are pressed out. Deep-fry, a few at a time, until golden brown. Lift out with slotted spoon, drain well.

Combine sugar and cinnamon in bowl. Toss drained doughnuts in sugar-cinnamon mixture, coat well. Serve warm.

### ZABAGLIONE DESSERT PUFFS

Three eggs, ½ cup milk, ½ cup cream, 2 tablespoons sugar, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 packet quick-frozen strawberries (thawed), sugar, one quantity choux pastry made into medium-size puffs, whipped cream.

Separate eggs. In saucepan scald together milk and cream. Beat egg-yolks with sugar until light and lemon-colored. Add a little hot milk to the egg mixture, stirring constantly. Return all to saucepan, cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth; stir in salt. Remove from heat, blend in sherry; cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly and fold in.

Just before serving, mash strawberries (reserving some for garnish), adding sugar, if necessary, to taste; spoon some strawberry mixture into base of each cooled, split puff. Spoon zabaglione mixture over, replace top of puff. Pipe or spoon some whipped cream on top, garnish with small whole strawberry. Serve at once.

### FRENCH BOUCHETTES

One quantity choux pastry, swiss cheese. Drop pastry from the tip of teaspoon on to lightly greased baking-sheet (puffs will be tiny). Force ½ in. cube of swiss cheese into each small puff before baking.

### GOUGERE

One quantity choux pastry, 1½ cups finely diced swiss cheese.

Make choux pastry in the usual way and, after the eggs have been beaten in, beat in ½ cup finely diced cheese.

Grease baking-sheet; mark out 2 8 in. circles (or use 2 baking-sheets). Spread choux pastry in marked circles. Sprinkle with remaining cheese; bake in moderate oven 30 minutes or until brown and billowy. Cut in wedges and serve immediately.

This is also a delicious appetizer for a party. Spread the pastry into 12 in. by 15 in. oblong on baking-sheet, bake in usual way, cut into 1½ in. squares. Serve hot.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes on these two pages. Plain flour is used, unless otherwise stated.

### ECLAIRS

One quantity choux pastry, whipped cream, chocolate glaze icing.

Fill mixture into piping-bag fitted with ½ in. plain tube; pipe (or spoon) into 2 in. lengths (3 in. if you like bigger eclairs) on very lightly greased oven-plate. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate; bake further 15 minutes, or until dry; cool. Fill with whipped cream, then ice with chocolate glaze icing.

Chocolate Glaze Icing: Three dessertspoons water, 3 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon butter, 2 cups sifted icing-sugar.

Dissolve cocoa and butter in the hot water. Blend in sifted icing-sugar, beat until icing is very smooth, adding a little more icing-sugar or water if necessary.

Sweet fillings for Eclairs and Cream Puffs:

1. A simple filling for eclairs and puffs in place of whipped cream can be made with instant puddings. Prepare instant pudding as directed on the packet, then spoon into cool split eclairs or puffs. Any flavor can be used—vanilla, chocolate, lemon are good.

2. Or try this delicious custard cream as a filling. It is capable of many variations and we give some below.

Custard Cream: One tablespoon cornflour, 2 cups milk, 3 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Mix cornflour to smooth, thin paste with little of the milk. Scald remaining milk. Beat egg-yolks lightly, add sugar and salt; add blended cornflour, stir in scalded milk. Cook in double saucepan over boiling water about 15 minutes or until mixture is thick and smooth; stir constantly. Add butter and blend in. Cool, add vanilla. This is sufficient filling for 12 large puffs or approximately 20 eclairs.

Coffee Custard Cream: Add 1 dessertspoon instant coffee to the scalded milk, stir to blend. (If using a coffee custard filling for eclairs, top with mocha-flavored icing. Use recipe for chocolate glaze icing and dissolve 1 teaspoon instant coffee with the cocoa and butter in the hot water.)

Almond Custard Cream: Omit vanilla; add few drops of almond essence to the cooled cream.

3. If serving puffs or eclairs as dessert, allow 1 large puff or 2 eclairs per serving. Ice-cream makes an unusual filling. Simply spoon in ice-cream to the cooled, split puffs or eclairs just before serving. Serve with a special dessert sauce, such as the ones given below.

Rich Lemon Sauce: Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups boiling water, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1½ dessertspoons lemon juice.

Blend butter, sugar, and flour; gradually blend in boiling water. Add lemon rind; boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice, and stir well; cool.

Caramel Sauce: One cup brown sugar, 3 dessertspoons butter, pinch salt, 1-3rd cup evaporated milk.

Cook sugar, butter, and salt together over low heat, stirring constantly. When sugar is melted and bubbly on surface, stir in evaporated milk slowly so mixture does not stop bubbling. When all the milk is added, continue to cook about 1 minute. If serving hot, stand over hot water until ready to serve.

Chocolate Rum Sauce: Half pint milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 1 dessertspoon rum.

Blend milk and sugar in saucepan, bring to boil. Blend cornflour and cocoa with little extra milk. Add to saucepan, stir until boiling; boil 3 minutes. Remove from heat, add rum.

### POTATOES LORETTE

One quantity of choux pastry, 2 lb. potatoes, 1 tablespoon butter, salt and pepper, little grated nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon each grated onion and chopped parsley, 2 eggs, 2 extra egg-yolks, oil for frying.

Peel potatoes, cook in boiling salted water until soft (do not overcook). Drain well, then push through sieve, or mash well. Add to the hot potatoes the butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, onion, parsley, and eggs and extra egg-yolks, which have been beaten together. Beat mixture briskly until very fluffy. Blend potato mixture with choux pastry, beating until well combined. Drop by teaspoonfuls into deep hot fat, cook until well puffed, golden brown, and crisp. Drain well, serve hot.





#### GOLDEN CROWN PIE

Double quantity choux pastry, 1 egg plus 1 egg-yolk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 3 dessertspoons flour, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon warm water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup hot milk, 2 egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint cream, 1 dessertspoon rum, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups strawberries (or 1 or 2 packets quick-frozen strawberries, thawed), icing-sugar, toasted slivered almonds.

With tablespoon, spoon pastry out on greased baking-sheet in scalloped 8in. circle, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, continue baking 20 to 25 minutes or until crown is golden and dry; cool. Carefully split ring horizontally, remove top layer. Spoon in Rum Cream carefully, arrange strawberries in decorative pattern round edge.

Replace top layer, sprinkle with sifted icing-sugar, garnish with toasted, slivered almonds. Serve at once.

**Rum Cream:** Beat together the egg, egg-yolk, sugar and flour until mixture is light and fluffy. Soften gelatine in water, dissolve in hot milk. Add to egg mixture, cook over moderate heat or in top of double saucepan over hot water. Stir constantly until mixture is thick; be sure it does not boil. Cool; fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites, whipped cream, and rum.

#### CREAM PUFFS

One quantity choux pastry, filling, icing-sugar.

Drop rounded spoonfuls of dough on to greased baking-sheet, allowing about 2in. space between puffs. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate, bake further 20 to 30 minutes or until puffs are golden brown and feel light in the hand. (Cooking time will depend on size of puffs; allow approximate overall cooking time of 25 to 30 minutes for small puffs, approximately 35 to 40 minutes for large puffs.) When cooked, remove from oven, make small slit in side to allow steam to escape, return to oven a few minutes to dry. Cool.

Puffs can be filled with whipped cream or

vanilla custard. When filled, sift icing-sugar over top of puffs.

**Chocolate Cream Puffs:** Melt 1oz. dark chocolate, chopped, with the butter-water mixture.

#### ST. JOSEPH'S DAY PASTRIES

One quantity choux pastry (beat in 1 teaspoon grated orange rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, and 1 teaspoon sugar to the paste after beating in the last egg). **Chocolate-Cream Filling,** glace cherries, icing-sugar.

Drop dough from dessertspoon on greased baking-sheet; bake until golden and light. Make slit in side of each puff, return to oven to dry; cool.

Before serving, split puffs almost all the way round. Fill with Chocolate Cream, dust tops with sifted icing-sugar, decorate with glace cherries.

**Chocolate-Cream Filling:** Half-pint cream, 1oz. dark chocolate, (chopped), 1 tablespoon candied orange peel (finely cut), 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla or 1 dessertspoon rum.

Whip cream until firm, blend in remaining ingredients.

#### ST. HONORE GATEAU

**Pastry Base:** Six ounces flour, 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. castor sugar, 1 egg-yolk, cold water to mix.

**Choux Pastry:** Make up double quantity of basic recipe, beaten egg-yolk, whipped cream.

**Caramel Syrup.** One cup sugar, 1 cup hot water.

**Creme St. Honore:** Four egg-yolks,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar, 1-3rd cup flour, 2 cups milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1 tablespoon cold water, 4 egg-whites, 3 table-spoons castor sugar.

**Pastry Base:** Sift flour, rub in butter until mixture resembles coarse breadcrumbs. Add sugar, mix to stiff dough with beaten egg-yolk and just enough water to mix. Roll out, cut into a nine-inch circle. Place on greased baking-tray, prick well. Using icing-bag with plain half-inch pipe, make border of choux pastry round edge of pastry circle. Brush with beaten egg-yolk, bake in hot oven 15 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and continue cooking further 10 minutes; cool.

**DELECTABLE PASTRIES** above are made with the basic choux mixture. They are Golden Crown Pie, a crisp shell of pastry with a rich, creamy filling, and varieties of easy-to-make Cream Puffs.

Meanwhile, pipe out about 18 small puffs, about the size of a walnut, on to lightly greased baking-tray. Bake until light and golden; cool. Make small hole in side or base of each with small knife, then, using icing-bag with small plain tube, fill the puffs through this hole with whipped cream. Dip puffs one at a time into warm caramel syrup (made by dissolving sugar in hot water and cooking until syrup is rich golden color) and arrange them round edge of the cooked choux pastry circle. Fill centre of gateau with **Creme St. Honore**.

**Creme St. Honore:** Beat together egg-yolks and sugar until mixture is very pale and light; add sifted flour, beat until mixture is just smooth. Scald milk, pour a little into egg mixture, stirring constantly. Stir egg mixture in to remaining hot milk, cook in top of double saucepan over hot water until cream just reaches boiling point, but do not allow to boil; stir constantly. Stir in salt and vanilla. Soften gelatine in cold water, stir into hot cream until completely dissolved; strain. Cool, stirring occasionally to keep mixture smooth. Beat egg-whites until soft peaks form, then gradually beat in the sugar; beat until stiff. Fold into the cooled cream.

One tablespoon of rum can be blended into the cooled cream before adding the egg-whites.

Or to make a **Chocolate Cream**, add 2oz. dark chocolate, melted and cooled, to the scalded milk.

#### FRENCH PUFF DOUGHNUTS

One quantity choux pastry, whipped cream, chopped canned peaches or apricots, icing-sugar, oil for frying.

Fill dough into icing-bag. Using large plain pipe, pipe mixture in doughnut shapes on to well-greased waxed paper. Do only one or two doughnuts at a time. Invert paper over pan of deep, hot oil; as the steam reaches doughnuts they will drop into

pan. Fry until golden, turning once. Drain on absorbent paper; cool.

Split carefully, fill with whipped cream into which the well-drained, chopped peaches or apricots have been folded. Sweeten cream if desired. Sift icing-sugar over top of puffs.

#### CROQUEMBOUCHE

Double quantity basic choux pastry, pastry cream, caramel syrup.

Make choux pastry, pipe small balls (there will be about 60) on to greased oven-slide. Bake 25 to 30 minutes in hot oven, then reduce to moderate, bake further 5 to 10 minutes; cool. Make small hole in bottom of each puff and fill with pastry cream.

**Pastry Cream:** Two eggs, 2 egg-yolks, 6 table-spoons sugar, 6 table-spoons flour, 2 table-spoons gelatine, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups hot creamy milk, 2 egg-whites, 2 cups whipped cream, 1 table-spoon rum or 2 teaspoons vanilla.

Put the whole eggs, egg-yolks, sugar, and flour in bowl, beat with whisk. Add the gelatine, pour on the hot milk. Stir over hot water until just on point of boiling. Remove; cool, stirring occasionally (cooling process can be hastened by standing bowl over bowl of ice). Add stiffly beaten egg-whites and stiffly whipped cream; add flavoring. Fill pastry cream into piping-bag with small tube; fill the puffs. Coat tops of puffs with caramel syrup.

**Caramel Syrup:** Two cups sugar, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  cups water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cream of tartar.

Put all ingredients into heavy pan. Bring slowly to boil, cooking until syrup is deep caramel color. Remove from heat, stand in bowl of ice or iced water to stop cooking and prevent syrup darkening. Dip tops of puffs in the caramel (they're easier to handle if a little oil is rubbed on the fingers), stand puffs on lightly greased baking-tray to set a little. Pile into pyramid on serving-plate.

To make bigger pyramid, place an oiled mould on serving-plate, build puffs around it.



remember one day from another when you're lying here and always looking."

"It's not at all difficult," she rose to the challenge. "I can tell you everything about that morning. I know when Mrs. Crab came and when she left."

"That's the daily cleaning woman, is it?"

"Yes. She scuttles, just like a crab. She's got a little boy. Sometimes she brings him with her, but she didn't that day. And then Miss Pebmarsh goes out about 10 o'clock. She goes to teach children at a blind school. Mrs. Crab goes away about twelve. Sometimes she has a parcel with her that she didn't have when she came. Bits of butter, I expect, and cheese, because Miss Pebmarsh can't see."

"I know particularly well what happened that day, because, you see, Ingrid and I were having a little quarrel so she wouldn't talk to me. I'm teaching her English and she wanted to know how to say 'until we meet again.' She had to tell it to me in German, auf wiedersehn. I know that because I once went to Switzerland and people said that there. And they said Gruss Gott, too. That's rude if you say it in English."

"So what did you tell Ingrid to say?"

Geraldine began to laugh, a deep malicious chuckle. She started to speak but her chuckles prevented her, but at last she got it out.

"I told her to say 'Get the hell out of here!' So she said it to Miss Bulstrode next door and Miss Bulstrode was furious. So Ingrid found out and was very cross with me and we didn't make friends until tea-time the next day."

I digested this information. "So you concentrated on your opera glasses."

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Geraldine nodded.

"So that's how I know Mr. Curry didn't go in by the front door. I think perhaps he got in somehow in the night and hid in an attic. Do you think that's likely?"

"I suppose anything really is possible," I said, "but it doesn't seem to me very probable."

"No," said Geraldine, "he wouldn't have got hungry, wouldn't he? And he couldn't have asked Miss Pebmarsh for breakfast, not if he was hiding from her."

"And nobody came to the house?" I said. "Nobody at all? Nobody in a car — a tradesman — callers?"

"The grocer comes Mondays and Thursdays," said Geraldine, "and the milk comes at half past eight in the morning."

The child was a positive encyclopedia.

"The cauliflowers and things Miss Pebmarsh buys herself."

"Nobody calls at all except the laundry. It was a new laundry," she added.

"A new laundry?"

"Yes, it's, usually the Southern Downs Laundry. Most people have the Southern Downs. It was a new laundry that day—the Snowflake Laundry. I've never seen the Snowflake Laundry. They must have just started."

I fought hard to keep any undue interest out of my voice. I didn't want to start her romancing.

"Did it deliver laundry or call for it?" I asked.

"Deliver it," said Geraldine. "In a great big basket, too. Much bigger than the usual one."

"Did Miss Pebmarsh take it in?"

"No, of course not, she'd gone out again."

"What time was this, Geraldine?"

"One-thirty-five, exactly," said Geraldine. "I wrote it down," she added proudly.

She motioned toward a small notebook and opening it pointed with a rather dirty forefinger to an entry. "1.35 laundry came. No. 19."

"You ought to be at Scotland Yard," I said.

"Do they have women detectives? I'd quite like that. I don't mean policewomen. I think policewomen are silly."

"You haven't told me exactly what happened when the laundry came."

**G**ERALDINE shrugged. "Nothing happened. The driver got down, opened the van, took out this basket, and staggered along round the side of the house to the back door. I expect he couldn't get in. Miss Pebmarsh probably locks it, so he probably left it there and came back."

"What did he look like?"

"Just ordinary," said Geraldine.

"Like me?" I asked.

Geraldine said: "Oh, no, much older than you. But I didn't really see him properly, because he drove up to the house — this way." She pointed to the right. "He drew up in front of 19, although he was on the wrong side of the road. But it doesn't matter in a street like this. And then he went in through the gate bent over the basket. I could only see the back of his head and when he came out again he was rubbing his face. I expect he found it a bit hot"

## THE CLOCKS

and trying carrying that basket."

"And then he drove off again?"

"Yes. Why do you think it so interesting?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "I thought perhaps he might have seen something interesting."

Ingrid flung the door open. She was wheeling a trolley.

"We eat dinner now," she said, nodding brightly.

"Goody," said Geraldine, "I'm starving."

I got up.

"I must be going now," I said. "Goodbye, Geraldine."

"Goodbye. What about this thing?" She picked up the fruit knife. "It's not mine." Her voice became wistful. "I wish it were."

"It looks as though it's nobody's in particular, doesn't it?"

"Would that make it treasure trove, or whatever it is?"

"Something of the kind," I said. "I think you'd better hang on to it. That is, hang on to it until someone else claims it. But I don't think," I said truthfully, "that anybody will."

"Get me an apple, Ingrid," said Geraldine.

"Apple?"

"Pommel! Apfell!"

She did her linguistic best. I left them to it.

Mrs. Rival pushed open the door of the Peacock's Arms and made a slightly unsteady progress toward the bar. She was murmuring under her breath. She was no stranger to this particular hostelry and was greeted quite affectionately by the barman.

"How do, Flo," he said, "how's tricks?"

"It's not right," said Mrs.

Rival. "It's not fair. No, it's not right. I know what I'm talking about, Fred, and I say it's not right."

"Of course it isn't right," said Fred, soothingly. "What is, I'd like to know? Want the usual, dear?"

Mrs. Rival nodded assent. She paid and began to sip from her glass. Fred moved away to attend to another customer. Her drink cheered Mrs. Rival slightly. She still muttered under her breath, but with a more good-humored expression. When Fred was near her once more she addressed him again with a slightly softened manner.

"All the same, I'm not going to put up with it," she said. "No, I'm not. If there's one thing I can't bear, it's deceit. I don't stand for deceit, I never did."

"Of course you didn't," said Fred.

He surveyed her with a practised eye. "Had a good few already," he thought to himself. "Still, she can stand a couple more, I expect. Something's upset her."

"Deceit," said Mrs. Rival.

"Prevary—prevary—well, you know the word I mean."

"Sure I know," said Fred.

He turned to greet another acquaintance. The unsatisfactory performance of certain dogs came under review. Mrs. Rival continued to murmur.

"I don't like it and I won't stand for it. I shall say so. People can't think they can go around treating me like that. No, indeed, they can't. I mean, it's not right and if you don't stick up for yourself, who'll stick up for you? Give me another, dearie," she added in a louder voice.

Fred obliged.

"I should go home after that one, if I were you," he advised.

He wondered what had upset the old girl so much. She

was usually fairly even-tempered. A friendly soul, always good for a laugh.

"It'll get me in bad, Fred, you see," she said. "When people ask you to do a thing, they should tell you all about it. They should tell you what it means and what they're doing. Liars. Dirty liars, that's what I say. And I won't stand for it."

"I should cut along home, if I were you," said Fred, as he observed a tear about to trickle down the mascaraed splendor. "Going to come on to rain soon, it is, and rain hard, too. Spoil that pretty hat of yours."

"I always was fond of cornflowers," she said. "Oh, dear me, I don't know what to do, I'm sure."

"I should go home and have a nice sleep," said the barman, kindly.

"Well, perhaps, but—"

"Come on, now, you don't want to spoil that hat."

"That's very true," said Mrs. Rival. "Yes, that's very true. That's a very profound—no I don't mean that—what do I mean?"

"Profound?"

"Profound remark of yours, Fred. Thank you."

Mrs. Rival slipped down from her high seat and went not too unsteadily toward the door.

"Something seems to have upset old Flo tonight," said one of the customers.

"She's usually a cheerful bird — but we all have our ups and downs," said another man.

"If anyone had told me," said the first man, "that Jerry Grainger would come in fifth, way behind Queen Caroline, I wouldn't have believed it. If you ask me, there's been hanky-panky. Racing's not straight, nowadays. Dope the horses, they do. All of 'em."

Mrs. Rival had come out

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of the Peacock's Arms. She looked up uncertainly at the sky. Yes, perhaps it was going to rain. She walked along the street, hurrying slightly, took a turn to the left, a turn to the right, and stopped before a rather dingy-looking house. As she took out a key and went up the front steps a voice spoke from the area below, and a head poked round a corner of the door and looked up at her.

"Gentleman waiting for you upstairs."

"For me?" Mrs. Rival sounded faintly surprised.

"Well, if you call him a gentleman. Well dressed and all that, but not quite Lord Algenon Vere de Vere, I would say."

Mrs. Rival succeeded in finding the keyhole, turned the key in it, and entered.

The house smelt of cabbage and fish and eucalyptus. The latter smell was almost permanent in this particular hall. Mrs. Rival's landlady was a great believer in taking care of her chest in winter weather and began the good work in mid-September. Mrs. Rival climbed the stairs, aiding herself with the banisters. She pushed open the door on the first floor and went in, then she stopped dead and took a step backwards.

"Oh," she said, "it's you."

Detective-Inspector Hardcastle rose from the chair where he was sitting.

"Good evening, Mrs. Rival."

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Rival with less finesse than she would normally have shown.

"Well, I had to come up to London on duty," said Inspector Hardcastle, "and there were just one or two things I thought I'd like to take up with you. So I came along on the chance of finding you. The — er — the woman downstairs seemed to think you might be in before long."

"Oh," said Mrs. Rival. "Well, I don't see—well—"

Inspector Hardcastle pushed forward a chair. "Do sit down," he said politely.

Their positions might have been reversed, he the host and she the guest. Mrs. Rival sat down. She stared at him very hard.

"What did you mean by one or two things?" she said.

"Little points," said Inspector Hardcastle, "little points that come up."

"You mean—about Harry?" "That's right."

"Now look here," said Mrs. Rival, a slight belligerence coming into her voice; at the same time as an aroma of spirits came clearly to Inspector Hardcastle's nostrils. "I've had Harry. I don't want to think of him any more. I came forward, didn't I, when I saw his picture in the paper? I came and told you about him. It's all a long time ago and I don't want to be reminded of it. There's nothing more I can tell you. I've told you everything I could remember and now I don't want to hear any more about it."

"It's quite a small point," said Inspector Hardcastle. He spoke gently and apologetically.

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Rival, rather ungraciously. "What is it? Let's have it." "You recognised the man as your husband or the man you'd gone through a form of marriage with about fifteen years ago. That is right, is it not?"

"I should have thought that by this time you would have known exactly how many years ago it was."

"Sharper than I thought," Inspector Hardcastle said to himself. He went on: "Yes, you're quite right there. We

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looked it up. You were married on May 15th, 1946."

"It's always unlucky to be a May bride, so they say," said Mrs. Rival gloomily. "It didn't bring me any luck."

"In spite of the years that have elapsed, you were able to identify your husband quite easily."

Mrs. Rival moved with some slight uneasiness.

"He hadn't aged much," she said, "always took care of himself, Harry did."

"And you were able to give us some additional identification. You wrote to me, I think, about a scar."

"That's right. Behind his left ear it was. Here," Mrs. Rival raised a hand and pointed to the place.

"Behind his left ear?" Hardcastle stressed the word.

MRS. RIVAL looked doubtful. "Well, yes. Well I think so. Yes, I'm sure it was. Of course, one never does know one's left from one's right in a hurry, does one? But, yes, it was the left side of his neck. Here." She placed her hand on the same spot again.

"And he did it shaving, you say?"

"That's right. The dog jumped up on him. A very bouncy dog we had at the time. He kept rushing in—affectionate dog. He jumped up on Harry and he'd got the razor in his hand, and it went in deep. It bled a lot. It healed up, but he never lost the mark." She was speaking now with more assurance.

"That's a very valuable point, Mrs. Rival. After all, one man sometimes looks very like another man, especially when a good many years have passed. But to find a man closely resembling your husband who has a scar in the identical place—well that makes the identification very nice and safe, doesn't it? It seems that we really have something to go on."

"I'm glad you're pleased," said Mrs. Rival.

"And this accident with the razor happened—when?"

Mrs. Rival considered a moment.

"It must have been about —oh, about six months after we were married. Yes, that was it. We got the dog that summer, I remember."

"So it took place about October or November, 1946. Is that right?"

"That's right."

"And after your husband left you in 1950 . . ."

"He didn't so much leave me as I turned him out," said Mrs. Rival with dignity.

"Quite so. Whichever way you like to put it. Anyway, after you turned your husband out in 1950 you never saw him again until you saw his picture in the paper?"

"Yes. That's what I told you."

"And you're quite sure about that, Mrs. Rival?"

"Of course I'm sure. I never set eyes on Harry Castleton since that day until I saw him dead."

"That's odd, you know," said Inspector Hardcastle, "that's very odd."

"Why—what do you mean?"

"Well, it's a very curious thing, scar tissue. Of course, it wouldn't mean much to you or me. A scar's a scar. But doctors can tell a lot from it. They can tell

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## THE CLOCKS

roughly, you know, how long a man has had a scar."

"I don't know what you're getting at."

"Well, simply this, Mrs. Rival. According to our police surgeon and to another doctor whom we consulted, that scar tissue behind your husband's ear shows very clearly that the wound in question could not be older than about five or six years ago."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Rival. "I don't believe it. I—nobody can tell. Anyway, that wasn't when . . ."

"So you see," proceeded Hardcastle in a smooth voice, "if that wound made a scar only four or five years ago, it means that if the man was your husband he had no scar at the time when he left you in 1950."

"Perhaps he didn't. But, anyway, it was Harry."

"But you've never seen him since, Mrs. Rival. So if you've never seen him since, how would you know that he had acquired a scar five or six years ago?"

"You mix me up," said Mrs. Rival.

did make a mistake. That man was Harry and Harry had a scar behind his left ear, I'm quite sure of it. And now, perhaps, Inspector Hardcastle, you'll go away instead of coming here and insinuating that I've been telling lies."

Inspector Hardcastle got up promptly.

"Good night, Mrs. Rival," he said. "Just think it over. That's all."

Mrs. Rival tossed her head. Hardcastle went out of the door. With his departure, Mrs. Rival's attitude altered immediately. The fine defiance of her attitude collapsed. She looked frightened and worried.

"Getting me into this," she murmured, "getting me into this. I'll—I'll not go on with it. I'll—I'll—I'm not going to get into trouble for anybody. Telling me things, lying to me, deceiving me. It's monstrous. Quite monstrous. I shall say so."

She walked up and down unsteadily, then, finally making up her mind, she took an umbrella from the corner and went out again. She



"You mix me up badly. Perhaps it wasn't as long ago as 1950—you can't remember all these things. I may have come across him a year or two later. I almost think I did. Anyway, Harry had that scar and I know it."

"I see," said Inspector Hardcastle, and he rose to his feet. "I think you'd better think over that statement of yours very carefully, Mrs. Rival. You don't want to get into trouble, you know."

"How do you mean, get into trouble?"

"Well," Inspector Hardcastle spoke almost apologetically, "perjury."

"Perjury. Mel!"

"Yes. It's quite a serious offence in law, you know. You could get into trouble, even go to prison. Of course, you've not been on oath in a coroner's court, but you may have to swear to this evidence of yours in a proper court sometime. Then—well, I'd like you to think it over very carefully, Mrs. Rival. It may be that somebody—suggested to you that you should tell us this story about a scar?"

Mrs. Rival got up. She drew herself to her full height, her eyes flashed. She was at that moment almost magnificent.

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," she said. "Absolute nonsense. I try and do my duty. I come and help you, I tell you all I can remember. If I've made a mistake I'm sure it's natural enough. After all I meet a good many—well, gentlemen friends, and one may get things a little wrong sometimes. But I don't think I

walked to the end of the street, hesitated at a call-box, then went on to a post office. She went in there, asked for change and went into one of the call-boxes. She dialled Directory and asked for a number. She stood there waiting till the call came through.

"Go ahead, please. Your party is on the line."

She spoke.

"Hallo . . . oh, it's you, Flo here. No, I know you told me not to but I've had to. You've not been straight with me. You never told me what I was getting into. You just said it would be awkward for you if this man was identified. I didn't dream for a moment that I would get mixed up in a murder . . . Well, of course you'd say that, but at any rate it isn't what you told me . . . Yes, I do. I think you are mixed up in it some way . . . Well, I'm not going to stand for it, I tell you . . ."

"There's something about being an — ac — well, you know the word I mean — accessory, something like that. Though I always thought that was costume jewellery. Anyway, it's something like being a something after the fact, and I'm frightened, I tell you . . . telling me to write and tell them that bit about the scar. Now it seems he'd only got that scar a year or two ago and here's me swearing he had it when he left me years ago . . . And that's perjury and I might go to prison for it. Well, it's no good your trying to talk me round . . . No . . . Obliging someone is one thing . . . Well, I know . . . I know you paid me for

it. And not very much, either . . . Well, all right, I'll listen to you, but I'm not going to . . . All right, all right, I'll keep quiet . . ."

"What did you say? How much? . . . That's a lot of money. How do I know that you've got it even . . . Well, yes, of course it would make a difference. You swear you didn't have anything to do with it? I mean with killing anyone . . . No, well I'm sure you wouldn't. Of course, I see that . . . Sometimes you get mixed up with a crowd of people — and they go further than you would and it's not your fault . . . You always make things sound so plausible . . . You always did . . . Well, all right, I'll think it over, but it's got to be soon . . . Tomorrow? What time? . . . Yes . . . Yes, I'll come, but no cheque. It might bounce . . . I don't know really that I ought to go on getting myself mixed up in things even . . . all right. Well, if you say so . . . Well, I didn't mean to be nasty about it . . . All right, then."

She came out of the post office, weaving from side to side of the pavement and smiling to herself.

It was worth risking a little trouble with the police for that amount of money. It would set her up nicely. And it wasn't very much risk, really. She'd only got to say she'd forgotten or couldn't remember. Lots of women couldn't remember things that had only happened a year ago. She'd say she got mixed up between Harry and another man. Oh, she could think up lots of things to say.

Mrs. Rival was a naturally mercurial type. Her spirits rose as much now as they had been depressed before. She began to think seriously and intently of the first things she would spend the money on . . .

Colin's Narrative

"You don't seem to have got much out of that Ram-say woman?" complained Colonel Beck.

"There wasn't much to get."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes."

"She's not an active party?"

"No."

Beck gave me a searching glance.

"Satisfied?" he asked.

"Not really."

"You hoped for more?"

"It doesn't fill the gap."

"Well — we'll have to look elsewhere . . . give up crescents — eh?"

"Yes."

"You're very monosyllabic. Got a hangover?"

"I'm no good at this job," I said slowly.

"Want me to pat you on the head and say, 'There, there?'"

In spite of myself I laughed.

"That's better," said Beck.

"Now, then, what's it all about? Girl trouble, I suppose?"

I shook my head. "It's been coming on for some time."

"As a matter of fact, I've noticed it," said Beck unexpectedly. "The world's in a confusing state nowadays. The issues aren't as clear as they used to be. When discouragement sets in it's like dry rot. Whacking great mushrooms bursting through the walls! If that's so, your usefulness is over. You've done some first-class work, boy. Be content with that. Go back to those damned seaweeds of yours."

He paused and said: "You really like the beastly things, don't you?"

"I find the whole subject passionately interesting."

"I should find it repulsive. Splendid variation in nature, isn't there? Tastes, I mean. How's that patent murder of yours? I bet you the girl did it."

"You're wrong," I said.

Beck shook a finger at me in an admonitory and avuncular manner.

"What I say to you is: 'Be prepared.' And I don't mean it in the Boy Scout sense."

I walked down Charing Cross Road deep in thought.

At the tube station I bought a paper.

I read that a woman, supposed to have collapsed in the rush hour at Victoria Station yesterday, had been taken to hospital. On arrival there she was found to have been stabbed. She had died without recovering consciousness.

Her name was Mrs. Merlina Rival.

I rang Hardcastle.

"Yes," he said in answer to my questions. "It's just as they say."

His voice sounded hard and bitter.

"I went to see her night before last. I told her her story about the scar just wouldn't jell. That the scar tissue was comparatively recent. Funny how people slip up. Just by trying to overdo things. Somebody paid that woman to identify the corpse as being that of her husband, who ran out on her years ago."

"Very well, she did it, too, I believed her all right. And then whoever it was tried to be a little too clever. If she remembered that unimportant little scar as an afterthought, it would carry conviction and clinch the identification. If she had plumped out with it straight away, it might have sounded a bit too glib."

"So Merlina Rival was in it up to the neck?"

"Do you know, I rather doubt that. Suppose an old friend or acquaintance goes to her and says: 'Look here, I'm in a bit of a spot. A chap I've had business dealings with has been murdered. If they identify him and all our dealings come to light, it will be absolute disaster. But if you were to come along and say it's that husband of yours, Harry Castleton, who did a bunk years ago, then the whole case will peter out.'"

"Surely she'd jib at that — say it was too risky?"

"If so, that someone would say: 'What's the risk? At the worst, you'd have made a mistake. Any woman can make a mistake after fifteen years.' And probably at that point a nice little sum would have been mentioned. And she says OK she'll be a sport and do it."

"With no suspicion?"

"She wasn't a suspicious woman. Why, every time we catch a murderer there are people who've known him well, and simply can't believe he could do anything like that!"

"What happened when you went to see her?"

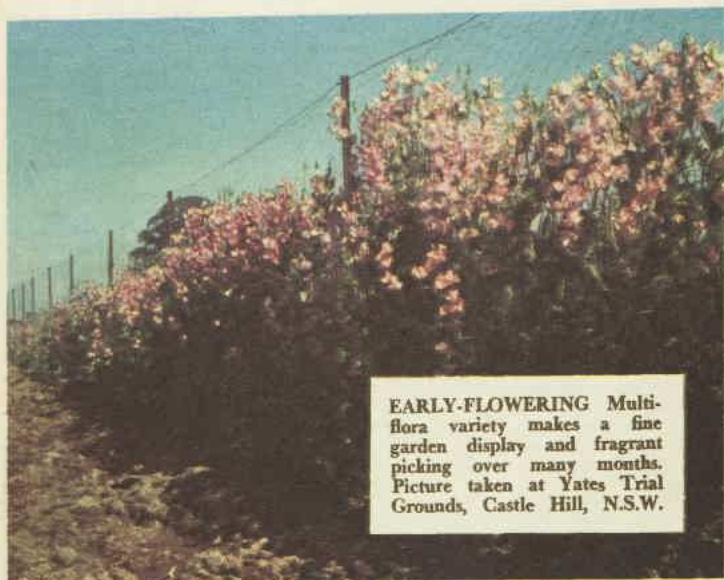
"I put the wind up her. After I left, she did what I expected she'd do — tried to get in touch with the man or woman who'd got her into this. I had a tail on her, of course. She went to a post office and put through a call from an automatic call-box. Unfortunately, it wasn't the box I'd expected her to use at the end of her own street. She had to get change. She came out of the call-box looking pleased with herself. She was kept under observation, but nothing of interest happened until yesterday evening."

"She went to Victoria Station and took a ticket to

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# SWEET PEAS



EARLY-FLOWERING Multi-flora variety makes a fine garden display and fragrant picking over many months. Picture taken at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

● As summer warms up and later as it wanes, sweet peas are sown in Australia for late-winter and spring display. Spring sowings also can be made in tableland and mountain districts or well down south, but midsummer to early autumn is the best time in temperate conditions.

Gardening Book—page 238

**I**N recent years many new forms and shades of color have been produced in this family of annual plants, ranging from snowy white through every pastel shade to some fine deep colors of blue, mauve, purple, and scarlet.

Varieties include cerise, silver-blue, light and mid-blue, carmine, navy-blue, rosy lavender, purple maroon, salmon-pink on cream, and deep rose, while others have what is known as picotee edgings.

Sweet peas need a sunny position that is protected from strong hot or cold winds and soil that is very well drained. A position facing north or north-east against a fence, building, or tall trellis is ideal.

The quantity and quality of sweet pea blooms can be said to depend very largely upon the skill of the grower and the amount of attention and care given the plants from the time the seed is sown to the day when the blooms are cut.

The old method of deep trenching has long since been found unnecessary in Australia, but the plants do like a rich loam.

Dig the ground well to a depth of 12in. and give it a heavy dressing of well-rotted compost or manure. Lime the soil about a month before sowing, or give it a mixture of equal parts of superphosphate and blood and bone (about 2oz. to each running yard is enough). Now let the soil settle.

While in England and other cold

countries sweet peas are pot-grown and later transplanted to the open, here they are sown direct.

Sweet pea seed is often hard to germinate and many gardeners today soak it in boiling water in a cup or basin, leaving it there all night to become saturated. In the morning give the seeds a rough drying in a soft towel and sow at once before they dry out again.

Nicking the seed on the opposite side to the growing point with a razor-blade will also assist germination and prevent the disappointment that often follows when seed is sown dry.

## For bushy plants

Sow 1in. or 2in. deep. Spacing is important. Frequently gardeners sow the seeds about an inch apart, but this is far too close as the plants have to compete strongly for nutriment. Four inches is about the right space between plants that are grown naturally on wire-netting or other supports.

In dry weather feed the plants regularly with weak liquid manure. Pinch back to encourage bushy plants that will carry good blooms.

Mildew occurs late in the season after the peak of flowering. Control this by using a general-purpose spray or rose spray.

Bud-drop is another problem with sweet peas. This is due partly to short daylight hours interrupted by cloudy conditions. It is usually more pronounced where a fertiliser with high nitrogen content but without potash has been used.

Gardening Book—page 239

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Continued from page 41

Crowdean. It was half past six, the rush hour. She wasn't on her guard. She thought she was going to meet whoever it was at Crowdean. But the cunning devil was a step ahead of her. Easiest thing in the world to gang up behind someone in a crowd, and press the knife in . . . Don't suppose she even knew she had been stabbed. People don't, you know. Remember that case of Barton in the Levitti Gang robbery? Walked the length of a street before he fell down dead."

"Just a sudden sharp pain—then you think you're all right again. But you're not. You're dead on your feet although you don't know it."

He finished up: "Damn and damn and damn!"

"Have you—checked on—anybody?"

I had to ask. I couldn't help myself.

His reply came swift and sharp.

"The Pebmarsh woman was in London yesterday. She did some business for the institute and returned to Crowdean by the 7.40 train." He paused. "And Sheila Webb took up a typescript to check over with a foreign author who was in London on his way to New York. She left the Ritz Hotel at 5.30 approximately and took in a cinema—alone—before returning."

"Look here, Hardcastle," I said, "I've got something for you. Vouched for by an eyewitness. A laundry van drew up at 19 Wilbraham Crescent at 1.35 on September 9th. The man who drove it delivered a big laundry basket at the back door of the house. It was a particularly large laundry basket."

"Laundry? What laundry?"

"The Snowflake Laundry. Know it?"

"Not off hand. New laundries are always starting up. It's an ordinary sort of name for a laundry."

"Well—you check up. A man drove it—and a man took the basket into the house—"

Hardcastle's voice came suddenly alert with suspicion.

"Are you making this up, Colin?"

"No, I told you I've got an eye-witness. Check up, Dick. Get on with it."

I rang off before he could badger me further.

I walked out from the box and looked at my watch. I had a good deal to do—and I wanted to be out of Hardcastle's reach whilst I did it. I had my future life to arrange.

I arrived at Crowdean at eleven o'clock at night, five days later. I went to the Clarendon Hotel, got a room, and went to bed. I'd been tired the night before and I overslept. I woke up at a quarter to ten.

I sent for coffee and toast and a daily paper. It came and with it a large square note addressed to me with the words By Hand in the top left-hand corner.

I examined it with some surprise. It was unexpected. The paper was thick and expensive, the superscription neatly printed.

After turning it over and playing with it, I finally opened it.

Inside was a sheet of paper. Printed on it in large letters were the words:

CURLEW HOTEL, 11.30. ROOM 413

(Knock three times)

I stared at it, turned it over in my hand—what was all this?

I noted the room number—413—the same as the clocks. A coincidence? Or not a coincidence.

I had thoughts of ringing the Curlew Hotel. Then I thought of ringing Dick Hardcastle. I didn't do either.

My lethargy was gone. I got up, shaved, washed, dressed, and walked along the front to the Curlew Hotel and got there at the appointed time.

The summer season was pretty well over now. There weren't many people about inside the hotel.

I didn't make any inquiries at the desk.

I went up in the lift to the fourth floor and walked along the corridor to No. 413.

I stood there for a moment or two: then, feeling a complete fool, I knocked three times . . .

A voice said, "Come in."

I turned the handle, the door wasn't locked. I stepped inside and stopped dead.

I was looking at the last person on earth I would have expected to see.

Hercule Poirot sat facing me. He beamed at me.

"Une petite surprise, n'est-ce pas?" he said. "But a pleasing one, I hope."

"Poirot, you old fox," I shouted. "How did you get here?"

"I got here in a limousine—most comfortable."

## Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408SW, G.P.O., Sydney.

"But what are you doing here?"

"It was most vexing. They insisted, positively insisted, on the redecoration of my apartment. Imagine my difficulty. What can I do? Where can I go?"

"Lots of places," I said coldly.

"Possibly, but it is suggested to me by my doctor that the air of the sea will be good for me."

"One of those obliging doctors who finds out where his patient wants to go, and advises him to do that! Was it you who sent me this?" I brandished the letter I had received.

"Naturally—who else?"

"Is it a coincidence that you have a room whose number is 413?"

"It is not a coincidence. I asked for it specially."

"Why?"

Poirot put his head on one side and twinkled at me.

"It seemed to be appropriate."

"And knocking three times?"

"I could not resist it. If I could have enclosed a sprig of rosemary it would have been better still. I thought of cutting my finger and putting a bloodstained fingerprint on the door. But enough is enough! I might have got an infection."

"I suppose this is second childhood," I remarked coldly. "I'll buy you a balloon and a woolly rabbit this afternoon."

"I do not think you enjoy my surprise. You express no joy, no delight at seeing me."

"Did you expect me to?"

"Pourquoi pas? Come, let us be serious, now that I have had my little piece of foolery. I hope to be of assistance. I have called upon the chief constable who has been of the utmost amiability, and at this

moment I await your friend, Detective - Inspector Hardcastle."

"And what are you going to say to him?"

"It was in my mind that we might all three engage in conversation."

I looked at him and laughed. He might call it conversation—but I knew who was going to do the talking.

Hercule Poirot!

Hardcastle had arrived. We had had the introduction and the greetings. We were now settled down in a companionable fashion, with Dick occasionally glancing surreptitiously at Poirot with the air of a man at the zoo studying a new and surprising acquisition. I doubt if he had ever met anyone quite like Hercule Poirot before!

Finally, the amenities and politeness having been observed, Hardcastle cleared his throat and spoke.

"I suppose, Monsieur Poirot," he said cautiously, "that you'll want to see—well, the whole set-up for yourself? It won't be exactly easy—" He hesitated. "The chief constable told me to do everything I could for you. Put you must appreciate that there are difficulties, questions that may be asked, objections. Still, as you have come down here specially—"

Poirot interrupted him—with a touch of coldness.

"I came here," he said, "because of the reconstruction and decoration of my apartment in London."

I gave a horse laugh and Poirot shot me a look of reproach.

"M. Poirot doesn't have to go and see things," I said. "He has always insisted that you can do it all from an arm-chair. But that's not quite true, is it, Poirot? Or why have you come here?"

Poirot replied with dignity. "I said that it was not necessary to be the foxhound, the bloodhound, the tracking dog, running to and fro upon the scent. But I will admit that for the chase a dog is necessary. A retriever, my friend. A good retriever."

He turned toward the inspector.

"Let me tell you," he said, "that I am not like the English, obsessed with dogs. I, personally, can live without the dog. But I accept, nevertheless, your ideal of the dog. The man loves and respects his dog. He indulges him, he boasts of the intelligence and sagacity of his dog to his friends. Now figure to yourself, the opposite may also come to pass! The dog is fond of his master. He indulges that master! He, too, boasts of his master, boasts of his master's sagacity and intelligence. And as a man will rouse himself when he does not really want to go out, and take his dog for a walk because the dog enjoys the walk so much, so will the dog endeavor to give his master what that master pines for."

"It was so with my kind young friend Colin here. He came to see me, not to ask for help with his own problem; that he was confident that he could solve for himself, and has, I gather, done so. No, he felt with concern that I was unoccupied and lonely so he brought to me a problem that he felt would interest me and give me something to work upon. He challenged me with it—challenged me to do what I had so often told him it was possible to do—sit still in my chair and—in due course

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— resolve that problem. It may be, I suspect it is, that there was a little malice, just a small harmless amount, behind that challenge. He wanted, let us say, to prove to me that it was not so easy after all. Mais oui, mon ami, it is true, that! You wanted to mock yourself at me—just a little! I do not reproach you. All I say is, you did not know your Hercule Poirot."

I looked at him and grinned affectionately.

"All right then," I said. "Give us the answer to the problem—if you know it."

"Of course I know it!" Hardcastle stared at him incredulously.

"Are you saying you know who killed the man at 19 Wilbraham Crescent?"

"Certainly."

"And also who killed Edna Brent?"

"Of course."

"You know the identity of the dead man?"

"I know who he must be," Hardcastle had a very doubtful expression on his face. Mindful of the chief constable, he remained polite. But there was scepticism in his voice.

"Excuse me, M. Poirot, you claim that you know who killed three people. And why?"

"You've got an open-and-shut case?"

"That, no."

"All you mean is that you have a hunch," I said, unkindly.

"I will not quarrel with you over a word, mon cher Colin. All I say is, I know!"

Hardcastle sighed.

"But you see, M. Poirot, I have to have evidence."

"Naturally, but with the resources you have at your disposal, it will be possible for you, I think, to get that evidence."

"I'm not so sure about that."

"Come now, Inspector. If you know—really know—is not that the first step? Can you not really, nearly always, go on from there?"

"Not always," said Hardcastle, with a sigh. "There are men walking about today who ought to be in gaol. They know it and we know it."

"But that is a very small percentage, is it not?"

I interrupted.

"All right. All right. You know... Now let us know, too!"

"I perceive you are still sceptic. But first let me say this: To be sure means that when the right solution is reached, everything falls into place. You perceive that in no other way could things have happened."

"For the love of Mike," I said, "get on with it! I grant you all the points you've made."

Poirot arranged himself comfortably in his chair and motioned to the inspector to replenish his glass.

"One thing, mes amis, must be clearly understood. To solve any problem one must have the facts. For that one needs the dog, the dog who is a retriever, who brings the pieces one by one and lays them at—"

"At the feet of the master," I said. "Admitted."

"One cannot from one's seat in a chair solve a case solely from reading about it in a newspaper. For one's facts must be accurate, and newspapers are seldom, if ever, accurate. They report something happened at four o'clock when it was a quarter past four, they say a man had a sister called Elizabeth when actually he had a sister-in-law called Alexandra. And so on. But in Colin here, I have a dog of remarkable ability—an ability, I may say, which has taken him far in his own career."

Continued from page 42

"He has always had a remarkable memory. He can repeat to you, even several days later, conversations that have taken place. He can repeat them accurately—that is, not transposing them, as nearly all of us do, to what the impression made on him was. To explain roughly—he would not say 'And at twenty past eleven the post came' instead of describing what actually happened, namely a knock on the front door and someone coming into the room with letters in their hand. All this is very important. It means that he heard what I would have heard if I had been there and seen what I would have seen."

"Only the poor dog hasn't made the necessary deductions?"

"So, as far as can be, I have the facts—I am 'in the picture.' It is your wartime term, is it not? To 'put one in the picture.' The thing that struck me first of all, when Colin recounted the story to me, was its highly fantastic character. Four clocks, each roughly an hour ahead of the right time, and all introduced into the house without the knowledge of the owner, or so she said. For we must never, must we, believe what we are told, until such statements have been carefully checked?"

**H**ARDCASTLE'S tone was approving. "Your mind works the way that mine does."

"On the floor lies a dead man—a respectable-looking elderly man. Nobody knows who he is (or again so they say). In his pocket is a card bearing the name of Mr. R. H. Curry, 7 Danvers Street, Metropolitan Insurance Company. But there is no Metropolitan Insurance Company. There is no Danvers Street and there seems to be no such person as Mr. Curry. That is negative evidence, but it is evidence. We now proceed further. Apparently at about ten minutes to two a secretarial agency is rung up, a Miss Millicent Pebmarsh asks for a stenographer to be sent to 19 Wilbraham Crescent at three o'clock. It is particularly asked that a Miss Sheila Webb should be sent. Miss Webb is sent. She arrives there at a few minutes before three; goes, according to instructions, into the sitting-room, finds a dead man on the floor and rushes out of the house screaming. She rushes into the arms of a young man."

Poirot paused and looked at me. I bowed.

"Enter our young hero," I said.

"You see," Poirot pointed out. "Even you cannot resist a farcical melodramatic tone when you speak of it. The whole thing is melodramatic, fantastic, and completely unreal. It is the kind of thing that could occur in the writings of such people as Garry Gregson, for instance. I may mention that when my young friend arrived with this tale I was embarking on a course of thriller writers who had plied their craft over the last sixty years. Most interesting. One comes almost to regard actual crimes in the light of fiction."

"That is to say if I observe that a dog has not barked when he should bark. I say to myself 'Ha! A Sherlock Holmes crime!' Similarly if the corpse is found in a sealed room, naturally I say 'Ha! A Dickens Carr case.' Then there is my friend Mrs. Oliver. If I were to find—but I will say no more. You catch my meaning? So here is the

setting of a crime in such wildly improbable circumstances that one feels at once 'This book is not true to life. All this is quite unreal.' But alas, that will not do here, for this is real. It happened. That gives one to think furiously, does it not?"

Hardcastle would not have put it like that, but he fully agreed with the sentiment, and nodded vigorously. Poirot went on:

"It is, as it were, the opposite of Chesterton's. 'Where would you hide a leaf? In a forest. Where would you hide a pebble? On a beach.' Here there is excess, fantasy, melodrama! When I say to myself in imitation of Chesterton, 'Where does a middle-aged woman hide her fading beauty?' I do not reply 'Among other faded middle-aged faces.' Not at all. She hides it under make-up, under rouge and mascara, with handsome furs wrapped round her and with jewels round her neck and hanging in her ears. You follow me?"

"Well—" said the inspector, disguising the fact that he didn't.

"Because then, you see, people will look at the furs and the jewels and the coiffure and the haute couture, and they will not observe what the woman herself is like at all! So I say to myself—and I say to my friend Colin; since this murder has so many fantastic trappings to distract one it must really be very simple. Did I not?"

"You did," I said. "But I still don't see how you can possibly be right."

"For that you must wait. So, then, we discard the trappings of the crime and we go to the essentials. A man has been killed. Why has he been killed? And who is he? The answer to the first question will obviously depend on the answer to the second. And until you get the right answer to these two questions you cannot possibly proceed."

"He could be a blackmailer, or a confidence trickster, or somebody's husband whose existence was obnoxious or dangerous to his wife. He could be one of a dozen things. The more I heard, the more everybody seems to agree that he looked a perfectly ordinary, well-to-do, reputable elderly man. And suddenly I think to myself, 'You say this should be a simple crime? Very well, make it so. Let this man be exactly what he seems—a well-to-do respectable elderly man.' He looked at the inspector. "You see?"

"Well—" said the inspector again, and paused politely.

"So here is someone, an ordinary, pleasant, elderly man whose removal is necessary to someone. To whom? And here at last we can narrow the field a little. There is local knowledge—of Miss Pebmarsh and her habits, of the Cavendish Secretarial Bureau, of a girl working there called Sheila Webb."

"And so I say to my friend Colin: 'The neighbors. Converse with them. Find out about them. Their backgrounds. But above all, engage in conversation. Because in conversation you do not get merely the answers to questions—in ordinary conversational prattle things slip out. People are on their guard when the subject may be dangerous to them, but the moment ordinary talk ensues they relax, they succumb to the relief of speaking the truth, which is always very much easier than lying. And so they let slip one

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little fact which unbeknown to them makes all the difference."

"An admirable exposition," I said. "Unfortunately it didn't happen in this case."

"But, mon cher, it did. One little sentence of inestimable importance."

"What?" I demanded. "Who said it? When?"

"In due course, mon cher."

"You were saying, M. Poirot?"

The inspector politely drew Poirot back to the subject.

"If you draw a circle round Number 19, anybody within it might have killed Mr. Curry. Mrs. Hemming, the Blands, the McNaughtons, Miss Waterhouse. But more important still, there are those already positioned on the spot. Miss Pebmarsh, who could have killed him before she went out at 1.35 or thereabouts, and Miss Webb, who could have arranged to meet him there and killed him before rushing from the house and giving the alarm."

"Ah," said the inspector. "You're coming down to brass tacks now."

"And of course," said Poirot, wheeling round, "you, my dear Colin. You also were on the spot. Looking for a high number where the low numbers were."

"Well, really," I said indignantly. "What will you say next?"

"Me, I say anything!" declared Poirot grandly.

"And yet I am the person who comes and dumps the whole thing in your lap!"

"Murderers are often conceited," Poirot pointed out. "And there, too, it might have amused you—to have a joke like that at my expense."

"If you go on, you'll convince me," I said.

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

Poirot turned back to Inspector Hardcastle.

"Here, I say to myself, must be essentially a simple crime. The presence of irrelevant clocks, the advancing of time by an hour, the arrangements made so deliberately for the discovery of the body, all these must be set aside for the moment. They are, as is said in your immortal 'Alice' like shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings."

"The vital point is that an ordinary elderly man is dead and that somebody wanted him dead. If we knew who the dead man was it would give us a pointer to his killer. If he was a well-known blackmailer then we must look for a man who could be blackmailed. If he was a detective, then we look for a man who has a criminal secret: if he is a man of wealth, then we look among his heirs. But if we do not know who the man is—then we have the more difficult task of hunting among those in the surrounding circle for a man who has a reason to kill."

"Setting aside Miss Pebmarsh and Sheila Webb, who is there who might not be what they seem to be? The answer was disappointing. With the exception of Mr. Ramsay, who I understood was not what he seemed to be."

Here Poirot looked inquiringly at me and I nodded, "everybody's bona fides were genuine. Bland was a well-known local builder, McNaughton had had a Chair at Cambridge, Mrs. Hemming was the widow of a local auctioneer, the Waterhouses were respectable residents of long standing. So we come back to Mr. Curry. Where did he come from? What brought him to 19 Wilbraham Crescent?"

"And here one very valuable remark was spoken by one of the neighbors, Mrs. Hemming. When told that the dead man did not live at Number 19, she said, 'Oh! I see. He just came there to be killed. How odd.' She had the gift, often possessed by those who are too occupied with their own thoughts to pay attention to what others are saying, to come to the heart of a problem. She summed up the whole crime. Mr. Curry came to 19 Wilbraham Crescent to be killed. It was as simple as that!"

"That remark of hers struck me at the time," I said.

Poirot took no notice of me.

"Dilly, dilly, dilly—come and be killed," Mr. Curry came—and he was killed. But that was not all. It was important that he should not be identified. He had no wallet, no papers, the tailor's marks were removed from his clothes. But that would not be enough. The printed card of Curry, Insurance Agent, was only a temporary measure. If the man's identity was to be concealed permanently, he must be given a false identity."

"Sooner or later, I was sure, somebody would turn up, recognise him positively and that would be that. A brother, a sister, a wife. It was a wife, Mrs. Rival—and the name alone might have aroused suspicion. There is a village in Somerset—I have stayed near there with friends—the village of Curry Rival—subconsciously, without knowing why those two names suggested themselves, they were chosen. Mr. Curry—Mrs. Rival."

"So far—the plan is obvious, but what puzzled me was why our murderer took for granted that there would be no real identification."

**P**OIROT shrugged and went on: "If the man had no family, there are at least landladies, servants, business associates. That led me to the next assumption—this man was not known to be missing. A further assumption was that he was not English, and was only visiting this country. That would tie in with the fact that the dental work done on his teeth did not correspond with any dental records here."

"I began to have a shadowy picture both of the victim and the murderer. No more than that. The crime was well planned and intelligently carried out—but now there came that one piece of sheer bad luck that no murderer can foresee."

"And what was that?" asked Hardcastle.

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost,

For want of a shoe the horse was lost,

For want of a horse the battle was lost,

For want of a battle the kingdom was lost,

And all for the want of a horseshoe nail."

He leaned forward.

"A good many people could have killed Mr. Curry, but only one person could have killed, or could have had reason to kill, the girl Edna."

We both stared at him.

"Let us consider the Cavendish Secretarial Bureau. Eight girls work there. On the ninth of September four of those girls were out on assignments some little distance away—that is, they were provided with lunch by the clients to whom they had gone. They were the four who normally took the first lunch period from 12.30 to 1.30. The remaining four Sheila Webb, Edna Brent, and two girls, Janet and Maureen, took the second period, 1.30 to 2.30. But on that

day Edna Brent had an accident quite soon after leaving the office. She tore the heel off her shoe in a grating. She could not walk like that. She bought some buns and came back to the office."

Poirot shook an emphatic finger at us.

"We have been told that Edna Brent was worried about something. She tried to see Sheila Webb out of the office, but failed. It has been assumed that that something was connected with Sheila Webb, but there is no evidence of that. She might only have wanted to consult Sheila Webb about something that had puzzled her—but, if so, one thing was clear. She wanted to talk to Sheila Webb away from the bureau."

"Her words to the constable at the inquest are the only clue we have as to what was worrying her: She said something like: 'I don't see how it can have been what she said, can have been true.' Three women had given evidence that morning. Edna could have been referring to Miss Pebmarsh. Or, as it has been generally assumed, she could have been referring to Sheila Webb. But there is a third possibility—she could have been referring to Miss Martindale."

"Miss Martindale? But her evidence only lasted a few minutes."

"Exactly. It consisted only of the telephone call she had received purporting to be from Miss Pebmarsh."

"Do you mean that Edna knew that it wasn't from Miss Pebmarsh?"

"I think it was simpler than that. I am suggesting that there was no telephone call at all."

He went on: "The heel of Edna's shoe came off. The grating was quite close to the office. She came back to the bureau. But Miss Martindale, in her private office, did not know that Edna had come back. As far as she knew there was nobody but herself in the bureau. All she need do was say a telephone call had come through at 1.49. Edna does not see the significance of what she knows at first. Sheila is called in to Miss Martindale and told to go out on an appointment. How and when that appointment was made is not mentioned to Edna."

"News of the murder comes through and little by little the story gets more definite. Miss Pebmarsh rang up and asked for Sheila Webb to be sent. But Miss Pebmarsh says it was not she who rang up. The call is said to have come through at ten minutes to two. But Edna knows that couldn't be true. Miss Martindale definitely doesn't make mistakes. The more Edna thinks about it, the more puzzling it is. She must ask Sheila about it. Sheila will know."

"And then comes the inquest. And the girls all go to it. Miss Martindale repeats her story of the telephone call and Edna knows definitely now that that evidence Miss Martindale gives so clearly, with such precision as to the exact time, is untrue. It was then that she asked a constable if she could speak to the inspector. I think probably that Miss Martindale, leaving the Cornmarket in a crowd of people, overheard her asking that. Perhaps by then she had heard the girls chaffing Edna about her shoe accident without realising what it involved. Anyway, she followed the girl to Wilbraham Crescent. Why did Edna go there, I wonder?"

"Just to stare at the place where it happened, I expect," said Hardcastle with a sigh. "People do."

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# New life for old house



**T**WO years ago an 87-year-old house at 23 South Rd., Brighton, a seaside suburb near Melbourne, was a job for the wreckers.

And they would have moved in but for Brighton housewife Mrs. George Weymouth, who persuaded her builder husband to buy the old house and restore it to its 19th-century charm.

He took some convincing, because he likes modern houses, but gave in and bought the double-storey house originally built for Mrs. Sarah Kyte, widow of Ambrose Kyte, a Melbourne parliamentarian.

Their friends were amazed when they heard that the Weymouths intended to buy the run-down house.

"They told me I was silly wanting to leave my lovely house in Burston Place, Brighton," Mrs. Weymouth said.

"But I've always wanted an old house, and I fell in love with this one as soon as I saw it."

Mr. Weymouth spent six months and thousands of pounds restoring the house as a gift for his wife, and today it probably has more charm than it ever had.

It certainly has more comfort. Its 20th-century owners have carpeted, heated, painted, and papered the ten-room house without losing its Victorian atmosphere.

They've kept the old home's beautiful wood panelling, high windows, its six marble fireplaces, original skirting-boards and architraves, ornate ceilings, and panelled doors.

They searched Melbourne to find a

genuine Victorian keystone for the porch they built on to the entrance of the house. The only one they could find was cracked and crumbling, so they had a new one moulded from it.

They needed special cornices for the porch, 1ft. wide by 9in. deep, to match those on other parts of the house.

"They were a job for old-time plasterers," said Mr. Weymouth. "Modern plasterers had never seen anything like them."

Now the house is completed, Mr. Weymouth is as proud of it as if he had built it himself.

"It took me as long to restore as it would to build three large modern homes," he said. "As the work progressed, I realised what a solid house it is."

"There are enough bricks in the walls to build three six-roomed modern houses."

Restoring the house took patience and all the skill Mr. Weymouth could muster as a builder and house designer.

He built in new doorways and blocked out old ones; installed a new staircase; turned a scullery with remains of old sinks and fireplaces into an attractive living-room; and restored woodwork.

These jobs were easy compared to rebuilding the kitchen.

The new kitchen looks like a quaint little 19th-century tavern. It is in exactly the same place as the old one, but now there's a stainless-steel wall-oven where the ancient gas stove was set; a dish-washing machine in place of the old sink; a refrigerator and deep-freeze in place of an ice-chest.

Across the hall are two spacious reception rooms, the master bedroom, and bathroom.

The Weymouths' teenage son and daughter have their bedrooms and living-room upstairs and a spare room for friends.

Mrs. Weymouth has made new use for many old items in the house and searched around for others to suit its age and style.

She polished up the big brass knob on the front door and found a brass knocker to match it; retained the moulded metal ceiling in her daughter's room; used a slab of marble from the old kitchen bench-top to make a doorstep; made a hearth from old pieces of slate; used bluestone from a demolished St. Kilda mansion for the front porch steps; bought two street lamps from St. Kilda Council for the garden.

Mrs. Weymouth spent 18 months searching wreckers' yards and second-hand shops to find balcony iron, fittings, and furniture.

After a few months, wreckers became so used to seeing her they would ring her as soon as they received anything interesting.

One person who was really thrilled to see the old house restored to its former glory was Mrs. Ethel Stirling.

It was built for her grandmother, Mrs. Kyte, in the year Mrs. Stirling was born.

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**AFTER:** This marble-tiled terrace and lily pond at the back of the house, with its high wall of blue stones, once looked like a rubbish dump. The slate-roofed section is the family's two-car, one-boat garage.



**BEFORE:** Back view of the old house showing entrance (right) to original kitchen. Window in upper storey (left) was extended to 15ft. to light new stairway.



● It took a lot of persuasion before builder Mr. George Weymouth consented to restore the run-down 19th-century house in Brighton, Vic., his wife fell in love with. Now he's just as proud of the result as she is.

By CLAUDIA WRIGHT



**BEFORE:** Mr. and Mrs. George Weymouth's 87-year-old house looked like this when they bought it about 18 months ago. It was one of the first two-storey houses built in the district.

**AFTER:** The house as it looks today (above) — painted a driftwood color with white shutters and cast-iron on the windows.



**PRETTY,** feminine bathroom is painted pink throughout, with panelled cupboard doors and old iron railing above shower recess. Note the tiled tub for pot plants, fine mirror, and chandelier.

**IMPOSING ENTRANCE HALL** (above) with its lovely gilt mirror and mahogany hall-table is hung with scarlet velvet flock wallpaper. The same paper in cream lightens remainder of hall.





"Yes, that is true enough. Perhaps Miss Martindale speaks to her there, walks with her down the road and Edna plumps out her question. Miss Martindale acts quickly. They are just by the telephone box. She says, 'This is very important. You must ring up the police at once. The number of the police station is so and so. Ring up and tell them we are both coming there now.' It is second nature for Edna to do what she is told. She goes in, picks up the receiver and Miss Martindale comes in behind her, slips the scarf round her neck and strangles her."

"And nobody saw this?" Poirot shrugged his shoulders.

"They might have done, but they didn't! It was just on one o'clock. Lunchtime. And what people there were in the crescent were busy staring at 19. It was a chance boldly taken by a bold and unscrupulous woman."

Hardcastle was shaking his head doubtfully.

"Miss Martindale? I don't see how she can possibly come into it."

"No. One does not see at first. But since Miss Martindale undoubtedly killed Edna—oh, yes—only she can have killed Edna, then she must come into it. And I begin to suspect that in Miss Martindale we have the Lady Macbeth of this crime, a woman who is ruthless and unimaginative."

"Unimaginative?" queried Hardcastle.

"Oh, yes, quite unimaginative. But very efficient. A good planner."

"But why? Where's the motive?"

Hercule Poirot looked at me. He wagged a finger.

"So the neighbors' conversation was no use to you, eh? I found one most illuminating sentence. Do you remember that after talking of living abroad, Mrs. Bland remarked that she liked living in Crowden because she had a sister here. But Mrs. Bland was not supposed to have a sister. She had inherited a large fortune a year ago from a Canadian great-uncle because she was the only surviving member of his family."

Hardcastle sat up alertly.

"So you think—"

Poirot leaned back in his chair and put his fingertips together. He had half-closed his eyes and spoke dreamily.

"Say you are a man, a very ordinary and not too scrupulous man, in bad financial difficulties. A letter comes one day from a firm of lawyers to say that your wife has inherited a big fortune from a great-uncle in Canada. The letter is addressed to Mrs. Bland and the only difficulty is that the Mrs. Bland who receives it is the wrong Mrs. Bland—she is the second wife—not the first one—Imagine the chagrin! The fury! And then an idea

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comes. Who is to know that it is the wrong Mrs. Bland? "Nobody in Crowden knows that Bland was married before. His first marriage, years ago, took place during the war when he was overseas. Presumably his first wife died soon afterwards, and he almost immediately remarried. He has the original marriage certificate, various family papers, photographs of Canadian relations now dead—it will be all plain sailing. Anyway, it is worth risking. They risk it, and it comes off. The legal formalities go through. And there the Blands are, rich and prosperous, all their financial troubles over—

"And then—a year later—something happens. What happens? I suggest that someone was coming over from Canada to this country—and that this someone had known the first Mrs. Bland well enough not to be deceived by an impersonation. He may have been an elderly member of the family attorneys, or a close friend of the family—but, whoever he is, he will know. Perhaps they thought of ways of avoiding a meeting. Mrs. Bland could feign illness, she could go abroad—but anything of that kind would only arouse suspicion. The visitor would insist on seeing the woman he had come over to see—

"And so—to murder."

**P**OIROT nodded. "Yes. And here, I fancy, Mrs. Bland's sister may have been the ruling spirit. She thought up and planned the whole thing."

"You are taking it that Miss Martindale and Mrs. Bland are sisters?"

"It is the only way things make sense."

"Mrs. Bland did remind me of someone when I saw her," said Hardcastle. "They're very different in manner—but it's true—there is a likeness. But how could they hope to get away with it? The man would be missed. Inquiries would be made—"

"If this man were travelling abroad—perhaps for pleasure, not for business, his schedule would be vague. A letter from one place—a postcard from another—it would be a little time before people wondered why they had not heard from him. By that time who would connect a man identified and buried as Harry Castleton with a rich Canadian visitor to the country who has not even been seen in this part of the world? If I had been the murderer, I would have slipped over on a day trip to France or Belgium and discarded the dead man's passport in a train or a tram so that the inquiry would take place from another country."

I moved involuntarily, and Poirot's eyes came round to me.

"Yes?" he said.

"Bland mentioned to me that he had recently taken a day trip to Boulogne—with a blonde, I understand—"

"Which would make it quite a natural thing to do. Doubtless it is a habit of his."

"This is still all conjecture," Hardcastle objected. "But inquiries can be made," said Poirot.

He took a sheet of hotel notepaper from the rack in front of him and handed it to Hardcastle.

"If you will write to Mr. Enderby at 10 Ennismore Gardens, S.W.7, he has promised to make certain inquiries for me in Canada. He is a well-known international lawyer."

"And what about the business of the clocks?"

"Oh! The clocks. Those famous clocks!" Poirot smiled. "I think you will find that Miss Martindale was responsible for them. Since the crime, as I said, was a simple crime, it was disguised by making it a fantastic one. That Rosemary clock that Sheila Webb took to be repaired. Did she lose it in the bureau of secretarial studies? Did Miss Martindale take it as the foundation of her rigmorale, and was it partly because of that clock that she chose Sheila as the person to discover the body—?"

Hardcastle burst out, "And you say this woman is unimaginative? When she concocted all this?"

"But she did not concoct it. That is what is so interesting. It was all there—waiting for her. From the very first I detected a pattern—a pattern I knew. A pattern familiar because I had just been reading such patterns. I have been very fortunate. As Colin here will tell you, I attended this week a sale of author's manuscripts. Among them were some of Garry Gregson's. I hardly dared hope. But luck was with me. Here—"

Like a conjurer he whipped from a drawer in the desk two shabby exercise books. "It is all here! Among the many plots of books he planned to write. He did not live to write this one—but Miss Martindale, who was his secretary, knew all about it. She just lifted it bodily to suit her purpose."

"But the clocks must have meant something originally—in Gregson's plot, I mean."

"Oh, yes. His clocks were set at one minute past five, four minutes past five, and seven minutes past five. That was the combination number of a safe, 515457. The safe was concealed behind a reproduction of the 'Mona Lisa.' Inside the safe," continued Poirot, with distaste, "were the Crown Jewels of the Russian Royal family. And, of course, there was a story of kinds—a persecuted girl. Oh, yes, it came in very handy for la Martindale. She just chose her local characters and adapted the story to fit in. All these flamboyant clues would lead—where? Exactly nowhere! Ah, yes, an efficient woman. One wonders—he left her a legacy—did he not? How and of what did he die, I wonder?"

Hardcastle refused to be interested in past history. He gathered up the exercise books and took the sheet of hotel paper from my hand. For the past two minutes I had been staring at it, fascinated. Hardcastle had scribbled down Enderby's address without troubling to turn the sheet the right way up. The hotel address was upside down in the left-hand bottom corner.

Staring at that sheet of paper I knew what a fool I had been.

"Well, thank you, M. Poirot," said Hardcastle. "You've certainly given us something to think about. Whether anything will come of it—"

"I am most delighted if I have been of any assistance."

Poirot was playing it modestly.

"I'll have to check various things—"

"Naturally—naturally—"

Goodbyes were said. Hardcastle took his departure.

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Poirot turned his attention to me. His eyebrows rose.

"Eh, bien—and what, may I ask, is biting you—you look like a man who has seen an apparition."

"I've seen what a fool I've been."

"Aha. Well, that happens to many of us."

But presumably not to Hercule Poirot! I had to attack him.

"Just tell me one thing, Poirot. If, as you said, you could do all this just sitting in your chair in London and could have got me and Dick Hardcastle to come to you there, why—oh, why, did you come down here at all?"

"I told you, they make the reparation in my apartment."

"They would have lent you another apartment. Or you could have gone to the Ritz, you would have been more comfortable there than in the Curlew Hotel."

"Indubitably," said Hercule Poirot. "The coffee here, mon dieu, the coffee!"

"Well, then why?"

Hercule Poirot flew into a rage.

"Eh bien, since you are too stupid to guess, I will tell you. I am human, am I not? I can be the machine if it is necessary. I can lie back and think. I can solve the problems so. But I am human, I tell you. And the problems concern human beings."

"And so?"

"The explanation is as simple as the murder was simple. I came out of human curiosity," said Hercule Poirot, with an attempt at dignity.

Once more I was in Wilbraham Crescent, proceeding in a westerly direction.

I stopped before the gate of No. 19. No one came screaming out of the house this time. I went up to the front door and rang the bell.

Miss Millicent Pebmarsh opened it.

"This is Colin Lamb," I said. "May I come in and speak to you?"

"Certainly."

"You seem to spend a lot of time down here, Mr. Lamb. I understood that you were not connected with the local police."

"You understood rightly. I think, really, you have known exactly who I am from the first day you spoke to me."

"I'm not sure quite what you mean by that."

"I've been extremely stupid, Miss Pebmarsh. I came to this place to look for you. I found you the first day I was here—and I didn't know I had found you!"

"Possibly murder distracted you."

"As you say, I was also stupid enough to look at a piece of paper the wrong way up."

"And what is the point of all this?"

"Just that the game is up, Miss Pebmarsh. I've found the headquarters where the planning is done. Such records and memoranda as are necessary are kept by you on the micro-dot system in Braille. The information Larkin got at Portlebury was passed to you. From here it went to its destination by means of Ramsey. He came across when necessary from his house to yours at night by way of the garden. He dropped a Czech coin in your garden one day—"

"That was careless of him."

"We're all careless at some time or another. Your cover is very good. You're blind, you work at an institute for disabled children, you keep children's books in Braille in your house as is only natural—you are a woman of unusual intelligence and personality. I don't know what is the driving power that animates you—"

"Say if you like that I am dedicated."

"Yes. I thought it might be like that."

"And why are you telling me all this? It seems unusual. I looked at my watch."

"You have two hours, Miss Pebmarsh. In two hours' time members of the special branch will come here and take charge—"

"I don't understand you. Why do you come here ahead of your people, to give me what seems to be a warning—"

"It is a warning. I have come here myself, and shall remain here until my people arrive, to see that nothing leaves this house—with one exception. That exception is you yourself. You have two hours' start if you choose to go."

"But why? Why?"

I said slowly, "Because I think there is an off-chance that you might shortly become my mother-in-law... I may be quite wrong."

There was a silence. Millicent Pebmarsh got up and went to the window. I didn't take my eyes off her. I had no illusions about Millicent Pebmarsh. I didn't trust her an inch.

She said quietly, "I shall not tell you if you're right or wrong. What makes you think that—that it might be so?"

"Eyes."

"But we are not alike in character."

"No."

She spoke almost defiantly.

"I did the best I could for her."

"That's a matter of opinion. With you a cause came first."

"As it should do."

"I don't agree."

**T**HERE was silence again. Then I asked, "Did you know who she was—that day?"

"Not until I heard her name... I had kept myself informed about her—always."

"You were never as inhuman as you would have liked to be."

"Don't talk nonsense."

I looked at my watch again.

"Time is going on," I said.

She came back from the window and across to the desk.

"I have a photograph of her here—as a child..."

I was behind her as she pulled the drawer open. It wasn't an automatic. It was a small very deadly knife...

My hand closed over hers and took it away.

"I may be soft, but I'm not a fool," I said.

She felt for a chair and sat down. She displayed no emotion whatever.

"I am not taking advantage of your offer. What would be the use? I shall stay here until—they come. There are always opportunities—even in prison."

"Of indoctrination, you mean?"

"If you would like to put it that way."

We sat there, hostile to each other, but with understanding.

"I've resigned from the Service," I told her. "I'm going back to my old job—marine biology. There's a post going at a university in Australia."

"I think you are wise. You haven't got what it takes for this job. You are like Rosemary's father. He couldn't understand Lenin's dictum: 'Away with softness.'"

"I'm content," I said, "to be human..."

We sat there in silence, each of us convinced that the other's point of view was wrong.

Letter from Detective-Inspector Hardcastle to M. Hercule

Poirot.

Dear M. Poirot, We are now in possession of certain facts, and I feel you may be interested to hear about them.

A Mr. Quentin Duguesclin, of Quebec, left Canada for Europe approximately four weeks ago. He has no near relatives, and his plans for return were indefinite. His passport was found by the proprietor of a small restaurant in Boulogne, who handed it to the police. It has not so far been claimed.

Mr. Duguesclin was a lifelong friend of the Montresor family of Quebec. The head of that family, Mr. Henry Montresor, died 18 months ago, leaving his very considerable fortune to his only surviving relative, his great-niece Valerie, described as the wife of Josiah Bland of Portlebury, England. A very reputable firm of London solicitors acted for Canadian Executors. All communications between Mrs. Bland and her family in Canada ceased from the time of her marriage, of which her family did not approve. Mr. Duguesclin mentioned to one of his friends that he intended to look up the Blands while he was in England, since he had always been very fond of Valerie.

The body hitherto identified as that of Henry Castleton has been positively identified at Quentin Duguesclin's character."

Certain boards have been found stowed away in a corner of Bland's building yard. Though hastily painted out, the words "Snowflake Laundry" are plainly perceptible after treatment by experts.

I will not trouble you with lesser details, but the public prosecutor considers that a warrant can be granted for the arrest of Josiah Bland, Miss Martindale and Mrs. Bland are, as you conjectured, sisters, but though I agree with your views on her participation in these crimes, satisfactory evidence will be hard to obtain. She is undoubtedly a very clever woman. I have hopes, though, of Mrs. Bland. She is the type of woman who rats.

The death of the first Mrs. Bland through enemy action in France, and his second marriage to Hilda Martindale (who was in the N.A.A.F.I.) also in France can be, I think, clearly established, though many records were, of course, destroyed at that time.

It was a great pleasure meeting you that day, and I must thank you for the very useful suggestions you made on that occasion. I hope the alterations and redecorations of your London flat have been satisfactory.

Yours sincerely,

Richard Hardcastle.

Further communication from R.H. to H.P.

Good news! The Bland woman cracked! Admitted the whole thing!!! Puts the blame entirely on her sister and her husband.

She "never understood until too late what they meant to do"! Thought they were only "going to dope him so that he wouldn't recognise she was the wrong woman"! A likely story! But I'd say it's true enough that she wasn't the prime-mover.

The Portobello Market people have identified Miss Martindale as the "American" lady who bought two of the clocks.

Mrs. McNaughton now says she saw Duguesclin in Bland's van being driven into Bland's garage. Did she really?

Our friend Colin has married that girl. If you ask me, he's mad. All the best.

Yours,

Richard Hardcastle.

THE END

The novel "The Clocks" is published by William Collins.

## HAPPY HOLIDAY?

Or will tummy upsets spoil the fun?

Strange places and a changed routine may upset your youngster's regularity. Your kiddie may become irritable and grouchy—just when he should be having fun. Don't let childhood constipation spoil your holidays. Give your youngster safe, gentle Laxettes. One pleasant-tasting milk chocolate square at bedtime usually restores regularity overnight. Next day your child will be bright and happy again. When Nature forgets, remember Laxettes. For grown-ups, too. 3/3 at your chemist.

3690



Continuing . . .  
NEW LIFE FOR OLD HOUSE



**LIVING-ROOM** overlooks a camellia and azalea garden and is furnished with Victorian-era mahogany furniture. The olive-green Thai silk curtains hang on antique mahogany rods. Walls are papered with a green-and-gold wallpaper, and a Victorian ceiling lamp lights the dining-room in foreground.



**UNUSUAL KITCHEN** (right) has been given a 19th-century tavern-bar effect with french-polished mountain ash cupboards and panelling. The original kitchen had an old gas stove, wooden draining-board, and enamel sink, which have been replaced by a modern wall oven and dishwashing machine.



of her younger sister's brilliance in her commonplace little brain.

"What's the good of being clever?" she would say to Aurora, secure in the championship of mum and dad. "Men don't like clever women. You'll never get married, darling, if you go on being so horribly independent. Much better get a sensible job in England and let me find you a nice husband like John."

Aurora would have liked to scream and rush out of the room to some quiet place where she could swear in every language in her possession.

For she did want to get married. What woman doesn't? But not like Sallie. There was nothing in Sallie's neat little home that Aurora envied her except the fact that someone, for some inconceivable reason, had loved her enough to want to give it to her. But she wouldn't have lived her sister's life for anything in the world.

What did Sallie know about the thrill of being one of the vital cogs in an important international business?

What did she know of the indescribable pleasure of being able to converse intelligently with the people you met in Paris, Munich, Madrid, in their own language?

It wouldn't mean a thing to Sallie to walk down the Appian Way, to hear Mass in Notre Dame, or to spend a companionable night with a group of students in an Alpine ski hut.

But Aurora had loved these things with passion. And they had been possible to her because she was clever.

It was true, as Sallie was so fond of reminding her, that she was thirty and still unmarried, but that didn't mean the bitter-sweet experience of love had passed her by. Perhaps she knew more about it than Sallie, with her placid, contented John.

Aurora's beautifully moulded scarlet lips curved a little bitterly. She had certainly not been lucky with her love affairs. When she was twenty-three there had been darling, impetuous David, scratching up a precarious living as a journalist in Geneva. Sallie would not have approved of David.

And for a year now there had been Pedro. She hadn't managed Pedro well, there was no doubt about that. But then she hadn't wanted to manage Pedro. She had just loved him. And Aurora's idea of love was giving, not taking. She had given a lot to Pedro; the finest work of which her fine brain was capable, the greater part of her leisure hours, her friendship, her love, her ideals, her hopes of a home of her own.

All her thoughts had been for him. Night after night in her quiet flat, perched away above the city streets looking out over the city park, she had lain sleepless, facing the unalterable impossibility of the situation.

For Pedro wanted love without the confining strings of responsibility, and there was just enough of her respectable middle-class father in Aurora for her to know that love was something you didn't cheapen in that way if you could help it.

And so there she was, starting a new chapter. Well, let Sallie write it! And her father's should be the quotation that supplied the chapter heading. "Be good, sweet maid." Aurora could hear him saying it now, looking at her with twinkling eyes over the top of his spectacles, "and let who will, be clever."

Deliberately, and to the intense interest of the Spanish woman seated at the other side of the table, she took out her mirror and wiped the lipstick from her folded lips. With a deft handkerchief she

Continued from page 17

removed all traces of rouge and eye-shadow. A sweep of the comb and her sleek, sophisticated wave became a soft halo of dark hair that framed a face which looked far younger than its thirty years. Sophisticated Aurora was gone in a trice.

"Behold, the new dawn!" said Aurora, to the amazement of her interested spectator, and snatching up her bag fled to her meeting-place with Gordon Fraser under the station clock.

Once the vital decision was taken a quietness of spirit descended upon her which lasted all the way to the meeting-place.

By the time she reached the appointed place her plan of campaign was complete; even the most difficult nut to crack, her secretaryship in the most important engineering firm in Spain, had become a course in house-craft and child welfare, undertaken for a year in order to please her sister and help an old nursery governess who was setting up a small kindergarten in Madrid.

"If he believes that, he'll believe anything!" Aurora told herself scornfully, and then turned to watch the chattering populace with infinite regret. Sallie, she knew, would consider she was doing her a favor by asking her to leave this for a Hampstead back garden.

TEN minutes later she emerged from her daydreams unprepared for the shock which the sight of Gordon Fraser gave her. Somehow she had imagined that any protégé of Sallie's would be like John, a nondescript, loose-limbed Englishman with his head full of preconceived ideas and prejudices.

There was nothing of that about the very charming and elegantly dressed young Scot who piloted her with suave courtesy through all the intricacies of the Customs, passport examinations, and visa difficulties.

He produced a food basket, vacuum flask, pillows, and rugs with the imperturbability of a conjuror producing rabbits out of a hat; changed from fluent Spanish to equally fluent French as they crossed the frontier, continued to look charming and nonchalant even as they crossed the Channel, and apparently asked nothing more of life than the privilege of delivering a duly grateful Aurora at a scheduled time on Sallie's front door step, a feat which he achieved with the minimum of effort, as though it were part of the accustomed routine of his life.

"It's been awfully sweet of you to look after me so marvellously," an innocent-eyed Aurora said, as she shook hands with him at parting. "Travelling is so much easier if one has a man to do all the difficult things."

Her long lashes flickered coquettishly upwards. "I suppose you're so used to going from one end of Europe to the other that a journey like the one we've just made is scarcely worth mentioning?"

"It would always be worth mentioning just for the mere fact of your presence," Gordon Fraser told her gravely, and the blush that stained Aurora's cheeks surprised her as much as it enchanted him.

Sallie, too, was enchanted in the months that followed. At last Aurora was treading the path her sister wished her to. She had put away all her outrageously smart clothes. She used only the most discreet make-up, and had never uttered a word in any language but her own since she entered the house.

When Gordon Fraser, on one of his frequent visits to the house, had asked her how she got on with the language in Spain, she had merely smiled prettily and said that fortunately most people she met talked English. Decidedly Aurora was learning at last, her sister thought, with approval.

And Gordon seemed to be attracted. Evening after evening found his long legs stretched across the hearth-rug in the Sanders' lounge, with Aurora sewing or embroidering prettily as she faced him, listening with bright eyes to his tales of life in the English-American colony, which she herself had always managed to avoid, in Madrid.

And if sometimes he cast a puzzled glance in her direction as though some inner problem were worrying him, Aurora pretended not to see and Sallie was far too busy deciding on how to keep Aurora's accomplishments a secret right up to the moment the register was signed to bother about it.

Sometimes at night, cooped up in Sallie's little spare bedroom, Aurora took herself severely to task. She had started on this thing from such mixed motives; partly in a spirit of revolt against her year's servitude to Pedro, to prove to herself that she, just as much as any other attractive young woman, could get a husband if she wanted one, partly to prove to herself with inward disgust that Sallie's theories were true.

Now (for it was not in

There were other times when she ached to contradict him and plunge deeply into some political or economic argument which her life in Spain had fully qualified her to give an opinion on, but one look at Sallie's threatening face brought her lips back to their murmur of gentle agreement.

And then, when she had quite decided that she could bear the fraud no longer, Gordon would take her out somewhere alone, for a drive in the country, and they would be so happy together that she would know she could not possibly sacrifice her chance of happiness.

"You're not trying, Aurora," Sallie remarked furiously, sitting on her sister's bed that same evening and watching the smooth oval of cheek the offender presented to her gaze as she crushed her dark hair into a becoming halo. "You've got to go half-way to meet a man these days, darling."

"Halfway!" Aurora's red lips curled scornfully. "My dear, I've been all the way, and I'm back on the home-ward stretch, but Gordon's not so easy a proposition as you think. He's got his own ideas about time and place, I guess."

"Well, time's short," said Sallie darkly. "If he goes back to Madrid without proposing, you'll lose him!"

Aurora plied the brush more vigorously, and turned her head so that Sallie might not see the panic-filled eyes that gazed back at her from

There was a chill little silence. Sallie opened her mouth to say something, but the sight of her sister's face made her close it again rapidly. Aurora, independent, self-reliant Aurora, was in tears.

"Don't worry, Aurora," she essayed in clumsy comfort. "Maybe he's not really your type!"

Aurora dashed the betraying tears away with the back of her hand, and flaming into sudden action, pushed Sallie toward the door with ungente hands.

"There's what your miserable theory's worth!" she sobbed angrily. "He thinks I'm so darned stupid he doesn't care a pin whether he ever sees me again! Well, I'll show him whether he can cut a dinner date with me, to talk to a couple of fat old businessmen."

SHE locked the door upon an astonished Sallie and flew back to the mirror. With deft fingers she removed all traces of tell-tale tears and in ten minutes a new and sophisticated Aurora in the latest shade of lipstick looked out angrily from the glass.

One touch, and delicately curved eyebrows took an entrancing bend above eyes made more alluring by the merest touch of eye-shadow. Defiantly she smoothed the dark halo into its former sleekness, and from the jewel drawer before her caught up the earrings that Pedro had always said made her look as regal as a princess.

Feverishly she tore aside the clothes in the wardrobe until she found the slim, green dress that set off so elegantly the svelt contours of her long legs.

"It's a wonder it fits after all the pies we've eaten!" was her inward comment as she wriggled into it. Furiously she swept up her handbag from the chair where it lay and permitted herself one last glance in the mirror.

"Now," spat Aurora at her angry-eyed reflection, "we'll see who deals with this situation best, the real Aurora or Sallie's counterfeit little monkey, who makes me sick just to think of her!"

A quarter of an hour later she swept through the entrance lounge of the Rockingham Hotel conscious of the many admiring glances levelled in her direction by the cocktail-sipping crowd.

Anger had lit a sparkle in her eyes that was quite unknown to the sedate drawing-room in Hampstead, and gave a tilt to her chin that would have provoked the most incurious of men.

Gordon Fraser, conscious of a tingling shock of interest that smote him like a cold shower on a summer's day, uncoiled his long legs from the elegant sofa under which they were turned, and with a muttered word of apology to the two men with whom he had been engaged in earnest conversation strode over toward her.

"Why, Aurora," he said, "didn't you get my message? I'm so afraid you'll be horribly bored. These chaps are a couple of business fellows I simply must have a talk with before I go back to Madrid."

"Talk away," Aurora said. "I shall enjoy a little intelligent conversation for a change!"

His eyebrows shot up into his well-brushed hair as he took in her exquisite make-up and the elegance of the green dress.

"You're different, Aurora," he muttered, with the air of a man who has made an

astounding discovery and would have continued if she had not stopped him with an imperious hand.

"Not different," contradicted Aurora, "just myself. I thought you might like to make a new acquaintance before you return to Madrid. Shall we join your friends? They're waiting."

The evening passed like a tinkle of gay laughter. From the moment the liqueur Spanish words of greeting fell fluently from her smiling mouth the dapper little Senor Gonzalo's heart was at her feet, where it was joined five minutes later by that of Monsieur Jules Harfleur when she spoke to him in French.

Leaving Gordon limping lamely behind as they pursued the ball of conversation through all its fantastic leaps and bounds, the three of them made a little corner of interest in the brilliantly lighted dining-saloon.

Aurora's vivacious beauty, coupled with the elegance of her subtly seductive dress, kept the eyes of her three companions, not to mention those of half the men in the restaurant, riveted upon her.

Perhaps the puzzled, nervous look in Gordon Fraser's sea-grey eyes accounted for the added zest with which he answered Senor Gonzalo's extravagant compliments.

The unspoken antagonism lifted itself like a barrier between them, and Gordon's chin took the obstinate tilt with which she was already familiar. Meant to steal the party, did she? After she'd been told not to come because it was a strictly business affair.

With a courteous apology whose very brevity was an insult, Gordon plunged into a veritable morass of engineering technicalities with the half-attentive Monsieur Harfleur.

Aurora's little sniff, so delicate that it was the mere ghost of a sound, might have been a war horse's snort, as she took the field with all the intimate knowledge that a two years' secretaryship with the big engineering firm in Europe had given her. Monsieur Harfleur's little beard fluttered with delight as he turned to her in astonishment.

"My dear Mademoiselle," he stammered in his stilted, ceremonious English, "what an accomplishment! That a young lady of such charm and distinction as yourself should know also such things! I am amazed! But this is truly an amazing world. And women the most amazing creatures in it! But delightful, my dear Mademoiselle, extremely delightful!"

The furious look in Gordon's eyes convinced Aurora that neither of those adjectives was the one he was applying to her at that moment, but the reckless demonstration of perversity that had her in its power drove her on.

"What does it matter?" she argued with that other Aurora whose heart was quietly breaking. "Tomorrow he goes away. Let him think what he likes! After I say goodnight to him tonight, I need never see him again!"

But she reckoned without Gordon. His set, angry face and the furious speed at which he had driven his big grey car through the dark streets should have warned her that he was not to be dismissed so lightly.

Outside the door of the little Hampstead house he took the latchkey from her without ceremony and held the door wide for her to enter, following close at her heels and ignoring her rather shaky protests.

"I'm coming in for a minute," he said abruptly.

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## BE GOOD, SWEET MAID

FOR THE CHILDREN



Aurora's nature to be other than honest with herself; there was the added and humiliating motive that she really wanted Gordon Fraser's approval and liking. Liking!

Aurora made a face at her image in the dressing-table mirror—why not admit it?—his love. For, though she found it difficult to believe, it grew harder every day to call to mind Pedro's darkly handsome face, and oh, so easy to substitute the freckled fairness of their Scottish neighbor.

"I'm a fool," Aurora told her reflection with vigor, "and a fickle fool at that! But if he likes brainless women, make me, at least, a good imitation!"

It wasn't easy, this make-believe she had deliberately chosen. There were times when, serving the apple pie that she had made so carefully under Sallie's directions—for Aurora was a conscientious cheat and worked out her penance daily in the kitchen—listening to his appreciative compliments she would have liked to fling the whole dish into his smiling face.

the mirror. Suppose she were mistaken, and it was not his intention to ask her the all-important question tonight at that little farewell dinner he had referred to so casually and for which she was now preparing.

She had not mentioned it to Sallie as a farewell dinner party; there was something so irrevocable about the mere sound of the word, and she knew now with sick and terrified conviction that if he went away without saying the words she longed to hear, life would never be quite the same again.

The telephone bell sent Sallie flying to the hall. Five minutes later she was back again, exasperation on her good-natured face.

"I'm afraid that was Gordon on the phone, Aurora," she said rather impatiently. "He asked me to tell you that two men he simply must do business with have turned up unexpectedly and he's had to ask them to dinner, so he's afraid you'd be horribly bored and suggests you call it off. He's very sorry, and will call in tomorrow to say goodbye."



## BE GOOD, SWEET MAID

Continued from page 48

"Where can we talk? In here?"

The lounge flashed into brilliant light as his hand found the switch, and Aurora faced him desperately across the hearthrug. His eyes, as he leaned against the mantelpiece opposite her, were the eyes of a stranger—cold eyes in a stern face.

"Suppose you explain?" he suggested tonelessly.

Gone were all Aurora's qualms of conscience, as she flared into instant anger at his tone.

"Why should I explain?" she flashed. "Tonight was really me. The other was the sort of girl Sallie thinks I ought to be. That's all! And I just got tired of the stupid little idiot!" Her voice trailed away before his steady gaze.

"It wouldn't be any chance be the old, old game of getting your man, I suppose?" He said the words as though each one were a separate torture.

"I wouldn't have you, Gordon Fraser, if you were the last man in England!" Aurora told him furiously, turning her back upon the challenge in his angry face.

"Then why cry about it?" Gordon swung her round to face him, her shoulder firm in his grip, as he flicked away the telltale tears which glistened on her lashes with the handkerchief in his other hand.

**S**UDDENLY his voice melted into unexpected tenderness. "Aurora, you little fool, don't you know I'm mad about you?"

Somehow Aurora's head had found a hiding place against his shoulder, from which sanctuary a small voice murmured accusingly, so low that he had to bend to catch what it was saying:

"Why didn't you tell me so? You were going away tomorrow and you never—you never—" the shameless words would not come, as she choked against his gleaming white waistcoat.

"Go on, my sweet," he encouraged. "You were going to say—I never asked you to marry me?" The shoulder against which Aurora's flushed face was pressed began to shake.

Could he be laughing? "I don't see what there is to laugh at!" she accused him, refusing to raise her head at the pressure of his hand under her chin.

Gordon laughed on.

"You were so very domesticated, my darling," he managed to say at last between the spasms of mirth that shook him. "I just couldn't picture you in the highly sophisticated English-American colony in Madrid. I had awful visions of you wanting to discuss a new recipe for an economical potato pie with Lady Reresdale, my chief's wife!"

He went off into another gale of laughter which made Aurora's lips begin to curve into an answering smile. Then suddenly he was serious again, and his lips were close against her hair. "I adored you any way, my dear; so much that I was going to see if I could get transferred to a job in England. I was so sure you'd hate to live permanently in Madrid."

But Aurora's face raised to his was alive with such beauty that he held his breath.

"Would you really have changed your job for me?" she whispered. "Oh, darling, you don't need to. I should love the life you have there! But I thought all men liked girls like Sallie. My father said—" the time-worn quotation tripped with its old bitter sting off her tongue, but Gordon stopped it before it reached its appointed end with a kiss that left her too breathless to finish.

"I know, my sweet. It has a nice Victorian sound. But this is the twentieth century, and if your father would give you a fantastic sort of name like Aurora as a birth-right he couldn't expect to make a Sallie out of you! And, anyhow, my darling, you may be clever, but you're a bad psychologist, and it will give me great pleasure to tell you so in any language you may desire every now and then!"

"So long as you tell me something else sometimes in this language, which is the nicest one I know," Aurora said, as she lifted up her face to his.

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## READERS' HOME HINTS

- These household hints from readers win £1/1/- each.

For a quick and effective window cleaner, add a small amount of methylated spirit and 2 teaspoons of turpentine to warm water. This makes windows sparkle without hard polishing. — Mrs. R. Sparkes, Lot 192, Euston Ave., Park Orchards, Vic.

To keep count easily when casting on large numbers of stitches for hand-knitted dresses and suits, knit a contrasting color in with every hundredth stitch, then count the colored threads. — Mrs. R. Parrish, Renfrew Park, Geringong, N.S.W.

A delicious method of cooking peas: Shell them just before cooking (do not wash). Line saucepan with large wet lettuce leaves, then cook. Remove leaves when peas are tender. — Mrs. G. Roberts, 67 Glenlyon Rd., Brunswick, Vic.

Make covered buttons for washing-dresses from inexpensive mushroom-shaped buttons. Cut a circle of the dress material and run a gathering thread round the edge. Draw it in over button, secure, then sew on dress. — Miss P. Anderson, 18 Narara Crescent, Narara, N.S.W.

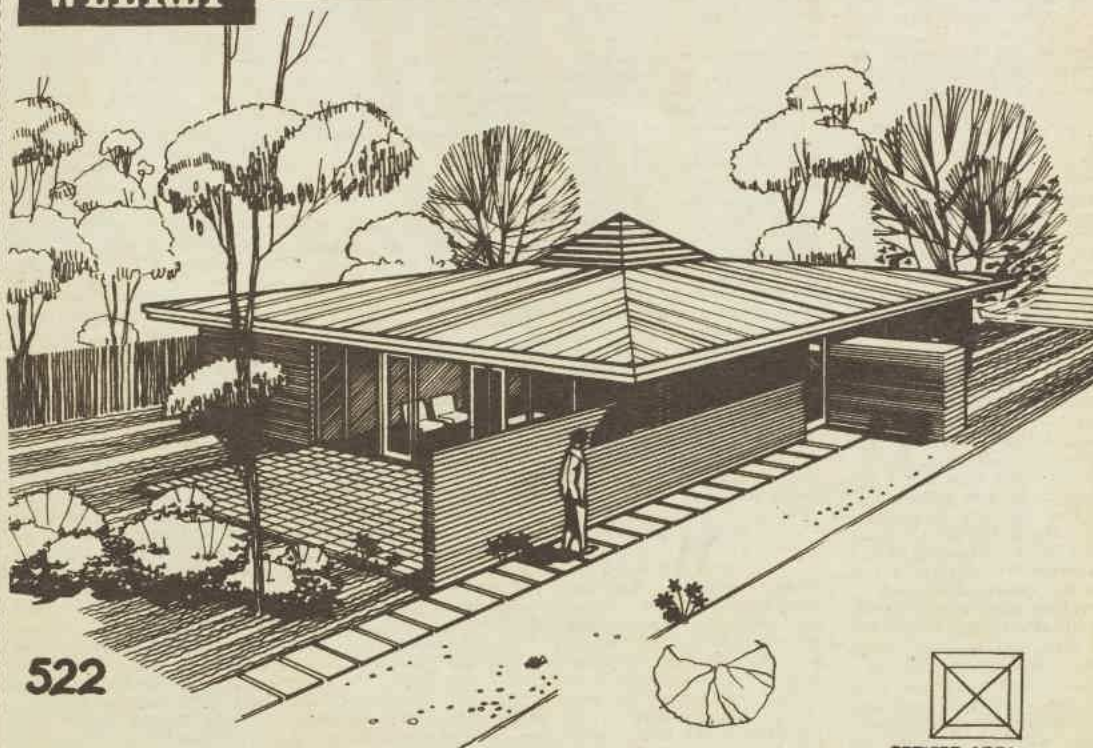
Keep a piece of velvet handy for picking up odd threads or fluff which cling to a suede bag or shoes, or to a dark suit. Just rub the velvet gently over the article. — Mrs. L. Warncken, Glenside, S.A.

An inexpensive bleach for drip-dry and nylon garments is made by adding 3 tablespoons methylated spirit to a bucket of water. After washing garment and before the final rinse, soak it in this solution. — Mrs. B. Cashion, 12 Fenwick St., Colac, Vic.

The Australian  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

ARCHITECT—DIRECTED

# Home Plans Service



522

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH shows living-room opening on to a terrace, made private by a high wall. Pyramid on roof is over bathroom.

## Square house with pyramid on roof

- This week's plan No. 522 is a square house with a pyramid in the centre of the roof.

**A** SQUARE plan is suitable for any flat site because it can be turned, reversed, or placed at any angle on the land.

And it is often an economical shape, too, because it has fewer exterior walls — one of the biggest costs of building.

Brick veneer construction with fibrous plaster walls costs approximately 10/- per square (100 square feet), solid brickwork with plaster about 12/6 per square, and glazed walls between 15/- to £1 per square, depending on the house design.

Therefore, a square house is cheaper to build than, say, a ranch-style house with its long, low lines.

This week's plan has an interesting roof.

It has wide eaves and the pyramid in the centre is a series of louvers which shield the ventilated roof lights in the bathroom and toilet.

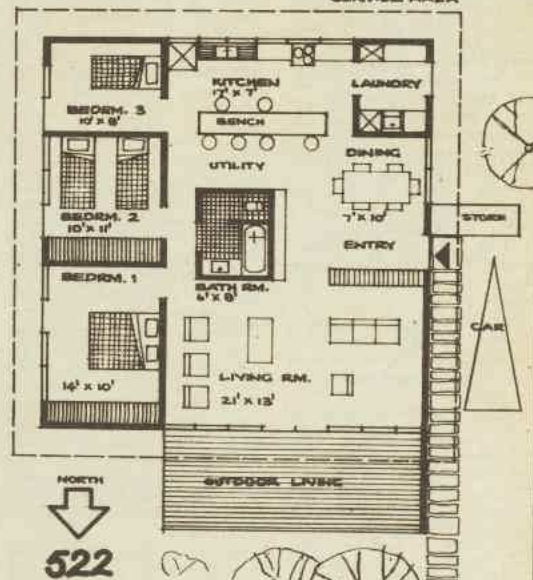
There are three bedrooms, two of which have built-in wardrobes.

The large 21ft. x 13ft. living-room opens on to a terrace, made private by a high wall.

A room divider screens the living-room from the main entrance.

There is a narrow galley kitchen with a handy snack bar and utility area, as well as a separate dining area.

The house is 11.90 squares if built in timber; 12.20 squares in brick.



PLAN shows the layout of rooms in the square house. Note the central bathroom and the spacious appearance of the interior in general.

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the beach—my face was still warm from the sun—and the ticking of Aunt Sibyl's old applewood clock lulled me to sleep. Finally, Aunt Sibyl suggested that I go to bed unless I could contribute something to the evening.

"I expect company anyway," she said, "and it looks very slack to see people nodding away in their chairs."

"Company?" My mother dropped her knitting in astonishment, and I was jarred awake by so unexpected a development.

Aunt Sibyl seemed pleased with the effect of her announcement. "A young man from the town reads to me three evenings a week," she explained. "Now that my eyes are so bad, I can't see the newspapers and I hate to lose touch."

"Why, Anne can read to you, Aunt Sibyl." Mother turned in her chair. "Get the paper, and—"

"No," Aunt Sibyl's tone was quite firm. "It is Anne's vacation. This young man does very well. And it is a help to him—I pay him. His father is a fisherman, but the boy is very superior. I believe he goes to college."

The doorbell rang then, and Mario Viella was shown into the drawing-room. I had expected, I suppose, a bookish person, quiet and efficient... for what other sort of person would Aunt Sibyl employ?

When Mario stood in the door, I realised just how nearly blind Aunt Sibyl must be, for if she could have seen him clearly he would not have been here. He brought too much vitality into the dead air of her house. Like most of the fishermen around Orleans, Mario was Portuguese: tall and muscular, with black hair and dark, dancing eyes and a smile as white against his suntanned face as was the open-throat shirt he wore. He looked like a young pirate or, to me, fresh from the vicarious romance of history books, like a Conquistador.

"This is Mario Viella," Aunt Sibyl said. "My niece, Mrs. Hardy, and her daughter Anne."

Mario won my mother with a slight, graceful bow in her direction, and me—he won me when he appeared before my eyes.

"The paper is on the table," Aunt Sibyl said, making it plain at once that this was no occasion for sociability. "Now I don't want to hear anything about the Russians, young man—nation of outlaws. And nothing about those bombs. And no violent crime."

I had never dreamed there was so much to be found in "The New York Times," especially within the limits of Aunt Sibyl's decent news. Mario read for over an hour: political comment, economic trends, books reviews, and nature chats and, when he had exhausted the paper, a chapter of Henry James' "The Ambassadors."

Promptly at 9.30 Aunt Sibyl's housekeeper appeared with a tray—cookies and lemonade which we sipped while Aunt Sibyl told us what was wrong with the world, as revealed to her in the newspaper.

She talked, my mother knitted—a complicated pattern, requiring her full attention—and Mario and I sat across from each other at the round oak table. Our eyes met, and we both looked away, and then back. I filled his glass and he whispered, "How long will you stay?" "A month," I said, and he smiled.

From that day my summer world changed. I waited impatiently for the evenings Mario would read, aware at last that this was the missing ingredient in my life; something to look forward to,

Continued from page 19

as I had looked forward to Christmas when I was a child.

My mother came to look upon these evenings as an opportunity to excuse herself after dinner and go to her room. She felt obliged to be with Aunt Sibyl during the day while I was on the beach or swimming, and large doses of Aunt Sibyl, day and night, were hard to take.

And so we sat in that vast drawing-room: Aunt Sibyl cold and austere in her Boston rocker; me at the round oak table where I could watch Mario's face; and Mario sitting turned on the ladder-back chair, with the paper propped against the top rung where he could look up from his reading and see me, and smile.

And then we had our lemonade at the table and, later, on the sofa where we sat side by side while Aunt Sibyl droned on about the shocking state of the world—a direct result, in her view, to too many Democrats and people like that.

WE could say nothing privately, for her hearing was as acute as her sight was not. Every sound echoed against the high, beamed ceiling; she heard the whisper of my skirt if I crossed my knees, the soft slip of Mario's arms across the back of the sofa—and asked if we were comfortable, if we wanted more lemonade, if we didn't think something radical ought to be done about the trashy lot who were running the Government. She didn't really want an answer, and she never got one. We hardly heard her.

They were agonising evenings. If Mario took my hand—when we came to that—she heard the clink of ice in our glasses and invited us to have more lemonade. If he leaned toward me, his dark eyes coming closer and closer, she heard... I don't know what—the creak of the sofa, perhaps—and asked if we were in a draught. And always, at 10.15, the housekeeper showed Mario to the door, and Aunt Sibyl rose from her chair and held out her arm to me for support, so I was bound there while he said goodnight, politely, and left.

It would have seemed the most natural thing in the world for me to say, "I'll walk with you down the road. It's a lovely evening and I'd like some air"—for Mario to say, "Would you like to go into Orleans to a movie?" but I had been Aunt Sibyl's fettered guest for too many years and Mario, too, had come to know her very well, and understood precisely his position.

If I had any lingering doubts, Aunt Sibyl dispelled them for me one day when I asked why we didn't have Mario to dinner.

"Have Mario to dinner?" she asked. "Why would we do that?"

Why, indeed? Mario was to hear a voice—a service, paid for by the hour. I lay awake at nights planning elaborate rendezvous and private communications—plans which always came to nothing because I was not the kind of girl who could carry them out.

And then one day Aunt Sibyl treated us to a ride around the countryside, with John at the wheel of the car and my mother and I dulled to torpor by Aunt Sibyl's travelogue—until, in the late afternoon, we drove out on the pier.

The fishing boats were just

coming in: the Bess, I picked out, and the Little Fish and, far down at the end of the dock, the Graciela, with Mario, hawser in hand, on the deck. He jumped easily on to the boardwalk, tied off the line, and then stripped off his heavy sweater and work pants and, in swimming trunks, dived off the end of the pier. I could hear him laughing—with someone still on board calling back and forth in Portuguese.

"The boats are coming in," I said. "I want to see them tie up."

Aunt Sibyl frowned. "Well, hurry." Her nose wrinkled. "Awful smell of fish."

I ran to the end of the pier and got there just as Mario started up the ladder.

"Hello," I said. "We were out for a drive and saw you come in."

He stayed on the bottom rung, shaking the water from his hair.

"I'll have to hurry," I went on. "Aunt Sibyl doesn't like the smell of fish."

"No," He grinned. "I know, Anne—we heard the impatient bleat of Aunt Sibyl's horn—" "I'll meet you on the beach. Your aunt's beach; can you get out?"

"Yes, I think so." "Tonight?" he asked. "All right."

We met that night, and other nights—with me creeping down the back stairs and out the back door and then running, running down the path into Mario's arms, where he waited beside Aunt Sibyl's expensive breakwater. Sometimes we swam, in paths of moonlight across the water; more often we only sat on the shore, talked in whispers, touched each other.

Mario said that I was beautiful, and so I felt beautiful, but denied it.

"I'm very plain," I said—and he kissed me.

"A dull, plain girl"—and he kissed me again.

Now when Mario read to Aunt Sibyl in the evenings, I could no longer stay in the drawing-room. I could not bear to sit at the round table, to have him look up from the paper, mouth wordlessly "I love you," and smile. I wanted to go straight into his arms.

Nor could we sit on the sofa, two glasses of lemonade between us. Mario would get up and pace restlessly across the room to the windows and then, of course, be obliged to assure Aunt Sibyl that he was comfortable and not too hot, not too cold. So I sat outside the door on the stairs and listened to his voice, which I loved as I loved everything about him.

There was a brief spell of quite cold weather toward the end of August, as if to remind me that the summer was ending, but Mario and I still met on the beach and shivered in each other's arms, pretending that the sand was warm and September years away.

"Would you dare leave the beach?" He asked one night.

I would dare anything to be with him.

"Low tide at three tomorrow morning," he said. "We'll go over to Jessup's Landing—it goes out there for miles. You can walk"—he brushed my hair from my cheek and kissed me—"half-way to England." We had talked about England and how close it was, really—just beyond that wave. "We could dig clams." We had talked about clams, too—we had talked about everything.

## ALL THE SUMMER'S PROMISE

He was right about the tide. We walked, it seemed, out into the middle of the ocean, the bottom squishy beneath our toes, and Mario showed me how to find the clams, but I was never fast enough. He could have filled the "bucket in the time I spent looking for the bubbles. "How can you see?" I asked. It was a black, moonless night.

"I feel them," He had me put my feet by his, and then laughed when I jumped at the tickle of a clam under my toes. We grew silly, running back and forth on the ocean bottom.

I said I felt sorry for the clams, and ashamed of him for his predatory instincts, and that I could never love someone with so little feeling. I said I was glad I had found him out in time, and then he threw away his whole bucketful, and we clung together—out there, in the middle of nowhere.

We had played—like children—for hours it seemed, when I suddenly realised that I was ankle deep in water. "We'd better go back," I said. "I'm not really in shape to swim the rest of the way—just for the sake of warm beer and Yorkshire pudding."

We started back, guessing how far we had come, pretending we could go all the way. "I'll fish for kippers," he said, "be the Kipper King of England."

"Kippers come in cans," I told him.

Silly—young and silly. We started back, kicking water at each other, laughing until Mario quit laughing, caught my hand and stopped, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"What is it, Mario?" The water now seemed to be rising more rapidly.

He looked up into the sky—the black sky, with only pinpricks of light from dim stars—and he looked all around.

I pulled at his arm. "Come on, let's go."

"Go where?" His voice shook a little. "We don't know where the shore lies."

"Why—this way." I started straight ahead, and then I, too, stopped. There were no lights anywhere, and no moon; nothing but black water, creeping steadily up my legs.

"There should be lights on the shore," he said, "cottages, or car lights."

There were none. We had wandered in every direction as we came out, and now all directions were as one. There was nothing to guide us—no lights, no sounds, no swell of waves. We could be going in toward shore, or we could be going straight into the depth of ocean, or we could be ranging out on a line with the shore in the path of the rising tide, getting no place.

Panic does not, as they say, "set in." It comes in a rush and it came now, washing over me—as real as the water rising inexorably to my knees. I grabbed at Mario's arm, slipped and fell, and clambered back up drenched and sick with fear. I began to splash frantically off to the right, and then back, until Mario took my arms and held me.

"Listen." He held my shoulders still. "We're going this way." He pointed behind us.

"But that's straight into the ocean!"

"I don't think so. I think the shore is that way."

"Are you sure? How can you be sure?"

"I'm not." He kissed me, the taste of salt strong on his lips. "But we have to go somewhere. Stay close beside

me and if we have to swim, hang on." He pulled me—and had to pull me: I was frozen to the spot—and we floundered through the rising sea, stumbling and falling and dragging back up again.

"It's getting deeper!" I screamed. "We should go the other way!"

"It's only the tide." He didn't know, of course. It could be tide, or it could be the body of the ocean.

Finally we had to swim—or, rather, Mario swam. I half swam, half hung to him, begging sometimes to go the other way, sometimes to stop and rest, refusing his explanation that we didn't dare, that we had come too far to waste a minute.

It seemed to me that he was doggedly, determinedly stubborn, and that he would kill us both with his stubbornness, for the water now was over my head and surely, surely we were going the wrong way.

"Just leave me!" I yelled. "Let me go and leave me, and drown yourself if you must. We're going the wrong way!"

He only tightened his grip and pulled me along and I thought how crazy this desperate, clawing struggle in the wrong direction.

Even when we saw the light flick ahead of us—a sick child? an early fishing trip? a light sleeper?—I couldn't believe it. We were ripe, I thought, for miracles—and that light, the sand, firm now beneath my feet, the line of tide-borne debris at the shore were only hopeful images.

Mario had to drag me, physically, and when we stumbled up on to the beach he fell exhausted on the sand, choking and spluttering.

I could not move. I had dragged over rocks close to the shore and my legs were cut and scratched. Razor clams had sliced my feet in twenty places. I felt drained of everything but a kind of numb thankfulness that I was alive.

We were like a pair of drowned rats: hair dripping, clothes plastered to us, sand grating every inch of flesh.

MARIO sat up and then touched my leg. "You're cut," he said, "and bruised all over. Ah... Anne—" He pulled me to him—oh, very differently than ever before.

And with some last burst of strength I slapped his face hard, leaving marks.

I didn't want to slap him. But in the past hour I had been frightened out of all reason, and I was like a wounded animal that snaps at any hand, no matter how familiar.

I saw him—not as the Mario I loved, but as a dark and callous stranger who had brought me face to face with terror and with death. I wanted, I suppose, to be pitied and comforted and assured that the bad dream was over—and Mario offered me instead all the pent-up passion of that secret summer affair.

Before the sound of the slap died in the air I was sick with remorse at what I had done. Mario's face was frozen in lines of astonishment and hurt pride, but I had not known him long enough—nor any boy well enough—to have any instincts in such matters.

The walk back to Aunt Sibyl's house was as agonising for me as were those evenings in the drawing-room, but now

it was not Aunt Sibyl's presence which stood between me and my own dumb inability to make amends: to say "I slapped you out of relief that we were safe; out of fear at what might have happened; out of love, even; and perhaps most of all, out of the sudden sad knowledge that September chased us like the tide and could not be held back."

I don't know what Mario was thinking. He asked once if the gravel hurt my feet, had carried my shoes and lost them in the sea), and then, incredibly, we talked for a few minutes about my canvas sandals as if they represented the most important loss of the night.

As we came around the corner of the house I saw two gulls down on Aunt Sibyl's beach, hen-scratching their way across the sand, and then screeching as they wheeled over the breakwater. Probably the gulls woke Aunt Sibyl, for she was not a heavy sleeper, and then she must have heard us.

She heard, and woke my mother, and they came down.

My mother cried, whether from shame or outrage or distress at my wretched condition, I didn't know. This didn't seem to understand, or didn't want to understand, about the tide and that we had almost drowned.

Aunt Sibyl ordered Mario away.

"You don't understand!" he shouted at her as if she were deaf as well as blind.

"I understand," she said, and added something about undesirable people.

Mario's face grew black with anger, and he turned and walked back out the path. At the gate he turned and called, "Anne?"

Why didn't I answer, walk out to the gate and say that I was sorry, that I had not been myself, and that nothing had changed between us? But I was cold and wet, tired to the point of hysteria, and miserable, and I let the moment slip away without a word or a sign of how I really felt.

I did not see him again.

We went home two days later. The summer was almost over, anyway, my mother said, and I would have to get ready for college, and Aunt Sibyl would be able to close the house early.

Aunt Sibyl called me to her before we left and, in a rambling, roundabout way, forgave me my disgrace. I had not had the advantages I should have had, she said, and therein lay the trouble. She gave me, too, her pearls—real pearls, rosy and warm—and said, cryptically, that they would make all the difference.

Perhaps they have. Perhaps the knowledge that I wore real pearls around my throat sent me off to college that autumn with a kind of assurance I had never had before—but I prefer to think that it was Mario who did that for me.

I don't know, of course, what might have happened... if we hadn't gone to Jessup's Landing that night; if I hadn't slapped his face; if I had walked that short distance to the gate. Today I might be salting cod in a sunny Cape kitchen, or I might be halfway round the world, for Mario had his dreams too. Or maybe nothing at all would have happened, and it was better ended when and as it did.

But I loved Mario, and I'm sure he loved me, with all the particular longing of that time of life—and love, however young and fleeting, holds out promise. It puts a bloom on life, and people are never quite the same again.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—JANUARY 8, 1964



# MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

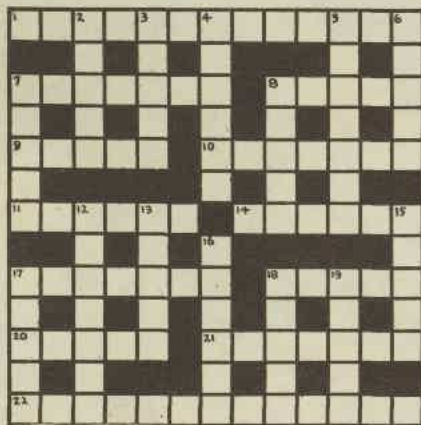
A foreign ambassador visits Mandrake backstage and asks for an autographed picture. He later compares it with a picture of a man who is Mandrake's double. READ ON:



## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. This is characteristic of our rulers (4, 2, 7).
7. In these acid herbs you can find roses (7).
8. Town in Turkey (5).
9. Though it starts with anger, her name means peace (5).
10. In game I form an idea in the mind (7).
11. A short florin disturbs the baby and makes it flaccid (6).
14. Specified a holy but unsettled date (6).
17. Mad role (anagr., 7).
18. The stipendiary magistrate has skill and is fashionable (5).
20. Finished an outwardly broken deed (5).
21. Eatables contained in bees' lid (7).
22. Unutterable, though all the newspapers are in it (13).



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

2. Poetical lament set to music (5).
3. He met the subject of thought (5).
4. May refer to religious laws or decorations and Wagner's wife, Cosima, could have produced it (6).
5. Person holding only one benefice (7).
6. Make exultant though mostly late (5).
7. Not flexible (5).
8. In front, even in France (5).
12. A passage over the water can make it shorter (7).
13. Be odd when foretold (5).
15. They can be fruits or times (5).
16. Unit for electric current (6).
17. A fragrant resin used in ointments, etc. (5).
18. Glides a part of the mouth in a steamer (5).
19. Short for at pleasure (2, 3).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 8, 1964

# Butterick PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.



2651 — Six variations of a little girl's smock or dress. (A, B, C) Back-buttoned, high-yoked smock with centre-front pleat. (B) Contrast yoke, braid trim. (D, E, F) Lined to edge, shallow-necked smock with back closing. (D) Contrast appliques and bias tape trim. (E) Purchased applique. Bloomers with front band and elasticised back. Sizes 1 to 6 (20, 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest). Butterick pattern 2651, price 5/- includes postage.



### Mother and daughter dresses.

2771 — Smocked yoke, 1in. check gingham dress, sleeveless or with long, cuffed sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2771, price 5/9 includes postage.

2791 — Back-buttoned 1in. check gingham dress, smocked yoke, gathered skirt, sleeveless or long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 12 (21, 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest). Butterick pattern 2791, price 5/- includes postage.

Smocking instructions included in both patterns.



2662—Semi-fit dress. (A) Cowl collar, short sleeves, with tunnel self-belt. (B) Sleeveless, patch pockets, braid trim. (C) Collarless, saddle-stitch trim. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2662, price 5/3 includes postage.

2236—(A) Full-skirted border print dress suitable for fabrics with woven or printed border, bateau neckline, short unmounted sleeves, self-tie belt. (B) Suitable for fabrics without border. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2236, price 5/3 includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES



# HOW TO MAKE A TASTY SALAD



*rich red tomatoes\*crisp tender lettuce\*onions,radish,celery*



*protein-rich cheese\* tropical pineapple \* spicy beetroot*



**Simple Method**  
Drain liquid from can of GOLDEN CIRCLE BEETROOT into saucepan. Soak tablespoon gelatine in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water. Add when liquid comes to boil. Stir till dissolved then add beetroot. Cool, pour into small ring mould, chill till firm. Serve on salad greens filling centre with cubed cheese. Surround with GOLDEN CIRCLE PINEAPPLE SLICES halved, radish roses, quartered tomatoes and onion rings. Serves 4 to 6.

*Popular,  
full of goodness  
with*

**Golden Circle**

**Tropical PINEAPPLE Tender Sweet BEETROOT**

Serve health



serve a salad every day